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JOURNAL.



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VOL. VI.

OCTOBER, 1894.

No. 1.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

H. J. SHOEMAKER, - - - Editor.

The Philosophy of English Literature.

[Medal essay for the Calhoun Society by Sam'l H. McGhee.]

Literature is the life of a nation, harmoniously blended with that which is most beautiful and strong in the individual. It reveals man with his morals, manners and mental strength connected in a series of figures which form a true semblance to the sternness, sensibilities, dreams and novelties of life. It proves every characteristic trait, reflects every degree of refinement of a people and marks the changes of circumstances in every phase of action. Every truth imparted to the mind by a revelation of the unknown finds in literature a position according to its merit and its force of influencing the national mind. The true greatness of any people is determined by the most powerful offsprings of the intellect—by the artistic and literary creations standing out as the exponent of good and splendid ideas prevailing over mind and material. Grecian power was highest when her art and letters were most resplendent and to them shining through the obscurity of twenty-four centuries we attribute her real glory. Rome was once great and time stamps no infirmity upon the fame of her noble literature. Every great era, having an exalted idea of the good and grand, nourishes some one thought or ten-

dency peculiarly its own; this thought rules the literature, sometimes expressing itself in forms of prose and again in poetry—one the result of reason and reflection, the other of feeling and emotion; both the mirror in which is reflected the human soul. Poetry is always accompanied by a charm and attractiveness which find it a warm place in the popular heart. It is the voice of nature and whenever we hear the song that nature sings we lend a most attentive ear; our minds are conquered by other senses, our own hearts join the chorus and dreams lightly play within our imaginations. Every throb of the heart and every pulse-beat are in unison with nature's tones; *that* is what endears poetry to man. A conception of divinity, however rude it may have been conceived, is beautiful, and embodied in the sweetest poetry serves to make the music of verse more harmonious. Thus, without fancy and an effort to draw a close relationship to God, man could not live in a high sphere of happiness. But prose also is a factor of his existence. It helps him to reason, think and learn and live that life in practical reality which he strove to live in poetry.

Then literature garners in its storing place the yearnings of a human soul, the thoughts and longings of the individual mind, and for the loftiest contemplation of beauty and truth the individual must move in a high sphere of action, for as he rises in society his power to gain thought, to conceive ideas and to improve life is increased. The same laws which regulate, direct and govern society rule literature; and hence to reach a high standard, to meet the demands of its time it must be so deeply blended with the manners and customs, so firmly implanted within the spirit and sentiment of its age as to partake of society's life-blood and be a vital element of national life. Thus, since the same hands shape both national or social life and literature, between the development of the two there must be something common—both the creatures of environment. Every nation grows and changes in respect to its intellectuality. Art rises

and falls according as an era advances and retrogrades.

The Philosophy of Literature is in its nature a psychological problem whose equations consist of circumstances and feelings within. Necessarily the laws governing literature are an individual and national ideal and the existing condition of affairs, both domestic and foreign. It would be preposterous to assert that any era had certain prevailing influences of definite bounds relative to the formation of artistic productions, for no influence has a decided limit to its force. Of course, the influences of the initiative period of any literature are most important, for then was the establishment of customs of public and private life which are transmitted down to after generations. English literature properly begins with Chaucer, but from almost pre-historic times the stubborn, invincible Anglo-Saxon sustained a literature resembling the life he led. He delighted in battles and bestial warfare. But this love was not provoked for glory's sake, but was actuated by love of brutality, and when he sang his unmelodic song, he did it not for song's sake, but that it aided him in quenching his insatiable thirst for blood. Bold and restless, he defied both sea and land, darkness, clouds and gloom, and with a barbarian voice brawled out a song of slaughter, feast and drink. Little of this poetry have we handed down to us, but what remains reveals the restless and unrhythmic harmony, the rude but real poetic sentiment, and when under the influence of Christianity, the seriousness of a grand Messianic faith weakened his fury and awoke in his mind a rude conception of an omnipotent God, no truer or deeper emotional sentiment ever brooded in any people. Then he sang a warrior's song and dreamed a poet's dream. Milton or Dante never fancied in their trained imaginations a purer or more sublime vision than Caedmon's dream of "The Beginning of Things."

The Normans coming to England in the eleventh century and conquering the races already there, and introducing new laws, refined and polished manners, had a

powerful effect upon national life, language and literature. The Saxon politically was readily subjected, but his hostility was never conquered. He, clinging close to his customs, claimed the laws of his ancient fathers good enough for him. Consequently between the races there was the bitterest hatred, for nothing is more productive of strife than for two races of people to live on the same land, to till the same soil and breathe the same air—the one domineering in conscious superiority, the other serving in a most reluctant way.

But few things can endure the influence of time, which, now doing its accustomed healing work, settled the feuds and softened the races into one. Normandy was lost and the growth of a common interest led to the forming of a nationality, and then the chivalric, imitative inclination of the Normans flowed so mingled with the patriotic fire burning in the brains of the Celts, the adventurous spirit of the Danes and the savage, solid character of the Saxons as to form a literature different from any, having tints of all, deep in emotion and possessing the foundation of beauty—a literature, the resultant of Latin culture and Teutonic barbarism, the first demonstration of a united infant people.

We must examine the atmosphere in which a plant grows to analyze its germ, so we must see the condition of the world at the beginning of English history to understand the literature. The early life of any nation is marked by a fondness for the amazing, by a personification of everything striking, whether repulsive or attractive. Every child has its favorite story and special likings, so all nations have their particular fables and myths, their giants and heroes, who are as readily transformed and magnified by time as they are created by fancy. Year after year a cubit is added to the height of Hercules or an additional story is placed among the many wonderful exploits of Theseus, or even in our own myth new feats are numbered with those of King Arthur. If a nation always remains young and untutored, myth will reach a marvellous point. Gods themselves will descend to bless or curse man. Such was the con-

dition of the world when English civilization appeared in the drama of history. The dissolution of the Old World gave birth to a new kind of life, a life of credulity, pain, and self-torture, born of superstition and strikingly revealed by the religion of the times. The belief in a devil appearing in a hideous or fair form and pursuing man was universal. St. Dunstan saw him and cried out in fright. Luther even in the sixteenth century hurled a bottle of ink at this human formed devil. This cannot be called a mistake on the part of Dunstan and Luther; to their minds the sight was an awful reality; to ours, only absurdity. Such weakly, scrupulous ideas were widest during the middle ages, when the true and vital principles of the good were quenched by the fires of discord. Governments rose out of the ruins of Rome only to crumble and fall, each contributing its share of misguided civilization to make the whole fanatic. Superstition and mental debility shattered the good, tore down truth and set up error and monasticism, the natural outgrowth of a universal brain-wreck. From such hypotheses we draw as a conclusion the low condition of art. The neglect of Pagan literature by the Christian Church led to the decline of learning. But no sentiment can be all-pervading or everlasting. Man grows tired of rest as well as toil. So during these periods Christianity was introducing to the world a new ideal; and for this ideal to be thoroughly established it took a thousand years of struggle and intellectual inactivity. The middle age man, ever willing to grasp at the new, changed his type from masculine robustness to feminine gentleness. The early Teutons believed their women to be possessed of divinity and when they began to figure in history, the Church's worship of the Virgin having been established, the transformation of the ideal was complete. Then men began to adore the fair and meek. Woman, long held as a mere means of service and sensuality, was exalted to a sphere of worship. Knights strove to win the love of their ladies by fighting for the helpless. The Crusades strongly typify this adventurous spirit—the delusive conception of truth and the wrong application of

that faithfulness which wavered not even at the touch of death. Prodigies heightened the flames of ardor which imagination had started and Europe was swept by the broadest mania recorded in history. Surely such a fanatical cause could not be at once productive of good, but was indirectly conducive to modern civilization, and the crusades sounded the key-note of truth with the same tones with which they tolled out the false. Necessarily this moment greatly colored the literature of the day, for the same love that drew the sword tuned the lyre. What else could be expected from the Crusade warriors when they had thrown down their swords, than to grasp the lyre and sing to their children of their valor, in perfect harmony with that spirit which filled their bosoms; than to hear knights wandering in a wilderness, cry out their thoughts in poetry or tell some gray-haired friar or some care-worn, cloistered nun of the beauty and glory surrounding the tomb of Christ, or tell some weary traveller of his lady-love and chant to him a giddy war-song?

Thus a gallant spirit caused Europe to be converted into a continent of singers, who began to wander about from house to house and sing their songs of love and ladies. They delighted in the time of youth, in the happy season of life. But dark and dreary days appeared to them as to all, and the poets, true to their nature, sang of autumn, pain and frost. These singers were the harbingers of a new day for education and enlightenment. From this time universities were established whose patronization was due to the metaphysical reasoning of Scholastics who introduced a novelty, so relieving to the mind and so fascinating as to gather together a crowd of eager students such as had not been seen since the days of Aristotle and Plato. The spell was first broken in Italy where the political condition had so changed as to re-awaken the national pride which made their civilization once so salient. The recollection of the Roman might, marked by the massive monuments of art, stimulated the people and they, possessed of a long lost love for classical knowledge, pas-

sionately cried "for more light, more learning." Of this revival, such poets as Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio were the outgrowth. Life in Italy bore the semblance of happiness. Every city had its court of love and sovereign beauty, every village its May Queen and every hamlet its happy princess of gaiety. Maidens amidst all the beauty and charm of a southern clime, decked their hair with roses, orange blossoms and myrtles, tended their flocks, while singing a plaintive song and sighing of love's sweet anguish. Such a happy notion of life—joyfulness even in times of sorrow—soon pervaded surrounding nations. Especially great were the effects of such circumstances, such poets and themes upon the composers of English verse, who imitating the Italians sang too of the pleasures of love and country life. In England we see a gladness and freedom of the people, a progressive rise of thrifty towns and an interest in agriculture and manufacturing; the establishment of universities, the introduction of the study of law and natural science, the changing of the language from a synthetic to an analytic, the appearance of democracy which begins to hurt the Church and drive out feudalism—all extended the cause of education and raised the tone of literature. Wycliffe appeared as a reformer and Chaucer as a teacher of common sense. The old romantic poetry, cherished throughout the middle ages, declined and an original English ideal is set up. New thoughts and desires changed the strength of mind and a social and intellectual activity appeared hand in hand with a national independence and the way was fairly prepared for the coming of a great poet. Long years of varied experience in active life, coming in daily contact with all classes of men, serving at the most splendid court in Europe, and much travelling, thoroughly acquainted Chaucer with human nature and enabled him to paint a picture of reality and life. There may be a coarseness flowing with the beauty of his verse, but his works coming direct from his heart are in accordance with the soul which modelled them and every page reflects the spirit and usages of the times. *His* ideal was the English people's.

After the death of Chaucer, instead of a continuation of growth, a stupidity past all words to describe it overwhelmed England. War sapped the strength of mind, civil strifes untuned the lyre which Chaucer played and art led a lingering life. But material progress ceased not to advance and these years so disastrous to high literary attainments were spent in storing up energy to make the next era powerful. The Bible was translated and given to the people, dictionaries were written and printing was beginning to enable man to interchange ideas, to diffuse civilization and to hasten the coming of a great era; and from this era's germ let us notice its growth.

During the reign of Elizabeth, genius was kindled into a sweeping flame at the impulse given by pride and patriotism. The *Armada* had been destroyed and England was the recognized mistress of the sea. Commercial ingenuity increased the public wealth and augmented the facilities of ease. The discovery of new islands made wider the gate of inquiry through which thought was to pass and solve the riddle of their real condition. The fabulous story of a Spring of Immortal Youth bubbling in Florida enticed the imagination and dreams of untold wealth and never failing fame charmed the mind, thus heightening the spirit of search and strengthening the love of exploration. Astronomy opened new fields and the study of Greek gave rise to philosophic controversies and an investigation of the reasonings of the ancients. Scholasticism was supplanted and science came to make nature yield her secrets and guide the future advancement of thought. Catholicism having reached its culminating point under Henry VIII. produced the reformation and for the first time religion and society became distinct factors of civilization. This separation of church and state naturally raised the tone of dignity and morality. The ethical value of life was taken under consideration. The problem of human destiny becoming more perplexing became more wonderful and more worthy of efforts to solve the mystery. The pastoral life had drifted from Italy and the whole people were

happy and kept alive within themselves a binding love for their Virgin Queen. She gathered around her a host of poets and courtiers to whose flattery she listened with pride. In this way peace was established and of this peace our best era of literary art was born. Its growth is not unphilosophic, for, with the powerful forces at work in this prosperous reign, at the enlivening of human skill, literature naturally grew and moved forward with the steps of a conscious greatness. Man's mind was great; its productions were great. Things hitherto unknown were disclosed to view, things forgotten revived and man made his own poetic fancy open with a grandeur of imagery and a beauty and fineness of thought suitable to the greatness of the era. The whole temper of life without was changed, and life within feeling the jar, in a manner peculiarly its own told of its conformity. The ideal was high—but genius and talent fully reached it. Of the many kinds of literature of this period, the Drama in its development was best and most popular. From the earliest times the old Miracle Plays representing saints and angels, exhibited the suffering of Christ or an apostolic vision. After these, Vices and Virtues were put forward: the abstract embodied in the real nourished the intense dramatic craving. From this the transition was easy to its condition at the times of Elizabeth and James, when real life in all its phases was represented. The Drama was the only outlet of authors of that particular genius and the mere fact of its reception was the cause of its development. Of the many writers of this period, Shakespeare may be taken as the fairest and greatest representative. Within his genius is embodied sympathy, perception and might, and by these he kindled in the world a fire ever glowing with freshness and intense brilliancy, to which the critic's brush only adds fuel; and as time rolls on, extinguishing genius after genius and erasing from the eternal scroll name after name, he rises higher and higher in the thoughts and appreciation of mankind. Fame not content with immortalizing him, has claimed some of his own creations. Falstaff and Shylock—the one, the personification of

humor, the other, of avarice—will ever soar upon Fame's everlasting wings and teach mortal man the intended lesson. Shakespeare was not alone in genius of this era, for there were others, mighty men themselves, but soon the lips are hushed and the syllable of praise to their glory falls unuttered at the thought of his greatness.

From this most splendid reign we turn to notice an era, the painfulest and most immoral of English history. After the peaceful times of Elizabeth, unwise rulers and a stubborn parliament divided the people into parties, each struggling for political promotion and power. National discontents arose and threatened to thrust the land into anarchy. The Puritans, a sect intensely moral, rejected the proffered follies of the world and clung fast to their faith only the more because the Royalists treated it with contempt and scorn. But by their untiring efforts and immutable zeal, the Puritans gained dominance and their morbid, ever penitent air found its way into the laws and colored with restraint the whole system of government. In their earnestness for strict adherence to divine will, they carried their religious sternness to such an absurd extreme that their cause not only failed but produced a reaction entirely opposite to its former aim, and thus effected the re-ascension of the Stuarts. Then the wits and mockers of the royalist party, jeering at the policy, began to sneer at the religion of the Puritans and losing all sense of morality or decency mocked down with their sickening laughter all that was noble or worthy of respect. The Drama was revived and was carried to the utmost limit of licentiousness only because the Puritans had suppressed it. Wickedness long debarred was freed by the opening of sin's sewer and the current rushed headlong into the stream of life with such velocity that even the virtue and honor of man were dashed to pieces, and an irreverent feeling so intense, so widely diffused, prevailed, that between man and beast there was but little difference—these are what blackened the literature of the time. Foreign influence was paramount and writers, conscious of their own genius de-

clining, imitated that literature whose sun was at its zenith and was shining with all the splendor of a noon-day brightness. But the literature of France was great and English writers utilized only the eccentricities of that literature. Writers appeared to embosom within life a sentiment less pure than the sepulchral air and less holy than a serpent's guile.

In every age there are some who stand above the prevailing ideal and properly belong to a departing, or foreshadow a grand era. Such was Milton, living at this time in body, but mentally in the past. He, amid raging vice and furious sin, composed the grandest epic ever written save that of Homer. The seriousness and self-restraint of the Puritans, their extreme piety, a fervent religious love and an unwavering trial for peace and order strangely blended with a consciousness of the defeat of a cause dearer than his sight to him, only serve to make his contemplation grander, his genius more gigantic, his conception more sublime and his purpose God-like. But among the fickle writers of this period Milton cannot be numbered. Their characteristics affected not the loftiness of his thought or the sublimity of his ideas. The declining era justly claimed him; let him there be placed.

But however degrading error may have placed England, or however great may have been its victory, truth turned not from its path of purity and failed not to kneel at the sanctuary of Him who governs all things. Even in the wicked times of Charles there was a moral sentiment struggling for light and liberty, and freedom, only granted, needed but time to scatter itself around and reform the whole temper of inner life. As a result of this spirit we expect a change. Such a change did occur and society and politics changed their tunes to better notes. Man was aroused to a sense of his true condition and began to seek the real aim of life, to benefit as well as enjoy himself, to see the powerful responsibility invested upon himself, the own ideal of Heaven. This, we readily see, was a great step in the progress of ethical science and culture. A national feeling and a common love for "Good

Queen Ann'' prevailed and trade, somewhat checked by factions, grew with increased interest under a secured peace. There was a plenty at home, while the great victories of Marlborough on the continent kept the mind flushed with pride and excitement. The constitution was established and freedom given to the press. News-papers naturally prospered. It was not a perfect peace, for the old factional strifes had not yet been firmly settled, only the pen was exchanged for the sword and a controversial spirit smoked out of the smothered fire. Society was in such a loose, disjointed condition that satires naturally grew. Well was Swift's misanthropic nature suited to such a time. The outward world was shut up within him, and it was his temperament to expose to light the dark and awful emotions of his soul and to breathe out scoffing words of blasphemy and shame. He wrote satires against society, against science and truth and he himself may be called a satire against mankind. Irony and wit were the demands of the times and to these confined and narrow circles literature was chiefly clasped. The golden era of French art was still in splendor and was operative in producing in England a school of imitators. The Renaissance had not yet declined, for the human eye still depended upon Greece for sights and the brain fed upon things gone by. To the scholar the past was glorious, the present dark, and he tried with all the force of might and will to make the future like the past, to breathe into the dead carcass of Grecian art the breath of a new life. But old bottles cannot stand new wine and the result was only a grand, clashing, unharmonious noise. Artists in their efforts to restore the dead to life and to make perfect and polished the outer appearance only painted a picture with a Grecian back-ground, upon a French canvas with an English brush. The muse of poetic art was silent and man, not content with her silence, wrote not by inspiration but by study, skill and philosophy. The people themselves artificial in their taste were callous and insensible to what true art should be. They listened to the majestic music of Pope's verse and termed it good and had they heard the soft

Lydian lay they would have thought it unrhythmic and disconnected.

But however salient may have been the artificiality, or however indifferent the poets may have been to human suffering, or how grand and grotesque their verse, this era of Queen Ann is marked by the pre-eminence of prose over poetry. The two are distinct features of artistic development, each thriving in an atmosphere suitable to its respective growth. When aesthetic emotions dominate, man gives himself wholly up to the worship of the beautiful, and we call the age poetic. But when philosophical thought is expanded and man, desiring only a physical form of art, lives a practical life, all affections for poetry are converted into a strenuous effort for the expression of ideas as conceived by the spirit of the times. Hence, during the age of Addison and DeFoe, the emotional temperament was subjugated by speculative philosophy and a desire of seeking profit and entertainment. The Drama, only merited for its literary worth, lost its power of influencing men; poetry freed of a moral, benevolent or philanthropic aim, became incapable of touching the tenderest feelings; something else was needed and accordingly the novel was introduced. Side by side at this time stand the most powerful prose writers England had seen, and poets who from a point of discipline, accuracy and the mechanical arrangement of their matter could vie even with the Elizabethan writers. The verse was more beautiful and rhythmic, but less fresh. An autumnal frost had touched the leaves and the forest arrayed itself in gorgeous colors of purple and gold.

About the close of the eighteenth century new forces appeared, new feats were accomplished and new perplexing influences were brought out to bear rule upon the use of man's activity and to change condition and thought. Two great revolutions occurred—one giving a few colonies liberty, the other showing to the world an example of anarchy. No throne felt safe in Europe and no persons disregarded the workings of the French Revolution. In every land was heard the bugle's blast

impersonated by the war-whoop, "liberty, equality and fraternity." The revolutionists declared to stop their ruinous work not until Heaven had been dethroned of her King. From such extremes thinking men turned with awe; a reaction set in. The bloody work of ninety-three chilled every good impulse and stunned every sympathy actuated in its favor by a desire to better the condition of mankind. Such affairs left a mind universally adapted to speculation, abstraction and skeptic philosophy, which soon found a home in the diseased brains of Diderot, Voltaire and Rousseau. Thus the closing of the eighteenth century saw enlisted in the arena of action, infidelity, utilitarianism and democracy, and witnessed the dawn of a new day for literary art, indicating the decay of the old system of thinking and doing. The overthrow of the Bastille, the struggle for the establishment of democracy and for the recognition of the individual man, new ideas of government, new systems of law and liberty, victories on land and sea took place and serve to arouse the genius requisite for tearing down the false and erecting the real, the good and true. Poetry ceases to be a statue and, as we see history changing, over the form of art may be seen gradually creeping a nearer semblance to the human and a closer approach to the divine, until the two wrapped in embrace can scarcely be separated. Writers appeared whose sensibilities were so woven that this earth, with its harsh severities, suited not their delicate nature and they lived in a world loftier than ours, formed an ideal higher than that of earth and watered and plucked the tenderest flowers of poetry. Wordsworth established a school of simplicity and his extreme realistic views, blended with the idealistic dreams of Byron and Shelley, prepared the way for the coming of Tennyson, Mrs. Browning and Swinburne, who took the middle path and formed the modern school.

Apart from metrical composition, the first half of the nineteenth century nourished a literature consisting of broad, expansive prose productions. Among these the Essay, offering a wide diversity of subjects of general

interest, a charm in its practical thought and a pleasure in the intimacy with which the author seems to regard us, occupies an important position. We have seen that each branch of art exists under different circumstances. Any child can dream, for the power was given by God alone; just so, any nation can fancy, but to be profound, to conceive the deep philosophical thought required for the Essay, it must be nurtured by progress for centuries of native genius. Literary criticisms, biographies, orations, philosophical tracts and political discourses constitute the Essay, a selection of which is in fact a journal of a larger and better growth.

Modern times is an age of democracy, of wonderful invention and discoveries of new methods of uncovering the mysteries of old civilizations, an age of science and materialistic philosophy. Our era has made no very high attainments in literature; but what we lose in art we gain in science—that is as far as greatness and strength of mind are concerned—for science does not tend to suppress the spirit of poetry. The same forces act upon each, but that which enslaves poetry may exalt science. Nor is romance and rhythmic verse affected alike. A striking example of this is the progress of romance verified by the great popularity of the Novel, which fact itself reveals the manner of historic research characteristic of our times, and the democratic demand of freedom in action and thought universal since the French Revolution. The old view of merely citing events has changed and history from a standpoint of philosophy is studied. Kings and emperors of the past no longer interest us, but the individual manners, the customs of a people occupy our attention and, therefore, it is not strange that some branch of literature should furnish an excellent means by which the true condition of life is exhibited. This the Novel does. With its keen insight into nature and its fine creative thought, with its display of the deepest emotions and its personifications of virtues and vices, it may well feed the modern mind. In it there is something grand, something lofty between which and poetry there must be kinship. The fondest

thoughts are those of an unattainable ideal, the sweetest tears are those of sympathy, shed by eyes unwatched in silence, the divinest music is the concordant beating of two hearts in sympathy with a higher power, and these three, fancy, tears and love make the Novel charming and cause its development. Exactly like it, there has never been such a force in the world. Even the drama could not take its place, for in the Novel the field is broader, the laborers more and the harvest better suited to modern people. No power, save that of Heaven, is more able to unfold the individual character, to search the heart than the Novel and no vision can be clearer or more touching than heart after heart passing in panorama beneath the reader's gaze. It establishes something by which we are guided and forms in our minds something for us to embellish; it stirs the feelings to acts of gentleness, words of love and consolation, makes poetry out of prose and poetry becomes better. No class of men can claim the Novel. The meanest workman and the richest lord drink side by side and the weary traveler, slaking his thirst at the fount of Dicken's or Thackeray's fancy, can pursue his journey, strengthened in mind, soul and body and inspired with a desire to do something for God and man.

The present era is great in wealth, utility and ease and we wait in hopeful expectancy for the right application of these which must conduct the world to greatness and glory.

Literary Immortality.

(Medal Essay for the Preston Society, by H. J. Shoemaker.)

Literature is the highest type of history; and history is eternal. The thoughts and feelings of any age and people collected together and condensed into the most beautiful, artistic and useful form is what we commonly term the literature of that age and people. Every nation that has deeply impressed itself upon the human race has given expression to its greatness in a great lit-

erature. Whatever emotions, passions and impulses have animated and elevated the national life of any great people, the same we find today in its literature. Just as the bodies of old Egypt's kings have been kept embalmed in the cells of the Pyramids, even so is kept eternally embalmed in the cells of literature the real life of crumbled dynasties and decayed kingdoms. Therein we may discover all the important influences which once existed and which once clothed the colossal statues of by-gone days in the reality of life. The scientist finds imprinted in ineffaceable characters upon solid rock the enormous footprints of what were once gigantic animals. In other places he finds the minute but distinct signs of a life no longer existing. Just so in literature we find the traces of extinct peoples. Every feature of political, social and religious life is as nicely and indelibly engraved and preserved there by the pen of some classic writer as are the traces of the pre-historic birds and beasts upon fossil rock by the petrifying forces of nature. There are classics in nature as well as in literature. To preserve for the ages the existence of beast and bird, God has used the rock; but to preserve the existence of man, He has used the pen and scroll in a mortal's hand. The forces of nature, jealous of her dumb creation, have set up monuments to them; she, herself, keeps their records. But man needs not old nature's aid. He sets up in literature as his best monument, what he has said and thought, which, more enduring than the memorial shaft of crumbling marble, is unhurt, unchanged by the wear and tear of time. Literature is the eternal monument of a nation. It is the unmistakable footprint made into the adamant of the everlasting which the dusts of centuries cannot obscure.

The improbability of an utter oblivion, mankind always has delighted to read as the great lesson in the existence and evolution of all things. The human mind cannot reconcile itself to the thought of a complete annihilation, to a dark and blank hereafter. There is something within us that revolts at the possibility that when we are once gone as creatures of flesh and blood, we are

in every sense gone forever. It is pleasant to think that we may live in our influence long after our last breaths are drawn, that while our immortal soul is floating in an unknown somewhere, there may be left some fragment of our eternal being on earth; that there may be two parts to man's immortality, the one going off into the unknown, the other staying right here in this every-day world, until, after the allotted time of earthly things, it may join and be united with its other part. The deeds that men do live long after them. But how? There has to be some propagation. What means can there be by which to hand down the deeds of heroism, valor, nobleness and unselfishness from generation to generation, from age to age, thereby enlarging the circle of their influence? Literature provides this means. It is the live electric wire, which, throbbing with the testimony and impress which any set of men has made upon Universal History, and having one terminus in the past and the other in the present, connects ages however distant. There exists as distinct a telegraphy between periods of time separated by centuries, as there does between countries separated by hundreds of miles. By means of the connecting chain which literature furnishes, we live daily in touch and sympathy with the grand, historic past. No part in the world's history of which there is any written record can ever be forgotten, nor can our indebtedness to any people who has left us a legacy of thought ever be cancelled out by a blind, exclusive adoration for our present life. Oftentimes in the boasts of our wonderful progress and civilization we do not fully realize how much of it is due to the thought of some people, long since passed away. The past is not dead, nor will it ever be. It will always throw the rays of its searchlights into the present and into the darkness of the future—whether we will or no. As long as there is a kinship in human nature, as long as human nature is virtually the same, despite its surroundings, so long will the lives of departed men and women be recalled in the memorials they have left us, so long will history repeat itself. The yesterday, with its sayings and doings,

lives in the today; the today will be brought back again in the tomorrow, and so on it will be forever. A life, a soul, an act, a thought, a feeling, is not

“Like a snow-drop in the river,
A moment here, then gone forever.”

But rather as Longfellow beautifully expressed it,

“The good deed through the ages,
Living in historic ages,
Brighter grows and gleams immortal,
Unconsumed by moth or rust.”

A thought is immortal, for it is the product, the outgrowth of the union of mind and soul, which in themselves are immortal, and hence their offspring must partake of a similar nature. Yet there is still another element thought has besides that of immortality, an element higher and loftier even; it is that of divinity. Thought is the breathing of Deity within us; it is the only thing in which one can say, I am a creator! He who can think can create; he, from whose mind there springs a thought, armed, like the Goddess Minerva, just sprung from the brain of Zeus, in the militant strength of wisdom, he too, like Zeus, is the father of an immortal child. There is a fascination in that God has given this power of creating to man; that a thought, an idea is the only thing man can make, the only thing he needs to make, for everything else is made for him, and all he has to do with it is to fashion. Though God has made everything else for us, still He leaves us to make our own thoughts, and when we have made them, they are almost as immortal as the work of His own hands; for, though they may not all act upon the minds of others, they will never cease to act and re-act upon our own minds, perhaps, in a way of which we are not conscious. There is a law in physics that a motion, whether great or little, goes on forever. Drop a pebble in the water; waves are set in motion, which, striking up against the shore, impart motion to the earth; the earth absorbs the vibrations of the water only to send them out into the atmosphere; this in turn diffuses it to other substances, and so on it goes without end. Like-

wise it is with thought. One mind creates it, another catches it, then another, and another. If the creating mind should keep the thought within itself, its effect, its influence is never lost entirely. As our actions here will affect our souls hereafter, even so will a thought, though never liberated from its place of conception, affect the mind hereafter that made it here. A thought, once created, may to all human perception seem not to exist, but it does. There are worlds infinitely large and infinitely small, far above and far below man's knowledge. The telescope proves the probability of this on the one hand, the microscope on the other. Though we have no instruments to assist us in our conclusions, still are we forced to believe it is the same way with the world which human mind has made.

Since literature is the collection of the creations of man,—his thoughts—and since these embody a divine and immortal character, therefore, it too is immortal and divine. It cannot be otherwise. And he who thinks and records his thoughts lives forever. Everybody in a certain degree makes literature just as everybody in a certain degree unconsciously makes history. The most insignificant individual that ever lived contributed his atom to the structure of a literature, but such a one is not the highest example. Those who are the great contributors to the world's literature,—and there is no literature worthy of the name that is not the property of the whole world—are those before whose portraits, as they hang undisturbed by dust in the gallery of literary art, we may stand with uncovered heads and with the inspiring feeling that we are in the living presence of earth's immortals. Around their brows is Glory's crown. Look upon the pages of history, look upon the tablets of the human heart and you will find that the brightest names, the names which have most successfully withstood the rub of years, are not the names of the potentate, the soldier and the statesman, except as they are renowned as men of letters, but the names of the poet, the dramatist, the novelist, the historian, the philosopher.

The man of letters is the man of all time. Genius of every kind is cosmopolitan, but especially so is the genius of literature. No age can claim him, no people can claim him. He is the world's, and the world is his. The seven Greek cities which claimed the honor of being the birth-place of Homer give us a good illustration of this fact.

In an old Norse Saga there is a beautiful figure which represents the poet's eternity. In the Heaven of the Norsemen the greatest honor is awarded to the bard. After the Twilight of the Gods, the great and final conflict between the powers of Good and the powers of Evil, as the triumphant Æsir were returning to their mansions of peace in Valhalla, Bragi, the God of Song and Poetry, welcomed them there with "floods of sweet silvery sound," and after they had all taken their seats, he, reclining forever on the bosom of Iduna, Goddess of Immortality, sings "high themes from wise rune graved lips." In the opinion of our old ancestors, the genius of literature was by far the most fit to rest throughout eternity on the breast of immortality, and civilization has not yet made such a notion unpopular. The world still pays its homage at the feet of

"The bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time."

Some one has said that the true glory of a nation lies in its literature. If literary achievement is the best measure of a nation's greatness, then may individuals well aspire to be measured by the same standard. To be the author of one thought from which the world cannot be parted, is better, is far more glorious than to be a king. It is greater to live for centuries in some household word, some trite proverb, than to rule for a short life-time over a thousand subjects. There is an unutterable grandeur in the lives of those from whom the world always has something. What we can do for the world is a higher and more ennobling thought than what the world can do for us.

A literary man is a public servant, because he serves

the public in ways which it is impossible to number, or to estimate their importance. He is not the scheming politician who insinuates his service, not the selfish man whose whole life is devoted to one object, the object of self-interest, but the real, the genuine servant. To be a true, devoted servant is the highest duty of man. The nobility of service can never be over-estimated. No ambition is low, no life is mean and soon forgotten whose principal aim is usefulness. He who would be greatest among men must, according to the great Teacher, be the laborer for all.

Literature, through the service it does to mankind, wins for itself an immortal place in mankind's gratitude and affection. It is the treasury in which are kept the world's best jewels. In it are to be found "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely"; and it teaches us to think of these. One of its most beautiful lessons is the sublimity of unselfishness. The history of literature is the history of unselfish, illustrious men. Verily, that man is the true philanthropist, who devotes the energies of his life to the welfare of his race; who with gracious, unstinted hand pours out, not so many dollars and cents, but the richer treasures of mind and soul which nature has endowed him with into the lap of the world for the guidance and benefit of mankind. He who gives himself solely up to the enlargement and enrichment of humanity's intellectual store, he who thinks solely that his fellows may be helped by his thoughts, that by the grindings of his own mind the rough and uneven places along Life's pathway may be smoothed and made more pleasant and more beautiful for the feet of his fellow-creatures to tread, he who raises seed in the fertility of his own brain that will, when sown among the stony places of our existence, make them to blossom as the rose, and convert the dreary, desert places of life into delightful oases; yes, such a one is the benefactor of the human kind and the greatest of the great!

If in the study of literature we should try to seek out

all the reasons why we do study it, we are more forcibly than ever impressed with the immensity and comprehensiveness of its range, the subtlety and power of its influence. Who can estimate the power which thought in literature has exercised over the world's every day actions? Who can apply the yard stick to the results of some literary master-piece in man's daily life; or who can say just how far thought is above action, when he considers that every action had its origin in some thought germ? Who is wise enough to place a limit to the influence of a Homer, a Plato, an Aristotle, a Virgil, a Dante, a Cervantes, a Shakespeare, a Milton, or a Goethe? For the accomplishment of such a task, Infinity would be too small, Eternity too short. Such men never die. Their lives dropped into the great Ocean of Time, like a stone thrown into the sea, have caused ripples which have spread and spread until they now beat upon the shores of Eternity itself. Ask him who loves epic grandeur, if Homer, or Virgil, or Dante, or Tasso, or Milton is dead, and the answer will be no! Ask him who delights to speculate on man's higher nature, who loves to think of the endless soul-life, whether Socrates or Plato is dead, whether their psychological discussions have lost their hold upon the world, and the answer, as above, will be no! Inquire of the student of logic, or of the man of common sense, if the syllogisms of Aristotle have lost the power of convicting, or if the inductive philosophy of Bacon is cast aside as antiquated and absurd, and the answer will be apparent. To him who has a contempt, a disgust for all that is nonsensical and foolish, for all that is unreal and ridiculous and fantastic and idiotic, Cervantes lives always. As long as there remains deep within human nature a poetic harp, so long will the poet tune it to immortal strains which have in them some of the melody of the music of the spheres. When Thucydides wrote his history of the Peloponnesian war, he expressed a desire that his history should be a *ktēma es aei*, (a possession forever). His desire has been realized. When Macaulay wrote his history of England, he said that he wanted to write some-

thing which would be read in the year two thousand. This he has done and more.

As long as religion is as necessary to man as life, as long as religion and life are twisted inseparably together into the golden thread of man's being, and as long as religion's sweetest voice speaks in the glowing words of the Holy Scriptures, so long will literature possess the same immortality as the thought it expresses. In the Bible—we always go to the Bible for the highest type of anything ennobling—is found the best illustration of Literary Immortality. The word of God is literature, and the word of God will be the same through an eternity of eternities. What other thing has man, than literature, of which it is said that "till Heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass away."

Truly was it said that the pen is mightier than the sword, and opinions are stronger than armies. He whose realm is the mind—that which is the hardest of all to govern—whose throne is set upon a literary foundation, has the world for his kingdom and time for his courier. Apply a drop of water to a burning coal and we immediately have as the result one of the mightiest forces in nature; apply an ink-drop to a burning thought and we have the strongest force,—that which drives backwards and forwards the piston-rod of human activity, and which exerts a power more gigantic than that of the steam-giant.

The world is wont to seek its heroes on the battle-field, amid scenes of carnage and bloodshed, but its truest heroes are more apt to be found on the field of mental strife. The great form of Achilles has loomed up before us from across the wastes of thirty centuries as the type of the heroic and grand. But which is really the greater hero, the grander specimen of a noble manhood, the wrathful son of Peleus, or the blind old minstrel who made him? Which have played the more important part in history, the war-like heroes and semi-gods and goddesses of mythic Greece, or the songs which have made them immortal? It is the prerogative only of a man of letters to immortalize other characters and per-

sonages besides himself. When Homer composed his Iliad and Odyssey, he gave many characters an eternal place in the amber of history. When Virgil wrote his Æneid, he little dreamed, perhaps, of the perpetuity of his Æneas and Dido. Some years ago in the arctic regions there was found entombed in the heart of a colossal iceberg the perfectly preserved remains of a huge mammoth. There, it had been encased for untold ages in its prison-house of crystal, until it was found by man to whom it revealed a wondrous tale. Even so, there are found locked up in the depths of ancient literature characters which speak to us of a wonderful age and civilization. There are many imposing figures in history who would be unknown were they not introduced to us every day by some literary master.

The thinking world bends the knee of obeisance more before the bard than before the monarch. As an illustration, look at Julius Cæsar, the emperor, and Julius Cæsar, the author. Which is the greater, Queen Elizabeth or William Shakespeare? Æsop's Fables are greater and more enduring than the pomp and power of the emperors of Rome; Mother Goose's simple, nursery rhymes are of more lasting consequence than the victories of Napoleon.

A true literary man is a child of nature; a true work of literary art is the revelation and interpretation of her secrets. He is a genius who makes his fellow-men pause and see the open secret of nature, as Carlyle calls it, which lies all around them, and which they have become so accustomed to as not to notice it. He who is nearest to the heart of the Mighty Mother, must always be nearest to the heart of humanity. The majesty she hedges him with must always meet with the adoration and reverence of the best part of the world. Literary art can never die.

A traveller, in visiting the historic places of earth, has a deeper sense of interest and reverential awe when in a place made famous by some distinguished author than he has anywhere else, unless it be in those places sacred in religious history. The old hills over which some great

poet or prose writer once wandered have more fascination and attraction about them than have the imposing mausoleums of wealth or political power. The memory of men of letters will be kept fresh in loving hearts long after the birthplaces and tombs of the Alexanders and Napoleons have been forgotten.

“Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,
But that which warmed it once can never die.”

In literature there breathes the living fragrance of all that is best in manhood and womanhood. In it remain the perpetual perfumes of the richest and rarest flowers that ever bloomed in the flower garden of the human soul.

Could a loftier ambition animate the breast of any one than that of being numbered among the world's Ital? With most men such an ambition, of course, would be impossible to be realized. The number of those who rise above mediocrity in life is necessarily small; but every one may rise, and it is his duty to do so, above a mediocrity in his aspirations. Even if we aspire to things higher and nobler than we can accomplish, still are our lives made better by it. Noble ambition injures no one. Though we may not reach to the things we aspire to, yet our aspiring to them, provided they are of a lofty nature, will make us greater where we are. Ambition is a good measure for the success in any one's life. We may read Plato, we may read Solomon, we may read St. Paul, we may have an ambition to be like them, and yet, if our ambition comes far short of being realized, we have not failed. Every man should be desirous of being like the greatest man that ever lived.

Literary success inculcates this desire to be great. How many a one has looked through the portals of literature into his own soul, and has been made conscious of a Greatness existing within him! It is an inspiring thought that through the means of literature we may associate ourselves with the grandest men that have ever ennobled the human family. We may enter into companionship with whomsoever we choose. No genius is so transcendently far above our own little common-place na-

tures, that we cannot associate with him, converse with him, think with him, in the Stoa of literature. There is a greater equality among men than men always like to admit, and this is largely owing to the levelling influence of literature. No recommendation, no letters of introduction, no ceremony, no bowing, no scraping, is needful to usher us into the presence of the master minds. Rich and poor, strong and weak, high and low, all alike, may be impressed by the awful sublimity of a "Paradise Lost," all may have their sympathies drawn out to a "Hamlet," all may be touched by the homely simplicity of "The Cotter's Saturday Night," all may have the fountains of the soul stirred up by the purity and pathos of an "Enoch Arden" or an "Evangeline." But better than everything yet, all may draw the same inspirations of Light and Life from the same Fountain—the Holy Bible!

There is, however, a wrong impression sometimes as to how we should regard genius. Frequently, an affected familiarity with some great author's name is mistaken for an acquaintance-ship with his works. It is extremely sickening to hear the immortal names of a Milton, a Shakespeare, a Moore, or a Burns, spoken of in an easy, slangy, horse-jockey style, as "Johnny Milton," "Billy Shakespeare," "Tommy Moore," or "Bobby Burns." It smacks too much of the colloquialism of the race-track, the prize-fighter's ring, or the street-gamin's alley. A vulgar familiarity in the handling of a great man's name breeds contempt. But a contempt for whom? Certainly not for the great man.

Nevertheless, as long as a refined taste for art lingers in the human soul, literature and the literary man will be immortal. As long as the great Heart World is surrounded by an atmosphere of poetic sentiment, poetry will thrive; as long as the hearts of all men are threaded together by the chord of a common instinct—a love for the beautiful and good—so long will that chord respond in thrilling vibrations to the touch of a poetic hand. While life remains to humanity, vitality remains to literature. "Immortal thought wedded to immortal form" will, like its prototype, the soul, live on "in immortal youth, unhurt, amid the war of elements, the wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds."

Fort Moultrie.

The old fort stands firm down by the great sea,
The lines of age on its blackened face,
The surges dash on the sandy shore,
The months and the years they come and go;
But still, like an ancient sentinel bold,
Like a brave, strong warrior of old,
It stands in its place.

Its silent gaze is far o'er the waves,
And a look of weary waiting is there;
As if it longed for the far away day
When its guns were manned by the boys in gray,
And the flag of the South floated free and brave
As ever a noble flag did wave
Out over the sea.

It seems to dream of the years of strife
When the North and the South stood bold and proud,
And Gray and Blue fought, bled and died;
When father and son fell side by side,
And the crimson life flowed out on the waves,
While the walls ran red with the blood of the brave
Under God's blue sky.

O, men of the South, be the old fort dear
To your heart of hearts! Be ye proud of its walls!
For the good and the true placed the flag on its crest;
And our hearts tell us still they thought it was best,
—But now, the gay, bonnie flag of the South's not there,
Sweet peace floats pure white on the salt sea air;
For the war is o'er.

The guns lie still on the sleeping walls,
All silent and lone like the years that are gone
And will never return to the yearning soul;
Like the thought of the brave who answer the roll
Where Time is the bud that eternally bright
Blooms—Eternity called by the beings of light—
Like the thought of our dead.

A. D. WANNAMAKER. ('96.)

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Wofford College Journal.

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WOFFORD COLLEGE, OCTOBER, 1894.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

GEO. C. LEONARD, - - - - - Editor.

With this issue of THE JOURNAL, the present Editorial Staff have their first experience at journalism. We are sensible of the heavy duty and responsibility intrusted to us by our fellow students and shall strive hard to show ourselves worthy of the confidence reposed in us. We follow an able corps of editors, who, by the faithful discharge of their duties, have greatly improved THE JOURNAL and raised it to a high rank among college periodicals. We shall endeavor to emulate the good example set us by them. It shall be our constant care to maintain the high standard which THE JOURNAL now holds and to make every possible improvement. But the editors alone cannot give THE JOURNAL that degree of success that it deserves. For that to be attained, we need and must have the hearty co-operation of the whole body of students. True, the burden of responsibility rests upon us and we shall endeavor to meet it cheerfully and faithfully; but we hope that each student will feel that THE JOURNAL belongs not to the Editorial staff, but to the whole body of students, and that every student from Freshman to Senior will contribute in every way possible to make it a success.

Vacation is over and here we are back at college, standing on the threshold of the session of '94 and '95. We are back at college with all that that means—all of hopes and aims, opportunities and responsibilities. Many of us are here for the first time; but by far the greater number of us have already been here one, two or three years. As we look back over last year, some of us, perhaps, can say that we have done our best under the circumstances; but most of us see many places where we might have done much better. Let us profit by the mistakes of the past and try earnestly to do our very best this session. If we have not been as faithful in the discharge of our duties, either in the class-room, in our societies or in any of the duties intrusted to us by our fellow students, let us go earnestly to work and by faithfully meeting each duty this session, make atonement, so far as we are able, for the past.

We appeal most earnestly to the men of the upper classes to be careful of their conduct. Let every one see to it, that no trifling remark or thoughtless action of his shall set such an example as will be the means of injuring the moral character of any one of the younger men. The influence, that we now exert, will be felt at Wofford many days after we have gone out from her old walls. It is largely in our hands to maintain the high character that the college now enjoys and, if by our actions, we injure that character, we, at the same time, injure ourselves. Then let us be manly and true—true to our College, true to our friends and true to ourselves. We can find no better motto than these words of Horace: "Carpe Diem."

To the new men we extend a most hearty welcome, and promise them all the help that we can give. We are always glad to welcome among us good earnest men, who come here to study and improve themselves; but the man, who comes here to have a good time and play the "dead beat," will find little sympathy from either faculty or students.

Sometimes we hear new men asking how they may win the confidence of the faculty and students. To such we reply: "Do your duty." Wofford expects that from every man.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

In the death of Oliver Wendell Holmes, America has lost one of her foremost men in literary rank. He was born in August, 1809, and consequently was in his eighty-sixth year. He graduated at Harvard in 1829 and was the Poet of his class for commencement occasion. In 1857, while a professor at Harvard and receiving little pecuniary and for his services, he was induced by Lowell to publish in *The Atlantic Monthly* "The Autocrat at the Breakfast Table." This was followed, in 1860, by "The Poet at the Breakfast Table" and in 1872 by "The Professor at the Breakfast Table." In 1878, appeared "The Iron Gate and other Poems" and in 1884, "Ralph Waldo Emerson." These, with his valuable contributions to medical lore, possibly constitute his best productions in riper days." The last years of his life were spent at his home in Boston in retirement and a well-earned rest, for after four score years of active service and usefulness it was well that he should be freed from the vulgar gaze of men and commune with himself and find sweet solace and comfort in thinking of the past and in recalling his associations with Lowell, Longfellow, Emerson and Whittier. It is such men as these that have lived and died and made us what we are and it is only until the last is gone that we awake to our senses, accord them their true places and realize that our age is truly great. * *

On the first day of October the faculty and students of Wofford received greetings from Prof. Jno. C. Kilgo, Pres., of Tinity College, Durham, N. C. It is needless to say that they were heartily reciprocated by both. President Kilgo holds a warm place in the heart of every Wofford boy, and though he has been called away from us to other fields of usefulness, his memory shall live in our minds. We miss his familiar form at chapel and on the campus and his kindly greeting in the class room.

But while we are sorry to give him up, yet it gives us great pleasure to learn that he has been so warmly and so enthusiastically received by the friends and patrons of Trinity.

We are glad to see that the barbarous practice of hazing was formally abolished by the students of Princeton College, Sept. 28. It is hoped that all of our colleges and universities will soon follow the example of Princeton.

Dr. Carlisle has kindly offered THE JOURNAL staff the use of the plates from which the cuts illustrating the last catalogue of the College were printed. We hope to be able to bring them out in THE JOURNAL soon.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

J. ARTHUR WIGGINS, - - Editor.

With the beginning of every college year begins the duties and requirements of the newly elected Journal Editors. The various departments have been handed down to us with high standards and excellent working models, and due praise should be given to the out-going editors for the sincere and honest labor they [have expended in conducting the interest of their various departments.

The Exchange Department, with its exacting and responsible duties has been assigned to me for proper supervision and editorship.

During the administration of the out-going editors, the Exchange Department was instituted, thereby lessening the burdens and responsibilities of the editor-in-chief, and giving him more time to develop his editorials, which he afterwards did with much success. Mr. Duncan then assumed control of the exchange, and to him alone is due the praise for the proper development and uplifting of this newly established department.

With these two important changes the JOURNAL has been committed to the charge of others, who realize and appreciate the efforts of their predecessors to elevate and better develop college journalism. The general expectation of the many Journal admirers, the novelty, and perhaps the importance of the duty required from this department, must unavoidably be productive of great diffidence and apprehension in him who has the honor to be so stationed. He must be sensible how much will depend upon his conduct in the infancy of a work, which has been bestowed upon him by his fellow students, that it might receive a proportionate share of cultivation.

The Editor cannot but reflect that, if his plan of work be crude and injudicious, or the execution of its weak and superficial, it will cast a damp upon the farther pro-

gress of this most useful college organ ; and may for the time stop student enthusiasm and public interest in general. And this he must especially dread, when he feels by experience how unequal his abilities are to complete, in the manner he could wish, so extensive and arduous a task; since he freely confesses, that his former more private attempts have fallen very short of his own ideas of perfection. And yet, the feeling he has already experienced, and this transcendent mark of regard his fellow students has awarded him, forces him to over rule his own ideas and feelings and make room for these testimonies of confidence that forbid him to believe himself totally insufficient for the work of this department. The Editor to whom this department has been entrusted will venture to hope for, and it certainly shall be his determined and never ceasing aim, by carefulness and cultivated zeal, to overcome these seeming defects and strive hard to make the best and most cheering return of the duties entrusted to his care.

This department committed to my charge shall receive my constant and undivided attention, at no time shall it be deprived of any advantage that might make it more profitable and better appreciated by the students. My criticisms will be given conscientiously, having no other aim in view other than that of properly marking out the lines for improvement wherever they may occur. This editor will certainly refrain from abusing and exciting his contemporaries to bitter discussions. We are all liable to commit some grave errors and sometimes lay fault at the doors of some who have worked hard to elevate their departments; but in good faith let us accept the criticisms of our contemporaries and at the proper time and in the proper place let us exert our abilities toward improvement, thus maintaining the power and dignity of college journalism.

The Southern Christian Advocate was one of the first publications that reached us after entering upon the discharge of our new duties connected with the JOURNAL.

And there is no other periodical on our exchange list that we more highly appreciate than the *Christian Advocate* of our own Church and State. It is the only appreciable medium through which the 70,000 Methodists of this State are kept in feeling touch with the great teachings set forth in their doctrines and exemplified by her time honored ministers.

Numberless ties bind *the Southern Christian Advocate* to its large and refined constituency, and in its own particular realm, there is no more prized or trusted authority. It receives a cordial welcome into every household, and its declarations are received with approval everywhere. *The Advocate* has one feature that seems to especially endear its arrival in the home and that is, the power of creating in the hearts of its readers an intense liking for Biblical discussions. The earnest words of sympathy and advice exchanged through the medium of this Church organ and its social features make it like an enjoyable visit with loved ones; and many a lonely mother has testified in appreciative words of the good cheer that comes to her through the contributions of its many zealous supporters.

We welcome *The Advocate* to our exchange and we take this method and opportunity to send to its editor the best wishes and tenderest greetings of THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL.

We are pleased to find on our Exchange desk *The Brownwood Texas Tattler*. The September issue was rather small, but perhaps this practical little literary Journal, gotten up and supported by the two Literary Societies of the College, was never more valuable or popular than now, and the promise of numerous features of special interest for the present year will intensify its usefulness and popularity. The article written on "The Necessity of Good Roads" deserves special mention, the writer discussed his subject from a historical standpoint and made splendid allusions to the great system of public highways that once made ancient Rome famous.

"*Silver and Gold*," a weekly published by the students of the University of Colorado, has been received. This Journal gives special attention to the local and personal columns, consequently, has very little interest for those who are not connected with the University. The literary features are very ordinary. In fact, this department has very few literary columns—more attention should be paid to this phase, and then perhaps your locals and personals will be better appreciated by other institutions.

We are in receipt of the excellent inaugural issue of "*The Trinity Archive*." The circumstances connected with this peculiar issue of the *Archive* is still fresh in the minds of Wofford boys; and they are indeed of sufficient merit to cause sorrow on the one hand and joy on the other. The frontispiece of the *Archive* specially struck us on first sight. There we saw engraved the features and countenance of one whom we had become attached to and boasted of as one of our beloved Professors. While Wofford truly mourns the loss of him, Trinity should feel proud and justly grateful that she has been so fortunate in procuring such an admirable man to fill her presidential chair. But we were partially satisfied after reading carefully Prof. Kilgo's address; it made us feel as if we had just returned from our own chapel after patiently listening to one of his strong and logical lectures.

"Christian Education," was his subject. A stronger appeal to the Methodist of North Carolina could not have been better suggested by any other subject. The address from beginning to end was a highly appreciated literary feast to us all and, while we regret to see that the author of such greatness is separated from us, we are proud and inspired to see him still instructing the students of the rising South.

We congratulate the *Archive* upon its superb issue, and hope that its future issues will not lower the flattering standard it has already adopted.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

B. H. HENDERSON, - - - Editor.

We realize more than ever the importance of watching our Alumni in their various vocations of life, and are always glad to note their success and give them a place in our JOURNAL.

This session promises to be the most prosperous in the history of our College. Not only has THE JOURNAL come to our hands with a higher standard than it has ever attained, but our work and college community is such that our Alumni may justly be proud. It remains with us to preserve this standard, and recognizing that a College's history is based upon its Alumni, we would ask your co-work in preserving this function which goes so far in keeping up an interest in your Alma Mater.

In the June issue of our JOURNAL, the history of Dr. J. H. Kirkland was given in full. It was stated that he would deliver the literary address before the two societies under the auspices of the Calhoun Society. He was with us at commencement, and it may be well said that our rostrum has never been honored with a more graceful speaker or more masterly production. His visit to Spartanburg revived the days of his boyhood and never did a visitor have a more hearty welcome to this city. "Dr. Kirkland is a son of whom Wofford is justly proud, and in honoring him we did greater honor to ourselves."

Welcome Visitors at Commencement.

['72.] J. W. Dickson, who is now Presiding Elder of the Orangeburg district.

['71.] Prof. W. H. Wallace, who now fills a chair in Columbia Female College.

['73.] Rev. Jno. E. Carlisle pastor at Darlington.

['59.] Rev. S. A. Weber, pastor of Yorkville.

['75.] C. G. Dantzler, who does a fine law practice at Orangeburg.

['78.] T. M. Raysor, also a lawyer at Orangeburg.

['76.] George E. Prince, who is a prominent lawyer at Anderson.

['85.] Rev. W. I. Herbert, pastor at Laurens.

['83.] Rev. M. L. Carlisle, pastor at Camden.

['87.] Rev. A. B. Earle, paster at Williamston, S. C.

Dr. H. Baer and W. M. Conner, two strong pillars in the business world of Charleston and two of her most honored citizens. Wofford College congratulates herself at having relation with such men of character and ability.

Those We Have Heard From of Wofford's Largest Class
'92.

D. W. Daniel is teaching at Central. His brother John is in college, and is with the class of '95.

J. F. Fooshe teaches at Kershaw. His brother George is in college, and is with the class of '95.

W. A. Dagnall is teaching a large school at Easley. His younger brother Atticus is in college, and is with the class of '95.

T. F. Wright teaches at Donalds.

H. W. Fair is now principal of the Graded School in this city for the second term.

C. B. Waller has charge of the Graded School at Union.

H. J. Cauthen has given up teaching and is now preparing to enter conference at its next session.

A. S. Pegues fills the chair of mathematics in South Western University Fitting School, Georgetown, Texas.

Class of '93.

Thornwell Haynes, who for the past year has been pursuing an English course in Vanderbilt University, is now teaching at Leesville, S. C. He is also writing up the life of Gov. B. R. Tillman. With his ability in English, we feel safe in saying that his writings will be a success.

W. C. Kirkland has completed his theological course at Vanderbilt University, and now supplies the vacancy in the Washington Street Church made by the late election of Rev. J. A. Rice to the presidency of Columbia Female College. We predict Rev. Kirkland many years of usefulness in the ministerial world.

H. M. Lanham still pursues his medical course in Baltimore, M. D.

[74.] S. C. Doar, since graduation, has had an extensive interest in the famous old rice plantations of lower Berkeley on the banks of the Santee. The fertility of these lands is the same as of ante-bellum days, and Mr. Doar is successful in the rice culture. His residence is on the sea coast, and he is considered as one of McClellanville's most conservative and highly esteemed citizens.

In this issue we would only make mention of the absence from our faculty of Prof. J. C. Kilgo who has accepted the presidency of Trinity College in North Carolina. Also of Prof. W. G. Blake who has taught several years in Wofford College Fitting School, in this city, and who has now accepted a position in Florida. We have sustained a loss in such men, who, by their associations and work have made Wofford College better.

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LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

S. H. MCGHEE,

Editor.

Commencement.

The commencement of '94 will long be remembered as one of the most successful and pleasant occasions Wofford College has ever celebrated. From the beginning of the previous week visitors began to pour into the city until Sunday saw one of the largest crowds of friends and alumni that has ever visited the college. It is always inspiring to see students who once were here return, bearing within their hearts an unforgotten love for their *alma mater* and holding in fond remembrance the days when they too were on the campus with the cares and anxieties, the struggles and triumphs peculiar alone to college men. It is pleasant to think that our love for the old college and our enthusiasm for its welfare manifested in a thousand ways will never die, and that time cannot efface the memories of the past, but as years glide by, judging by those who have already gone out, we, too, shall feel a closer, a deeper and lingering love for our college and its community. But intimately connected with the past, will arise in our minds the class of '94. A clever set they were, and by their efforts, their manhood and friendships they made for themselves a record of much deserved pride and merit. Whether on the play-ground, in the class-rooms, or in the society halls, they will be missed and their places will be hard to fill.

They closed the second score of Wofford's commencement seasons, which passed off without ought to mar the harmony or pleasure of the occasion. Bishop Hargrove preached the commencement sermon from Isaiah XI 6 "And a little child shall lead them." He preached forty-seven minutes and held the closest attention of the large audience from beginning to end. Instead of the

usual Y. M. C. A. sermon on Sunday night, Dr. Carlisle spoke to the alumni and students of the college, his remarks being taken from the Psalms: "As for me I will walk in mine own integrity." Wise and competent men say it was one of the best lectures they have ever heard the Doctor make.

On Monday morning, Wofford welcomed back one of her most honored and trust-worthy sons. One of the largest crowds ever seen in the chapel on a similar occasion greeted Dr. Jas. H. Kirkland, Chancellor of Vanderbilt, who had been invited by the Calhoun Society to deliver the annual literary address. He spoke for over an hour on "The Peculiarities of American Civilization" and held an intelligent crowd spell-bound. Any attempt to re-produce a single sentence would be mere presumption. In a clear and ringing voice, in a masterly and forcible way, he delivered an address such as few of us have ever heard.

Monday night was the annual joint debate. The affirmative of the query, "Resolved that the American Laborer has Just Reasons to be discontented with his present Condition," was supported by Messrs. Geo. C. Leonard and F. H. Shuler, the negative by Mr. Wm. Coleman and S. H. McGhee. The query was decided in favor of the negative by the committee on decision. The Preston medal for the best essay was awarded to Mr. H. J. Shoemaker, the Calhoun medal to S. H. McGhee. After a very pleasant reception, the crowd dispersed to awake on the morrow and behold the "glorious day of days."

The senior class had long been noted within the college for its good speakers and Tuesday, by no means, destroyed that reputation. They had well chosen subjects and well-delivered speeches. The trustees conferred L. L. D.—the second in the history of the college—upon the first graduate, Hon. Samuel Dibble, of Orangeburg, and D. D. upon Rev. G. W. Walker, Rev. J. J. C. Newton and Rev. Geo. W. Yarborough.

Tuesday night the Alumni Association was addressed by Hon. Thos. M. Raysor on "The Science and Philosophy

of Government and the Duties and Relations of Citizens Thereto." It was a masterly prepared and forcibly-delivered address, and was well received by a large assembly. Tuesday evening's address, reception and banquet closed the commencement ceremonies and Wednesday was a day of general weeping throughout the camp. All were preparing to leave—the seniors never to return as students---and consequently already bearing in their faces the weight and woes of manhood. All were grieved at separating, but realized the fact that "the pain of parting is nothing to the joy of meeting again."

The Y. M. C. A. Reception.

The reception given in the chapel to the new students on October 3d was better and more enjoyable than any held since several years back. This was due to the change of management. Hitherto the students all assembled in the chapel and had a word or two of welcome and then adjourned, but this year the Y. M. C. A. had it in hand and with that zeal which characterizes all their undertakings, the members gave a most pleasant and successful entertainment. The Association, under the efficient superintendence of President Shuler and his cabinet of sterling and stirring religious men, is in a better condition than ever before. The students realize more fully the purpose and import of the organization and consider it not an arena for the clashing of technical, theological minds, nor an oratorical school in which for ministerial students to train or practice their powers, but an establishment for the intellectual upbuilding, the moral development and manly growth of all the students. The Association has been strengthened, both by attention given it and by mode of operation, and hence it is safe to say that henceforward the way is open for it to be in closer touch with the body of students and a more important factor in the college.

The reception was indicative of its good condition. Everything passed off smoothly and all enjoyed themselves. At eight o'clock the bell summoned the college and fitting school together in the chapel. Dr. Carlisle made a few impressive remarks, informing the crowd that it was a purely informal reception given in order that the students might become better acquainted and get closer together at the first of the year. Messrs. W. H. Wannamaker and B. H. Henderson, Presidents of the Calhoun and Preston Societies respectively, and a representative of THE JOURNAL staff spoke a few words expressing their welcome to the new students and their delight at seeing the old ones back again. Mr. Smith responded in behalf of the new comers.

Prof. Snyder made a few enthusiastic and inspiring remarks on athletics and begged the students to have a good and healthy association.

President Wilson, of Converse College, spoke some pleasant and appropriate words, stating that he brought a message of welcome from "the cousins" and inviting the students over to their entertainments for the year. Rev. Mr. Rodgers was the last speaker. He stated his pleasure at seeing so many present and offered his pastoral services.

But the best part of the tale remains to be told. The lady friends of the college had kindly prepared below a festival of the most tempting and appetizing kind. In behalf of the students we extend to these ladies our tenderest thanks for their kindness and the many manifestations of their friendship displayed on this and many other occasions. Everybody was in a good humor. Each senior took charge of a couple of new students or guests from the fitting school and escorted them down to the gorgeous repast. The sophs and juniors followed and did great credit to themselves and justice to the cause. Some one remarked that the new students received rather a cool reception below, whether this is so or not, we do not argue, but any way the fresh were entirely refreshed.

Foot-Ball.

Scientific foot-ball is a product of modern civilization. The old idea that nobody but toughs appeared on the gridiron and dwelt in a brutal and barbarous game has given way to reason and disappeared before investigation. That it is a manly sport can be denied by no one, but that it is a relic of barbarity, conservative men have not been so absolutely sure. But under the light of recent development in the athletic world with the formation of new laws regulating the methods of playing, with its violence weakened and the possibilities of danger diminished, none deny its merits or its advantages over all other sports. It is a game confined almost entirely to college students and the notion that only brute force is requisite for its successful operation is altogether a mistaken idea. On the other hand, it requires mental tact as well as physical strength, and ingenuity of intellect and alertness of bodily movement. Often some of the best players are men of somewhat small physique, but rarely men of small mental faculties. The teams, too, generally consist of strong moral men. Prof. Richards has written a very valuable and scientific article to *The Popular Science Monthly*. We suggest to all students to read it. Among many other good things he says that the average scholarship of men on the foot-ball teams has of late years been higher than that of men in other athletic organizations; that "the best teams in Yale not only had the best players, but the most successful teams have contained the most moral and religious men." Then away with all fanatical notions about foot-ball prostituting the moral worth of a college community and degrading its intellectual standard. It is a fact that Wofford has been shamefully behind in this sport of late years. This should not and must no longer be so. The time has come when it is the duty of us all to put our shoulders to the wheel and shove athletics and foot-ball on to the goal of a complete success. Let every student, be he young or old, large or small, come out

every afternoon and dwell in this health-giving and invigorating exercise.

An excellent team has been organized and we have enough confidence in the leading men that they will do their part if the students and faculty will give their encouragement and co-operation. The attempt has begun, and is going on, and its failure or its success rests with you. "We are members of one body;" by that body are we judged and it is not only for the good of the institution, but for the good of the individual student that Wofford College should have a foot-ball team to cope with any in the state or, for that matter, any in the South. It lies in our power to do so. Only enthusiasm and energy are needed and success is assured. The critical moment is at hand. The enthusiasm has begun and is daily strengthening; more energy is needed and then all will be well. It is our fight as well as the players', and it is cowardly and unpatriotic for us not to lend our best assistance. Let all come out to the grounds and contribute to the playing, cheering, paying and inspiring encouragement. Everybody will come if you will. The time is short, only lasting till Christmas. Let laziness be overcome, tardiness stopped, energy increased, enthusiasm aroused and then foot-ball will be replete with pleasure and victory. Let us first win the championship of our State and using this as a stepping-stone we can rise to higher things.

After a pleasant rest of three months or more the professors and students are back again and are prepared for a season of good, solid work. All with one accord have decided that this year shall be one of the most prosperous and interesting in the history of the College. The professors have braced themselves up from the heat of the summer and are looking well and wise. They have very kindly offered their spare time to give the Seniors an advance study in their respective departments. Prof. DuPre will have an advanced class in Chemistry. Prof. Easter has offered an hour a week extra in French. Prof.

Gamewell will teach a higher class in Latin and Prof. Rembert one in Greek. Prof. Snyder has offered to his class either of two courses in English; one a study in American Literature, the other in Victorian Literature. A student by special permission can take both. He also will teach an extra class in Anglo-Saxon. Prof. Thomas, fresh from the mountain heights of Kentucky, will teach his classes, as extra, how to scan the poetry of Mathematics and to designate the different meters.

Dr. Carlisle will use the time formerly given to Metaphysics with the Seniors in his department until the trustees meet and elect a new Professor in Prof. Kilgo's place. After the Professor comes, the Doctor will pay back from his own department as much time or as many hours as the class missed in Metaphysics. So there will really be no lost time caused by the vacant chair. The Juniors will give one hour each to Prof. Gamewell and Prof. Snyder, who will act as Dr. Carlisle with the Seniors.

At the election for marshalls for the coming year, held on the second Friday night in October, Mr. A. E. Holler was chosen chief. From the Preston society, Messrs. A. M. Law, W. H. Eubanks and J. R. Walker were elected; from the Calhoun, Messrs. W. Boyd Evans, E. C. Culler and Philip Cocke. These gentlemen are about as handsome as possible under the circumstances and will doubtless serve an efficient term.

We are glad to welcome back Mr. J. O. Norton, who dropped out of the class of '94 at the end of the Junior year, but who has seen fit to return to Wofford. Mr. Norton swells the number of Seniors to thirty-four and is a valuable accession to a valuable class.

Rev. Mr. Wait, former pastor of Bethel church and father of Mr. B. Wofford Wait of the Senior class, spent several days on the campus in early October.

Mr. W. J. Cocke ('92), of Asheville, spent a day or two in the city at the first part of the month.

We were glad to see the genial face of Mr. Frank Lander, former local editor of THE JOURNAL, on the campus on opening day. Frank has been having trouble with his eyes and is now under the treatment of Dr. Heinitsh. We sincerely hope he can soon see his way clear to visit us again.

Now that the faculty have granted their permission for inter-collegiate contests, let us have a half dozen or more games during the season and also some debating contests with other institutions.

Bamberg Notes.

The Carlisle Fitting School, of Wofford College, in Bamberg, opened on October 1, 1894, with 93 students enrolled, which roll has since grown to 103. The circumstances under which it opened were very propitious, and from present indications, we will do fine work this year. The prospects of the Kilgo Literary Society of this school are particularly bright. We have enrolled about 40 members with the prospect of continual enlargement.

Our officers are:

President,	J. J. Riley;
Vice-Pres.,	L. W. Livingston;
First Critic,	J. D. Laffitte;
Recording Sec.,	C. E. Wiggins;
Corresponding Sec.,	H. W. Woodward;
Treasurer,	P. K. Rhoads;
Censor Morum,	W. H. Taylor;
Assist. Cen. Morum,	J. E. Salley;
Chrm'n. Query Com.	P. K. Rhoads;
“ Hall “	T. Williams.

With a few exceptions, we have a fine set of young men comprising our society. There is a friendly rivalry between the two societies (the Kilgo and Sheridan) as to which shall have the better furnished hall, and I hope

the result will be two very beautiful Society Halls. From data that I have been able to obtain, the Sheridan Literary Society has an enrollment of about 20.

Their officers are:

Pres.	Miss Clara Riley;
Vice Pres.	“ Cora Sheridan;
Secretary,	“ Allie Jennings;
Treasurer,	“ Leila Black;
Critic,	“ Ellen Murphy.

In our last meeting, we made some important changes in our constitution. For instance, “the President shall be elected for the term of one scholastic year, and that the other officers be elected for the term of three months;” “We will not adjourn our society for any festive gathering in town,” as we did several times last year. These being the facts, we must hope that the Kilgo Literary Society will not only be a blessing to the Carlisle Fitting School, but to all of lower South Carolina.

ROBT. S. CAUTHEN,
Local Editor.

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LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

H. J. SHOEMAKER, - - - Editor.

The Economic Disasters in Education.

The worst features of any depression are its mental and moral effects. Indeed, an industrial depression has been defined as "a mental and moral malady which seizes the mind after the first influences have been materially or physically felt." A financial crisis may be passed with safety to the individual and to the State, but the mental and moral effects of a depression are anarchy, socialism and bomb-throwing.

This mental and moral depression exists in every civilized country today. In the gold country and in the silver country, in the high-tariff country and in the free-trade country, in every country which has attained to any degree of civilization, this depression is found. It cannot be caused by protection because free-trade countries have also suffered. It cannot be produced by mono-metalism because the bi-metallic nations have felt its effects. As its chief characteristic is its universality so must its cause when discovered be universal.

Man in the primitive state desired only food, clothing and shelter. His food was simple and without variety; his clothing, coarse and ill-fitting; his shelter, rude and humble. So long as these three wants were

satisfied even in this rude manner, he was contented. He knew and therefore desired nothing better. There were no social requirements. Envy was absent because all men in his tribe lived in the same simple way as himself. There was no travel, so it was impossible for him to come in contact with those who had observed or experienced a different style of life. He regarded the particular spot upon which he dwelt as the political, religious and physical center of the world—of his world which was bounded by the circle of his vision. Thus the first generations of men were happy because they had no desires ungratified. Seeing, hearing and knowing nothing better they were contented. Mr. Wells has a sentence concerning the savage of today which admirably illustrates this point. He says: "a greater supply of blubber and skins to the Eskimo, more pulque to the native Mexican, to the West Indian negro a constant supply of yams and plantains without labor, and the ability to buy five salt herrings for the same price that he has now to give for three, would, in each case, temporarily fill the cup of individual happiness nearly to repletion."

Ere long new desires entered into his life. It may have been for ornament and decoration or for comely dress or for a diversified diet or for wealth to be expended in worship and in honor of the national and local deity. But whatever was the first ungratified passion or desire which was developed in the mind of man, it was the earliest manifestation of this mental and moral depression which is today operating in every station of life. And as generation after generation passed, education with its accompanying desires increased and the dissatisfaction was augmented. Man was no longer satisfied with the narrow range of home. He must travel and in this way develop his mind. In his travels he saw a beautifully furnished house and upon his return his own appeared too plain and unpretending. His log cabin no longer satisfied him. The physical and mental man required more culture.

"Cotter's Saturday Night" pictures the ideal home of a century ago—the home where Burns saw that rest and

quiet and happiness which he was unable to find for himself. Peace and contentment reigned there, but with the present education, tastes and environments very few would be satisfied with such a life, however beautiful it may have appeared then.

Under the present high state of civilization, dissatisfaction is everywhere manifesting itself. Each grade of society casts envious glances upon those in a higher station of life. The laborer is not contented when he compares his humble home with the more pretentious house of his employer, and he in turn is dissatisfied when he beholds the mansion of the rich man. A dangerous feeling is aroused in the working man's breast when he observes around him on every side those who have enjoyed the advantages of education and travel—advantages which he is unable to obtain for his own loved ones. He probably obtains some of these advantages for himself or for his family; but those which he obtains only influence him to rush after others and produce dissatisfaction if the goal is not reached. Those great educators, the railroads, which have done so much to produce this feeling of discontent by breaking down the barriers of space which once separated different races, countries and communities and making the world one great neighborhood, are themselves feeling its effects. Mr. Sterne says that they "are under compulsory conditions to incur steadily increasing expenditures to accommodate the public." And this is true, for the men whose fathers rode in box cars, require cushion seats and a quick schedule, and the demand of their children will be for the vestibule train and more rapid transit. These demands have been awakened and must be met. The home and the person must be beautified and adorned. What were once luxuries are now necessities. Brazil, China, the Indies, all these lands so favored in situation must yield their fruits to the bleak North. The wheat fields of Dakota and the sheep farms of Australia contribute equally to feed and clothe the English peasant. The desire for these things is found within him and it must be satisfied. "The good old days when we lived at home" are days which will

never be seen again. Then a man's community furnished everything which he desired; but today the world is his community and his desires can be met in any spot from any quarter of the globe. He can never return to his old manners.

It is a fact of history that depressions are severest where education and civilization have done the most. In truth, all civilization has been suicidal so far as material interests are concerned. The Egyptian, Assyrian, Greek, and Roman empires fell under the burden of a high civilization. Education is an expensive thing. It produces new desires which must be satisfied. Education in a poor country cannot live. These mental and moral depressions become so frequent and so severe that they cause the overthrow of government and a return to a lower state of civilization. It must be remembered that, even while this depression or dissatisfaction is existing, the state of life may never have been higher. Education, while it increases a man's desires, also greatly increases his ability to satisfy them. The point is that his desires increase faster than his ability and thus leave him worse dissatisfied than before. The peasant of today is discontented with what fully satisfied the king of yesterday. And this discontent is just as dangerous to government and life as if man was at the point of actual starvation. Thus is witnessed the peculiar sight of men with more of the comforts and luxuries of life than were ever possessed by any preceding generation, endangering the very foundations of government under the mistaken belief that they are being oppressed and impoverished by the "upper classes." This unrest is caused by ungratified desires and these in turn are the disastrous economical results of greater education and observation.

W. F. STACKHOUSE.

The Human in Poetry.

As in all the relations of life, so in poetry, that man is loved and honored who has the spark of eternal fire from the divine nature that makes the whole world a brother-

hood. He is not a man, in the noble and exalted meaning of that word, whose life is a mere formality, a series of cold, soulless actions springing only from the rules of the world or from an inner selfish nature. And so in poetry, he is a genuine and noble priest and prophet who speaks the mind and heart of universal man. Together with this little spark of sympathy, there must be also that which tends to uplift and ennoble struggling, weary manhood.

Literary men may be divided into three classes: those whose works are purely didactic and religious; those whose works appeal only to the intellect and have no connection with human life and love and action; and those who preach a sermon, and often the grandest of sermons, in the silent undercurrent of their noble thought.

Let us consider the first class; those who preach sermons. Man grows weary of hearing about his faults and sins. He hears of them from the preacher, and he is daily and hourly reminded of them by his own conscience; so, when another, who professes to write poetry, tells him about them, it is only an echo of what has already been spoken and no longer exerts any influence upon him. Thus, poetry, which attempts to take the place of these other methods established by God for man's spiritual good, has only a short life among men, and moulds away in dark volumes on the dusty shelves of old libraries.

Now purely intellectual poetry. This comes nearer the idea of poetry, and yet there is something wanting. There is a feeling of cold, dead marble about it; there are no ruddy spots, no flush of human blood; it is only a pretty toy, an ingenious piece of workmanship. Edgar Allen Poe says indeed, that poetry is "the rythmical creation of beauty. Its sole arbiter is taste." But this is just the fault with the verses, many of them melodious and rythmical, which he has left us,—their sole arbiter is taste. They, as he says true poetry should have, have only collateral relations with the intellect or the conscience.

Some purely intellectual poetry is indeed beautiful. "The Passions," by Collins, is one of the most exquisite poems I have ever read. But even in this the best verses touch a chord of human sympathy. Though he transforms Hope, the expectation of the faithful, longing soul, into a creature of his own thought and fancy, yet the word itself has become so sweet to the ear that it seems to be a part of our nature, and its sound awakens a soft, sweet echo in our breasts.

Listen:

"But, thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
 What was thy delightful measure?
 Still it whispered promised pleasure,
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
 Still would her touch the strain prolong,
 And, from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
 She called an Echo still through all the song,
 And where her sweetest theme she chose.
 A soft responsive voice "as hark! at every close,
 And Hope, enchanted, smiled and waved her golden hair."

It is hard to find anything more beautiful, but we feel the difference in reading a poem with a coloring of human life. There must be some similarity between the soul of the poem and our own soul in order to catch our sympathy and live in our hearts. The harmony of sound, the rhythm, of such poems gains our sense of the beautiful, our ear, and charms us into dreaminess; but do they, in the dark shadows of trial and defeat and discouragement, uplift our despairing souls and point above the doubts that cloud our way to the bright golden sun of hope and the blue sky of peace? Do they lift us out of ourselves and show us something nobler than self-interest,—the beauty of self-sacrifice? No, they touch, though with graceful fingers, only the harp of physical hearing and the deep, grand organ of the human soul is silent. Such poetry does not affect us either for good or for evil any more than we should be benefited or harmed in listening to a lecture in Greek. There would be in this beauty of sound, somewhat of rhythm and cadence; but, to us, no thought, nothing with life and power to move and stir. Purely intellectual poetry cannot be compared

even to instrumental music; for in sweet music without words there is, besides the power of harmony to calm and soothe, something suggestive. Music is to many of us in some manner connected with religious ceremony, and in listening to it, our minds are turned to religious thoughts. But in this poetry there is little room for suggestiveness or imagination in other than the course of thought expressed by its words.

Now we come to the third class, the noblest, grandest of all literature. That poetry which is the embodiment of human life, which takes the thoughts and hopes and daily actions of man and dignifies them—and all things relating to humanity deserve to be dignified—with royal robes of purple words and the diamond thought of the poet. Read a verse of such poetry and compare it with that which is beautiful only because it shows the power of the poet's mind or because of its melody of sound. Of course, in true poetry, there is usually the sweetest of rhythm, not because rhythm is essential, but because it beautifies the poetic thought.

Listen to this verse from Tennyson's "Maud".

"Courage, poor heart of stone,
I will not ask thee why
Thou canst not understand
That thou art left forever alone.
Or, if I ask thee why,
Care not thou to reply.
She is but dead and time is at hand
When thou shalt more than die."

How much more in a poem of this nature! The heart swells with emotion at the sweet pathos of these words. In the harp of the human soul, God in his wisdom and love has put one string, and a golden cord it is, which flutters and vibrates and gives out a low sweet tone, the echo only of the human voice. When some noble one, one of the priest-hood of earth, tells in pathetic words the soliloquy of a sad heart, or, in hope inspiring strain, the happiness of another or the beauty of nature—the gay songs of birds and the merry dancing of the brook—sympathy is awakened in our hearts. Everything that pertains to humanity finds a friend in the unselfish. It is

not only the physical ear that is pleased by such poetry, but it is something within, something deeper.

As I have said, this poetry which treats of nature and man must be free from the occasional baseness of such men as Shelley and Byron. These men, as Carlyle says, had messages to deliver to their age and they themselves did not understand them. They are examples of gifted but debauched men. Some one has said you may chisel from the whitest marble the image of a beautiful woman, you may give her every grace of feature and form, you may touch her cheeks with the rose of youth—but just put into her eye one earthly, one unholy spark, and the world will not long gaze at her. Man does not want such sculpture; he will not put up with it. So in the same way, the noblest, most divine, while most humanlike, poetry is not such as some which Byron has written, not that which a lady may not read. It is that poetry which, though not always in lyric form, may be played on the strings of the noblest, purest hearts, that which smells of the fragrance of spring, which echoes the songs of birds, that which partakes of our own nature, and in so doing dignifies man.

To do justice to Poe, allow me in closing to quote a few paragraphs from him which seem somewhat to weaken the apparent meaning of his definition. He says the poet "recognizes the ambrosia which nourishes his soul in the bright orbs which shine in heaven, in the volutes of the flower, in the clustering of low shrubbery, in the waving of grain fields, in the slanting of tall Eastern trees, in the blue distance of the mountains, in the gleaming of silver rivers, in the star-mirroring depths of lonely wells" * * * "He owns it in all noble thoughts, in all unworldly motives, in all holy impulses, in all chivalrous, generous and self-sacrificing deeds. He feels it in the beauty of woman, in the grace of her step, in the lustre of her eye, in the melody of her voice, in her soft laughter, in her sigh, in the harmony of the rustling of her robes * * * but above all—ah, far above all, he kneels to it, he worships it, in the faith, in the purity, in the strength, in the altogether divine majesty of her love."

O. D. WANNAMAKER ('96).

The Influence of Fate on the Greek Mind and Literature as Seen in the Drama.

(Anniversary Oration for the Calhoun Society, by S. J. McCoy.)

As the Greeks, with their keen intellect and quickened sensibilities, permeating the field of knowledge to almost its utmost bounds and gazing upon every industry in its primitive state, have given an unbounded impulse to every art and science from which their fame, both literary and historical, has been derived and has become as wide in its scope as the bounds of earth; so have they, by their profound thought and broad knowledge, created a literary drama whence such an impulse has been given to literature and such an influence exerted upon it as that from it has been moulded and even derived the drama of the whole world. And, to demonstrate more clearly and restrict it more properly, it was no less a literary people than the inhabitants of the little town of Athens and vicinity, by whom the origin and foundation of literary art were established and by whom the impulse was afforded which has proved capable of elevating this form of literature to a plane by no means less enviable than that of the inhabitants themselves of that seemingly squalid and insignificant peninsular.

When we critically review the ramifications into which such a root has spread and survey in its completeness the process of its growth, and when we realize the thought now embodied in its form and expressed in its action, we can but stand in amazement and even superstition contemplating the huge structure which a mind in a crude and premature condition has so magnificently erected.

The creation of the drama carries us back over a lapse of nearly three thousand years to a period of the world's history when invention was something almost unknown, when exploration and discovery were wholly un contemplated, when the arts and sciences were obscure and mysterious and when the world itself was merely at the point of its dawning. It takes us to a period in Greek life when the simplest actions of man were mysteriously involved, when every resource, educational as well as

otherwise, was left wholly undisturbed, and when a few rural bards and untrained country-dwellers were making offerings and hymning praises in the by-ways and hedges to Dionysius, the God of their choice. It takes us to a time when traces of a dramatic character could be exemplified in their rude and uncultivated worship, when the ancient temple could not be degraded by the entrance of some humble worshipper, but was fit only for the indwelling of some God, when "mystic dramas constituted the mysteries of ancient religion," and when the most powerful religion was constituted in the portrayal and displayed in the action of the most dramatic ritual.

But while many and important questions of social, political and religious life are eminently displayed in the action of the drama, and while in it we have nobly descried at intervals the particulars of human character and human life, its highest aim was the setting forth of human fates, "those great tragic situations under the mighty control of a vast and cloudy destiny, and brooding over human life by mysterious agencies and for the accomplishment of mysterious ends."

Man could no longer display a character emanating from the will, moving under human impulses, and expressing its own determinations, but was doomed the instrument of fatal purposes; his will was obliterated by the dark fatalism which brooded over the Grecian stage and his character no longer powerful and elaborate was thwarted and cancelled by the dark agencies of Fate.

Ancient tragedy, connected as it was with religious and political festivals, and affording a ready means for the review of the interests, thoughts, and the feelings displayed and exercised in a drama, is, beyond any form of the literature of this period, a vehicle of thought; and whatever may have been the underlying principles of Grecian civilization, or whatever may have been the religion of Grecian life, is reflected by Greek Tragedy as the worship of Destiny. This word embodies the feelings of awe and superstition which ancient thinkers carried away from their speculations into the mysteries of

the universe, it was this utterly abstract force and power, devoid of purpose, which lingered hauntingly within the realm of their thoughts, and whatever ideas men formed of the myteries of religion, or whatever conceptions they entertained of the mysterious problems of their time, were different aspects of this same controlling force.

Let us behold the Athenians living in a brilliant and wholesome atmosphere, and scanning intelligently all the arts and sciences that have been surveyed by the human imagination, let us see them entering with fervor into every religious orgie and weaving an imaginary world out of the etherealized details of nature, let us behold them giving an impulse to learning never before equalled by any nation on the globe, breaking down the barriers of vice and setting up strongholds of virtue, and we see their every energy and power almost annihilated by a sombre back-ground of fatalism reaching beyond the gods and capable of emerging from the most trifling detail of experience.

When in the *Agamemnon* of *Æschylus* the description of splendid spectacles in the outset, eclipsed by dark forebodings, so increases the conflict of emotions in the breasts of the chorus, until they cast off restraint and break into a full choral ode, sweeping with the evolutions of each strophe to the right or left of the altar, we find the old man repining not, but tempering himself to the fate which smote him. He felt himself being "harnessed to a yoke of unbending fate," fatal resolutions were forming in his distracted breast, and like a pyramid balanced on its apex, he was soon to rise to a prosperous life, or to be degraded into one of despair.

Approaching in all the decorum and pomp of a Grecian lord, the chorus avoid the tone of untempered triumph belonging to a mocking-fate, while woeful strains haunt their ears and pulses of impending fate beat at their heart, while that Destiny, which spins the web of all things, is firm set, and "Fate, the everlasting sword-smith, is hammering on the anvil, block of vengeance." Here we find Helen also, ushering herself from bowers of gorgeous curtains, crowned and decorated

with all the finery and luxuriousness of a Grecian dame, gentle zephyrs wafting her along the banks of the noiseless Simois; yet blood-hed was in her train, shielded hunters were on her track, verifying the statement that "there is a wrath which worketh after long waiting."

The "Erinnyes," the supreme horror of ancient mythology, who are the personifications of anguish and crimes unnatural, who lurk in darkness and dwell in the bottomest depths of hell till summoned to earth by the curses of some victim, with forms as black as midnight and the hair of the foulest serpents, expressed the most urgent appeal to party feeling. They threw over the Greek mind a shadow of awe unsurpassed by the Fates themselves, they entertained every evil existing within their reach, they drained their victims of even every tendency of an energetic life, and to the medium imagination were utterly inconceivable.

To us, indeed, more than to the Greeks who lived near the infancy of the world and gazed with reverential awe upon the primal mysteries of human civilization, no lyrics of ancient tragedy are more striking than those on Human Life. The rapidity of invention in modern times causes us to forget that the greatest wonders of the world are the things of every-day life, that the electric telegraph, which now spans the entire globe is but a slight improvement on the art of writing, that steam and the latest triumphs of machinery sink into insignificance when compared to the invention of fire or the discovery of iron, that the intellects which produced these results, were but scraps from the great waste-basket of learning, that the mere mention of the earliest achievements of humanity, as the mystery of speech, of thought, and of sin, excites our sense of wonder and causes us rapturously to exclaim:

"Wonder in nature we see and scan,
But the greatest of all is man."

"What can withstand thy will, O Fate!
The gold, the ship, the shield, the gate?
Ah no! o'er all thou art triumphant."

This is an exclamatory outburst of the chorus in one

of their stage lyrics when they bring their minds to bear upon the monarch of Thrace, who sought impiously to overthrow the feats of the wine-god, and, by the action upon him of retributive justice, wasted drop by drop away in a cavern of some lonely mountain. This it is which paints in glowing colors the indubitable irresistibility of Fate, and this it is which shows the calamitous end of mortals, who are destined to a portion of its bitter cup.

Hereditary Curse, Fate, and sombre Destiny, all form ready materials for Greek Tragedy, the pulpit and press of its age, but most dreaded of all are those beings who, seeking the possession of unholy knowledge, will "do a deed without a name" and give their eternal jewel and their evil-earned reward to the common Enemy of man. They, who look with evil eyes upon even the progress of time, who to carry their end will turn loose to the devastation of the earth the loud and boisterous winds and deliver up navigation to the angry and frothy waves, "though pyramids and palaces slope their heads to their very foundations." Such were the black and midnight hags, which met Electra as a terrible consequence of her disobedience when placed between two irresistible Fates; such were they which met Macbeth on the blasted heath, hovering through the fog and filthy air, while the earth melted as breath into wind.

The terrors of the supernatural world, equal with and beyond all similar instrumentalities, occupy a prominent place in the stage of Greece. Fate and the Furies might work on the minds of a Grecian audience with direful and heart-rending consequences; incest and matricide might inflame their minds to an overwhelming state of despair; the act of murder, or of ghosts, might permeate their whole beings with awe and superstition; but nothing so disturbs the harmony of the soul and so shatters the human frame as the occurrence of a human sacrifice. And no sacrifice of any time or any place has been more terrifying and awe-inspiring than that of Iphigenia in Aulis, where she makes herself the victim of sacrifice to solve a tangle of Fate, which, as the play

has proceeded, has grown from its dawn to its setting. So involved by the secret plans of her enemies, and so surprised and confounded by this ostensible motive of wedlock, so perplexed has destiny made the chances of her safety and ruin, that while all others are dissolved in agony, giving directions for the ceremony and restraining even the very signs of weeping, she advances in full lyric state to the place of sacrifice, singing farewell to her beloved native land and hymning praises to the cruel deity in whose direful hands she is now a lowly offering. These are the things which penetrated Grecian life and thought beyond any other force of that age; these are the things which gave influence to Greek literature, especially to every form of the Grecian Drama, an influence which has increased with the progress of mankind, and which to-day is not inferior to any literary influence of the world; these are the things which have given an impulse to Grecian skill, to Grecian life, to Grecian patriotism and to Grecian thought, by which she has steadily climbed to the top round of the ladder of literary and historical fame, and to-day stands in dignified solemnity with thousands of people bowing suppliantly at the foot of her literary throne.

If one should wander silently and thoughtfully along the banks of some little brook, so quiet in its singing, that it could not be audible to a laborer in the neighboring field, and so narrow that one could with a medium effort leap from one of its pebbled banks to the other, with a rippling current strong enough, perhaps, only to dislodge from a neighboring stone a straying piece of petal or to bear on its bosom a straying twig, if one should see this, I say, suddenly expand into a river, capable of turning a thousand great wheels for man's profit and of carrying for him upon its bosom thousands of ships loaded with the most precious cargoes of human aspirations, he would behold the aptest physical likeness of the impetus given by Wm. Shakespeare, the great master of human passion, to the action and influence of the drama.

With an education greatly limited and wholly unrefined by classical models, with a genius intense and com-

prehensive, a contempt even for regularity of plot and intrigue and extremely careless of fame or remuneration, he moved with the grace and majestic step in the way of a nameless and obscure crowd of predecessors and "stitching into scenes the rude shapes of dry dialogue and of buffoonery, even then in existence" has thrown a never-fading light on the history of his country. It was this immortal bard, who has extended the dominions of the human consciousness and given it a sway in regions not so much as dimly described, or even suspected, before his time, it was he who first, in all Christendom, found the power for mysteriously working upon the stage, the protesting apparition, and it was he who focalizing his strength in the one great field of his power brought woman upon the stage with all the appropriate beauty of female nature. "Woman no longer grand, terrific and repulsive, but woman exalted, ennobled and liberated," running through the vast gamut of womanly loveliness, and no longer the rebel and slave of man, but now his co-equal and oft-times his superior. He introduced womanly qualities far superior to the idealized trait of female innocence and virgin purity, represented by Sophocles and his contemporaries, far beyond the severe and even stern impersonations of filial duty in *Antigone* and *Electra*, far beyond the fortitude and cruel immolations of an *Iphigenia*. Woman, not with the cold eyes of a marble statue, but breathing the breath of life with the fine pulses of female sensibilities throbbing in her bosom. Woman, by no means co-equal with those Grecian dames who were burdened and influenced by the dire results of conventional sequestration, who were barred from all social intercourse and from the possession, or even the development of a character, or of the ideal portrait of feminine excellence and who were, save by a sort of special dispensation from their sexual character, retained in the play as contributors merely to the fatalities of that event she then was wholly incapable of representing even the most feeble will-power, she was merely the passion puppet of Fate, with her character, no longer elaborate and power-

ful, opposed, effaced, interrupted, and even defeated by the blind agencies of an avenging Fate. Deprived of every quality essential to her well-being, publicly condemned, derided at every opportunity, regarded as the mere instrument of man as well as of Fate, and we might say, lowered to the level of irrational beings, she stands as a naught, a meaningless figure, in Grecian life and Grecian civilization.

But while ambition and vice, hatred and avarice, indecency and sensuality retain unimpaired power in the action of a Grecian Drama, filling the eye with offensive images and gratifying the mind with endless undertakings—while these, placed side by side with virtue, prudence and morality, are alike held sacred and revered—a force, an all-governing force and capping-stone of all this structure of good and evil qualities, enters promptly into Grecian life and Grecian thought.

Fate has wrought itself up to an intensity which burns away all limitations of language; it has deprived posterity of the happy blending of the dramatic excellences and poetic beauties which lie profusely scattered among the unacted works of ancient writers; it has hurled into oblivion the boundless license of the stage and thrown around Grecian Dramas the most indefinable restrictions; it has caused characters to be violated and probabilities discarded; it has erected itself an indestructible monument in the hearts of the whole nation of Greece, and it is destined to lord over every principle of a Greek and to lacerate him everlastingly with its dreadful and inhuman lightnings.

Science Versus Poetry and Romance.

(Anniversary Oration for the Preston Society, by J. Porter Hollis.)

Perhaps, if requested to mention some one characteristic of the present age which distinguishes it from all other ages and crowns it with a special wonder and glory, we should call it the Age of Science. It is among the most absorbing questions of the time and worthy of especial consideration. Science is fastening itself, we

may say, upon all minds, and is destined to regulate the human genius and the part it is to play in the future. It demands attention as to what is its special relation to art and is as important in the affairs of mankind as literature.

Many writers hold that as civilization and science advance, poetry, art and romance must of necessity decline. We are told that Darwin's grandfather spent part of his time in writing poor poems, and Charles, if he had lived in his grandfather's day, might have done the same; but in the spirit of the age in which he lived, instead of a song of flowers, gave to the world the scientific epic of natural selection. Must we then conclude that imagination and sympathy are not as essential as thought, and that art must finally give place to science? It would seem that the greatest proof of genius is a poem written in an age of culture and refinement, although that culture and refinement be scientific. But they believe that science, in desiring to know the exact truth about nature and in specializing and analyzing everything, will destroy all the works of the imagination, holding that in a rude state of society, poetry, written by instinct, so to speak, finds its highest perfection. There is a grave apprehension, too, that in the knowledge and pursuit of form and technic, nature is lost sight of, and that the poetry so written is only "as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." In other words, this poetry will represent an artificial school which will become more mechanical than ever Pope's was.

But why should the poetry of things be destroyed by a scientific acquaintance with them? It is not altogether the duty of the poet "to overload reason and nature with fine fancies." Yet this is the view held by not a few scientists of the present day. It has been predicted that poetry would eventually cease to exist. Yet great poets still live and are produced. The nineteenth century witnesses the mighty confluence of two mighty streams, science and literature, and the chief result of this conjunction is Alfred Tennyson. For while we see him "buried in the archives of mystery," pursuing with

unabated zeal his studies and searches in science, at the same time we see him writing his most beautiful poetry. Thus, as has already been said, "the most splendid and wonderful proof of genius is a great poem produced in a civilized age." And we can safely call Tennyson the morning star of the nineteenth century, for the rays of his glory still shine in undiminished brilliancy. Therefore, the poets of this age may not surpass like their predecessors, yet they do surpass, and present with equal power and grace the sentiments of the time.

According to some, the development of the scientific spirit is destined to check the spirit of poetry and destroy all the works of the imagination. Without mystery, without superstition, they say, there can be no true poetry. And it may be granted, according to ancient philosophy, that the poetic imagination does need a kind of superstitious audience, a certain unsoundness of mind without which it can not be enjoyed. For instance, there is no poetry in a straight line, for we can see without trouble to the the end of it. A broad, even road, without crooks and turnings, devoid of shady nooks and thickets, is destitute of poetic inspiration, because we can take in the whole situation at a glance. The fault of a prairie is that it conceals nothing from view. The charm of an evening sunset consists in its after-glow and half-veiled appearance. I might say that it takes a certain amount of vagueness, a desire to see that which is just beyond the range of our vision, "an aching for the infinite," to help appreciate what is set before us.

However, this antagonism of science to poetry, which these writers endeavor to establish, seems to us nearly groundless. Poetry will always "find a justification in science." For not only science, but poetry also, is an explanation of nature. Science can not touch us, can never enlighten us in the same way that poetry does, for poetry addresses itself to the soul as well as to the body. And therefore, as the soul is immortal, so is poetry eternal. There can be no discoveries that do not open the way to greater mysteries and thus afford a broader field than ever for the imagination. "As you

increase the circle of light, you but increase the circle of darkness." We pass, as it were, from mystery in a mass to mystery in detail, and find that in reality the solution of the mystery has advanced no further than from the general to the particular. Truly has it been declared by the poet, that—

"In seeking to undo
One riddle and to find the true,
I knit a hundred others new."

Thus, in the end the mystery is greater than at the beginning; and as familiarity with a mystery advances step by step, new suggestions, a new world of wonders, and consequently a new poetry, is made. If we were to advance far enough, our once grand objects of poetry would disappear. Nothing but a vast whole would be visible at first. But looking upon it, we see in the distance shadows as yet impenetrable and something still to work out. Science cannot effect the destruction of mystery, for as has been said, the transformation is simply from the abstract to the concrete. And so the mysteries of this world grow all the more obscure as the scientific light is turned on them; and, as a result, we have the field for the imagination immeasurably extended.

Neither can science solve that other mystery, metaphysics, which is destined always to furnish food for the imagination. This is a halting place, as it were, in the search of the investigator, every step he makes beyond which, but envelopes him into deeper obscurity; and having arrived here, he allows himself "to be rocked in the winds of the unknown amid the sublimities of ignorance." So, I say, science can never dispel this mystery of metaphysics which recognizes no human understanding. And it will doubtless furnish, outside of that which is beautiful, pure and simple, the emotions of the lofty and grand.

It does not appear that superstition is more necessary to a reach of the imagination than mystery and stupidity, even though it has been called the poetry of life. Superstition necessarily humanizes things and causes

them to assume dispositions like our own. Man tries to give a reason for what he sees, and in putting his construction on it, he leaves there his own imprint. Thus, we see that the first conception of the universe had its grandeur and was not without its poetry, although subject to no law but that of the myths; but even though mythology is no longer regarded in this scientific age, will this injure poetry and art? Right here the point may be brought up that it is more in accordance with poetry to apply the supernatural to wills like our own, than to subject them to the inexorable laws of science; the gods are superior to the laws. But this may be answered by the fact that the laws in themselves are not without the essence of divinity. "Hence comes the nobility of science which is an interpretation of the Divine."

"As one of the characteristics of divinity is infinity, a law connecting phenomena with others and inviting us to ascend the chain of causes, opens immense perspectives to the mind and gives to whoever investigates it a view of infinity in the smallest objects, or, we might say, makes the infinite present in every phenomenon. While mythology gives the supernatural for its explanation, and hinders the mind in its research, science, on the other hand, removes all doubts and leads the mind up to a clear view of the infinite. Thus, science, instead of being an enemy, is the forerunner, or purveyor, of a new poetry, not founded on mystery, superstition and ignorance, but on truth itself. And just as science shall bring man in touch with nature, so shall poetry be larger, richer, and better—not so wonderful, perhaps,—but grander and more enduring. And we have here, in the shape of a law, a divinity equal in value to the classic mythology of mount Olympus.

"The poet loses nothing in the transformation of the universe by science." To take a few illustrations. To the man of olden times or the ignoramus of the present day, "a drop of water is only a drop." What a difference to the imagination of the scientist, when he thinks that if the force that holds its elementary components

were let loose it would produce lightning! What a wonderful sight is a ball of snow, when its sparkling and elegant crystals are viewed through the microscope! The fossils dug here and yonder out of the earth, remind us of prehistoric animals; the worn and rounded stone, marked with scratches and grooves, tells us the story of the field of ice grinding over it for many centuries. Then "what majestic poetry is that of science! We live in an atmosphere of truth and beauty; each one separates and assimilates what he is able."

Genius is the all important factor in the development of both science and art. Newton's faculty, which enabled him to discover the law of universal gravitation, was the same as Shakespeare's, which gave him the wonderful power of searching out and exhibiting the workings of the human heart. The scientist, as well as the poet, must be one of nature's own children, must be able to impersonate her, and, as far as he can, to rejuvenate her. Scientists, like poets, have "interior illuminations" and visions and ecstasies which raise them above themselves.

And since the mind can be treated on evolutionary principles, perhaps, I would not be wrong in saying that as mental growth advances and evolves from a scientific standpoint, it also advances from a poetic standpoint. For instance: Goethe, one of the most glorious names of German literature, is at the same time one of the greatest German scientists. If we come over into England, there are Newton, Franklin, Davy, Faraday, and Darwin delving into science; and side by side with them are Byron, Burns, Wordsworth, and Tennyson bursting forth in song. Why can there not be a general improvement in all minds—the poetic as well as the scientific? We of to-day look farther into the mysteries of nature and regard with a different eye the infinity that lies beyond. We have, as it were, climbed the mountain height of science in order to see the beauty and harmony of nature; and by this ascension in our search for truth, our vision has only been cleared so as to comprehend what we had not dreamed of. So there is

a mystery and an ignorance still. We must return with a fuller knowledge to an instructive faith about the world. And certainly the hand of science is leading us back to this point. How far more lovely we look at Nature than we regarded it as alien and cursed. Science certainly inspires us to feel a true sympathy with beasts and insects, birds of the air and fish of the sea, trees and flowers, and everything that shows the life divine which throbs within us. Our hearts, in sympathy with universal nature, find a beauty and a meaning in the lowest forms of vegetable and animal life, from which we can arouse high and happy thoughts. Indeed, this scientific spirit has the power of creating within us a love for all living and lifeless things.

I can not see that science has rendered men indifferent to the sufferings of their fellows, that it has enfeebled their courage and energy in action, or indeed that men are less sensible to human hardships. To return to Tennyson once more. Can it be said that science has in any way quenched his fire of love and friendship? Surely, being imbued with the principles of this "terrible" science, he must fall a victim to its destructive influences. But read his "In Memoriam." Has it in any way lessened his friendship? Has his love in any instance been cooled? Has it made him unmindful of his tender care for the weakness of others? This poem would not justify the statement. We have in his own words, his opinion of the place and the function of science, calling it knowledge—

"Who loves not Knowledge? who shall rail
Against her beauty? May she mix
With men and prosper. Who shall fix
Her pillars? Let her work prevail"

The world is moving forward, not backward; and the great developments and discoveries in science certainly must be for good and not evil. By it, man proceeds with his dominion over nature. He assimilates it to himself, and it becomes, as it were, a part of his own being. Every great invention is the extension of his own personality. And that which was given to help

man, although it gain control over the whole world of nature, will surely not hinder nor hurt him in any way. Scientific achievement evidently stands to-day as the highest witness of the human mind; and "the great poems that burst in a flood of inspiration upon the soul of genius, and open the realms of immortal beauty may lift us to a nobler plane of endeavor." So I say, it does not occur to me that science will eventually destroy all the works of the imagination, nor, that it will, with all its possibilities, come to claim the whole attention of mankind exclusive of literature. "Man does not live by bread alone." Environed, amazed, ministered to, and enriched, as we are, by these splendid achievements of science, it would seem that the literary genius, instead of being eclipsed by this flashing light, would flourish all the more.

Some Phases of Our Democracy.

We have always considered a democratic rule as the rule of the just. In fact, we have almost inherited respect for and faith in such a rule. Democracy, in its development, covers no small space in history. To take up this subject and consider for a moment some phases of its development, requires no great knowledge of Stamp Act oppression or Revolutionary struggles. The causes of the dissolution of England and America cannot, however, be passed unnoticed. In this hatred to the Old World there are two valid reasons. We find our people oppressed by a religious tyranny, which compelled them to support a faith and priesthood which they abhorred, and still more oppressive, a political tyranny which denied them the essential rights of manhood.

In our new country here, as they lived, Democracy lived, as they grew, Democracy grew, and in their practicing of Democracy there was grounded the primitive principles of our noble government. By the year 1774, this Democratic influence was scattered from the

rugged coast of Maine throughout the verdant fields of Georgia. Monarchy, as yet unconquered, arose, and there was a vital question at issue. Democracy fought, suffered and won, thereby, founding our superior form of government. The unpleasant recollections of European oppression being cast aside, there was framed a new constitution, insuring free and equal rights to all men. Learned men tell us there have never been more three forms of government—the Monarchical, the Aristocratic, and the Democratic. “Monarchy is the government of a single ruler, and may be absolute or limited. Aristocracy is the rule of the privileged class, who exercise all the power, receive all benefits, and absorb all advantage. Democracy is the free and just rule of an entire people, and may be either carried out by themselves or through their agents.” Our governmental affairs, owing to the wide extent of our country, have to be contracted through elected Representatives. In theory, people will say ours is a Democratic government, no single rule, no favored rule. During the Revolution there was an attempt made to neutralize forces which would result in the binding of America in subjection to the Rulers and Aristocracy of England. Even upon the declaration of freedom there was an attempt to adopt a European form of government, modelled from the dictates of an aristocracy and privileged class.

We find some who rejoice at the failure of these hinderers of public welfare. Those who rejoice in an equalized Democratic government; those who in their political views unite, in exclaiming the sublime motto of a universe—liberty enlighteneth the world. Others there are who say they have gained, since it is a deplorable fact that our Senate may justly be termed a House of Lords, far away from the touch of the sovereigns of our land—the people. Immediately on the adoption of our constitution, some of the ablest men of the day sought a city of refuge in congressional scheming. Just at this critical moment we find an able leader, the chief promoter of this enmity to true Democracy, and he was none other than Alexander Hamilton. His harangues

against equalized government are felt even at this time, and to-day, if there is a monopoly undergoing any phase of our industry, Hamilton's creed is sprung forth as a reason to justify the same. To counter-balance this evil there arose a man who was destined to take the side of justice, promoting not only general welfare, but that also of the individual. One who would not fall under the partisan lash nor condescend to the combined ignorance of bigotry and conceit of a secluded political faction. One who would branch out to a broader statesmanship and fall, if necessary, a martyr to right and justice. This was none other than Thomas Jefferson. Rising in the old Dominion, he unshackled the soil of Virginia and threw it into a state of equalized government.

"He walked through this land with the rose of heaven upon his cheek and the fire of liberty in his eye. The hand that traced the Declaration of Independence is indeed motionless, the eloquent lips that sustained it are hushed, but the lofty spirit that conceived and maintained it can never expire." In honor of so renowned a man, it is well said that he won to himself a monument to his worth, loftier than sculptor could raise and more enduring than marble or brass.

"These shall resist the empire of decay,
When time is o'er and worlds have passed away;
Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,
But that which warmed it once can never die."

BRYANT H. HENDERSON.

Purpose and Will.

Among the many influences that bear upon our characters and help to shape them, there are none more powerful than purpose and will. Entering into all our hopes and aims, spanning our whole life and manhood, they continually sway a scepter over our business, our pleasures, our philosophy and our religion, becoming the guiding and propelling forces in our character. As a ship upon the sea without rudder to guide or sail to propel, is liable to be driven from its course by every ad-

verse wind that blows and stranded upon the sands, or wrecked upon the breakers, so a man in life without a purpose to guide and a will to propell his actions is liable to be driven from the paths of virtue and right and stranded upon the sands of vice or wrecked upon the breakers of debauchery and sin. The inflexible purpose, the indomitable will, rising above surrounding difficulties and looking forward to future good, have ever inspired confidence and commanded success, while the opposite qualities have ever led to timid resolves, disappointment and disaster. "A double minded man is unstable in all his ways." There is no grander element of success in human life and character than fixedness of purpose. "The man who starts out in life with a determination to reach a certain position and adheres unwaveringly to his purpose, rarely fails to reach his goal." The great difference that we observe among men, between the great and the insignificant, is not so much a disparity in intellect as a difference in energy, in invincible determination and honest purpose. The men who have written their names imperishably upon the pages of history have all been men of iron wills. "Cæsar would never have crossed the Rubicon nor Washington the Delaware had they not fixed their stern gaze upon objects far beyond the perils at their feet." Hannibal, when a mere child, was led to the altar, and there, with his hand upon the victim, was made to swear eternal enmity to Rome. Years afterward we see him in obedience to this oath, struggling with his army amid the eternal snows of the Alps, from whence, swooping down upon the plains of Italy, he defeated consular army after consular army, maintaining his position in the very heart of the enemy's country for nearly seventeen years. It was fixedness of purpose that led Alexander the Great from conquest to conquest until he had conquered the whole known world, and the same influence stirred Napoleon Baonparte to such action that he shook the very foundation of every throne in Europe. Had not John Milton, after having been drawn off into other pursuits of life,

returned, though old and blind, to the work he had laid out for himself in his youth, we to-day would not have that greatest of English poems—Paradise Lost. Had Jay Gould been an idler, with no purpose, he would never have been a millionaire.

Indeed, there has never been a great deed in war, in politics, in finance in literature, in science, or in any other department of human life, born into the world, that was not begotten of fixedness of purpose and brought forth of unconquerable will.

But let the warrior by deeds of valor succeed in winning the laurels of war, or the statesman by his statesmanship and philosophy succeed in the enactment of wise and beneficent laws, or the business man by his shrewdness in business succeed in heaping up his millions, or the scientist or man of letters succeed in the production of some grand work of science or art, yet if they have labored only for selfish ends, leaving God and eternity out of their plans, they have but grandly failed; for the grandest success is but failure if it tends not to the glory and honor of God. Let us then, fixing our purposes in accordance with the great purpose of God, so live and so execute them,

“That when” our “summons comes to join
 The innumerable caravan, that moves
 To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,”
 We “go, not like the quarry-slave at night,
 Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
 By an unfaltering trust approach” our “grave,
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.”

GEO. C. LEONARD.



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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

GEO. C. LEONARD, - - - - - Editor.

Translations.

One of the most baneful practices known to college work is the use of translations or, as they are more commonly called, "ponies" in the study of the languages, Greek, Latin, German, and French. And it is surprising to what an extent they are used.

There are two principal causes which lead to their use: first, poor preparation on the part of the student on entering college and second, the failure to appreciate the value of close independent research in the study of these languages. In either case the result is equally harmful.

In the first case there seems to be some excuse for the use of translations. But even then, would it not be better, when one sees that he can not make his class by hard study, to go back and seek that preparation which would lay the foundation for broad and thorough scholarship than to get through with only a very superficial knowledge of the subject? If scholarship is the thing aimed at, we say yes.

But in the second case there can be no excuse given. It is one of the most painful things imaginable to see a young man with a bright mind and great possibilities before him, fall into the mistaken idea that there is no use for him to drudge and dig, trying to find out from the Greek and Latin text what Cicero and Virgil, Xenophon and Homer wrote, when all he has to do is simply to get him a "pony" and ride easily over. Now if education meant simply the spending three or four years in college, making a pass and taking a diploma, it would be excusable to use translations or any other helps; but this is not the meaning of education. Education means literally a drawing out—the drawing out and developing the natural resources of a man. Nothing helps more to do this than the study of the languages, especially Greek and Latin. The work of studying out and marking the nice and delicate shades of meaning conveyed by the different constructions of the Greek and Latin sentence sharpens the sense of discrimination as no other study will do. It is generally argued that the study of mathematics is the best exercise for training the mind to reason, but many of our best educators tell us that the independent study of the languages trains the mind to reason no less than mathematics.

Now there are two principal sources of injury arising from the use of translations; first, it destroys the self-confidence of the student, and second, it injures him morally, if he uses his beloved "pony" without the knowledge of the Professor and his fellow-students, by forcing him to pose in a false light as to his class stand.

The first of these, the destruction of self-confidence, strikes a killing blow at the very root of that which education is intended to develop. I said above that education meant to draw out or develop a man's natural resources. Every man has originally a certain amount of self-confidence, and without a sufficient amount he is a man, but in part. Nothing is better qualified to develop that self-confidence than the mastery of difficult passages in the study of the languages. There is a feeling of exquisite pleasure to one, after

he has worked and worried, searching lexicon and grammar to find the translation of a difficult passage, for it to suddenly burst upon him. He then feels amply repaid for all of his trouble and is encouraged to try the next, though it be ever so difficult. Thus meeting and overcoming one difficulty after another, the student learns to trust himself, and in this way his self-confidence is developed, and one of the principal ends of study gained.

Dr. J. Marion Sims.

The erection of the monument that was unveiled, October 20th, in Bryant Park, New York, to the memory of Dr. J. Marion Sims is a just tribute of respect to true greatness. Perhaps no other man has made greater additions to surgical knowledge, and by so doing, done more for suffering humanity than he. His popularity is shown by the fact that this is the first monument ever erected to the memory of an American physician and still further by the fact that the money was contributed by thousands of people, no one of whom was allowed to contribute more than one dollar. But by far the proudest monument to his memory is the Woman's Hospital of New York, which was planned by him and founded under his direction. Fifteen or twenty of the best years of his life were given to the oversight and management of this institution.

Dr. Sims furnishes us a splendid example of the results of pluck and purpose. Coming from the middle class of society, "without family influence, himself poor, with nothing to aid him save a strong will and careful preparation, combined with a devoted purpose, he rose by the splendor of his own genius above all obstacles. Before he had reached the meridian of life we find him one of the acknowledged discoverers and benefactors of the world and ranking as one of the first men of his own country." But his honors were not confined to his own country alone. He was received with great

honors in many of the countries of Europe. Often in the great capitals he was the guest of emperors and nobles. He received the highest honors from learned scientific societies and was courted by the "elite" of his own profession.

Dr. Sims was a true philanthropist, and though he numbered among his patrons many of the richest, most powerful and most influential personages and often received very large fees, yet he left his family little more than a competency. The whole purpose of his life seems to have been the alleviation of suffering and distress.

In view of the fact that Dr. Sims was born and educated in South Carolina, the success of his life and the honors that he received are doubly gratifying to us.

His autobiography will be found interesting to any one who desires to know more of him. It is written in a plain, but clear style and gives a splendid idea of many of the "good old time" customs and manners of South Carolina.

The Compass.

The compass, by the aid of which the intrepid mariner has traced his course over the trackless sea since the days of Marco Polo seems destined to be, at last, displaced. As soon as the compass was placed upon the new iron and steel ships of the present day, it showed such a sudden fickleness to the pole, that without frequent comparison with some other known standard, the helmsman could not trust the instrument as a nautical guide. Lieut. Beecher, of the United States Navy, seems to have obviated this difficulty by means of his delicate solerometer. This instrument has a telescope which is floated on successive layers of quick-silver in a vessel supported on gimbals. Should the instrument prove a success it will mark an era in nautical science, as heretofore, it has been impossible to use a telescope on ship-board, owing to the swaying motion of the vessel.

No thoughtful man can be in sympathy with lynching. It is an outrage against law and right; but it is nothing more than gross arrogance, to say the least of it, for England or any other country to arraign the South for trial. None but a southern man or one who has studied the question from a fair and unbiased standpoint is capable of judging it rightly. However, we are willing for anyone, who desires to do so, to investigate the case fully. Anyone who does so fairly will be compelled to come to the conclusion that the negro is "responsible for terrible provocations," which give rise to lynching. England and the North, excited by Ida Wells, may protest as much as they please. We too protest; but when the negro rises to the plain of civilization and ceases to commit gross outrages, lynching will stop and not until then. Let Ida Wells and her Northern and English colleagues come to the South and instill higher morals into the negro and stop their lecturing and preaching to us at "long range."

For several weeks past the eyes of the whole civilized world have been turned upon China and Japan, watching the outcome of the war between these two nations. Considering the size of the two nations and their respective populations, the odds are all against Japan; but with her improved implements and tactics, she seems to be more than a match for China. So far Japan has won an almost unbroken series of victories both by land and sea. At the mouth of the Yalu River the Japanese gained a very decisive naval victory. This was of special significance as it was the first battle ever fought by modern armed ships.

Whatever the result of this war may be, it is to be hoped that it will arouse China from her sleep of centuries and open the way for Western civilization and the more rapid spread of the Gospel throughout the "Celestial Empire."

After weeks of anxiety and suspense, the Czar of all

the Russias has passed away. Truly, "The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

The Czar was more enlightened and more humane than many, or perhaps any of his predecessors and has made one of the best rulers Russia ever had. Though a despot, he has often shown his love and consideration for his people. During the cholera epidemic he visited the hospitals, exposing himself to the plague, that he might encourage and help the sick and dying. He gave to the sufferers, during the famine, \$1,500,000 from his own pocket.

His son, as Nicholas II, has been proclaimed as his successor. It is to be hoped that he will make even a better ruler than his father.



EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

J. ARTHUR WIGGINS, - - Editor.

After having carefully read many of the first issues of the journals from the various institutions in the South and elsewhere, we are partially prepared to offer a few friendly suggestions to those who seem to be surrounded by unusual circumstances of apprehension and fear in the daily pursuits of their journal work. Indeed, the heavy responsibility of properly sustaining the past record of a journal and aptly extending proper efforts for its future advancement in literary attraction and mechanical beauty, is surely a work that ought to solicit, and even demand, the most dexterous supervision of an editor.

This editor was especially struck with the many earnest appeals made to the students and alumni through the editorial columns of the various journals that have been placed on our Exchange desk. This goes to show that the editors have a peculiar feeling of fear concerning the future development and attractiveness of the journal while it is under their personal supervision and care. But we are touched with gladness to see that some of these timely appeals have not been made in vain, and that the students of several colleges have enthusiastically responded to the call of those to whom they have entrusted the reputation and prosperity of their college organ. A college journal that is worthy of publication, ought to be supported by every student, whether he is a member of a literary society or not. His obligations to the college organ grow out of broader necessities, and at no time should a student suffer the necessity of appeals and persuasions. But there is a remedy for all this, found in one of the greatest characteristics of college machinery, known as Literary Societies. Every institution of high literary standing has its magnificently

equipped society halls. The Faculty of every such prosperous institution ought to make it compulsory, that any student affixing his name to the college register should also become an active member of one of its literary societies. Then in turn, the societies should compel its members to subscribe to the journal—thus once for all confronting the students with a systematic code of lawful requirements, in which they glory to obey when they see what results can be accomplished under rules of unity and co-operation. By any contrary method we can plainly see why some editors tremble with despair when the weight of responsibility is brought to bear upon them. Fellow contemporaries, a college journal means something more than mere local and personal happenings of a college community hastily collected and put in public print. Yes, it ought to aim far above this common method of obtaining matter, and in a simple efficient way proclaim the greatness of the institution from which it comes. Yet, how often we are disappointed! It is very interesting to one beginning the investigation of the shortcomings of a college to see how closely the journal, the English chair and the literary societies are associated. Every institution ought to guard well these three important phases of college government. If you trifle with the one, you damage the others; and if you abolish either, the power and influence of the remaining two are weakened. Thus we see how the tendency among some editors to pay too much attention to the local, personal and miscellaneous departments, can and does sometimes injure a college magazine. Every department of a periodical ought to be attractive and interesting to its readers, but there is no part of a journal that requires more care and work than that of the literary, which constitutes the life and representation of a journal in every sense of the word. A college student ought to consider it a blessing and an honor to have the opportunity of contributing his thoughts to a college magazine. The day must never come, contemporaries, in which frivolity and humor must take the place of beautifully expressed thoughts. It is the sincere wishes

of this Editor to see a decided movement toward higher development in Southern college journalism, and while we hope to see such a movement as a result of these suggestions, we will, by no means, exclude ourselves from the list of the careless and imperfect, but will begin at once to move off from our old surroundings and to direct our hopes and aims towards methods more beneficial to our journal.

We have on our exchange list some excellent journals from Southern colleges, and we are pleased to note that they have been fighting upon these same lines of improvement in the past, and still advocate them through their exchange columns.

The October number of *The Randolph-Macon Monthly* is one that commends it to its large number of readers, by the variety and high character of its reading matter. The Editors deserve special praise for the straight-forward manner in which they have outlined their respective courses for the present year. We were specially struck with the opening sentence of the Editor-in-chief's editorial, which read as follows: "Dispensing with the usual opening expressions of fear and trembling, we clutch the editorial pen with a firm grasp and with a determination so 'put her through.'"

We will watch the *Monthly* with much interest and hope to see it "put through" with the same success and attractiveness as that which characterizes this, its first issue. The reading matter in this issue is exceptionally good. The article entitled "The Aristocracy of Merit" is excellent, full of sound logic and rigid argument. We welcome the *Monthly* to our Exchange and hope that its November issue will maintain its usual high standard.

The Alamo and San Jacinto Monthly for October shows the usual flexibility of this excellently edited periodical in adapting itself to the topics of the present day. There is a freshness and zest about its digests of excellent essays that makes it acceptable to all college students. We

mention no special article in fear of doing an injustice to the whole literary collection; that is, the many other good essay of this column. It is one of our best exchanges, free from the taint of worn out subjects, and its mechanical get up shows how care and good taste can improve a college journal.

But the Editor can not overlook the article written on the "Character of Abraham Lincoln." A truer noble hearted American has never been more honorably connected with the history of this growing nation. And while we respect and adore the statesmanship of this esteemed dead President, we are glad to see other Southern institutions proclaiming the goodness of this one, who was once watched and honored by the civilized world for his unreserved sincerity.

Let due praise be given to our beloved sleeping Lincoln.

The Vanderbilt Observer has successfully begun its fourteenth volume among the progressive and reformativ journals of the college world. The table of contents is very strong and inviting to those interested in live questions and advanced thought.

The Observer opens up with a frontispiece of Chancellor Kirkland, followed by the opening address to the students. The Chancellor's subject was suggested by and taken from the scriptures, John X. 10. "I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly." It is useless to extend any lengthy comment upon this deep and far reaching address published by the *Observer*. We would suggest and urge that every student make it a point to read and reread this article until he catches the full meaning of every clause and paragraph. It is indeed pleasing to the taste and inspiring to the mind of any thoughtful student to see the glorious designs and missions of life thus revealed to us in such clear and impressive words.

The reading of this address carries our minds back to last commencement when we had the exquisite pleasure

of listening to this learned man from our own college rostrum. Fellow students let us take this thrilling message to our hearts that we might have life more abundantly.

The Central Collegian of Missouri, is a growing college journal. Its October issue produces some very interesting articles. The subject, "Woman, The Moulder of Man's Destiny," is well written and very appropriate. The writer draws some beautiful conclusions and guards well, the sacred influence of virtuous women.

The Collegian seems determined to make a success of journalism. In the November issue, and in subsequent issues will appear an article in the Alumni Department written by some Alumnus of the college. Every department of *The Collegian* shows honest labor willingly expended. It is real difficult to give the Alumni columns the attractiveness and appreciative qualities of others without the adoption of some such method. We are confident *The Collegian* has taken the right step towards making its every column valuable and instructive.

The Converse Concept comes to our table increased in size, improved in appearance and with a fine table of contents. *The Concept* reflects much credit upon the literary societies, of which it is an exponent. Being edited and managed by such a bright corps of editors we naturally expect from their fair hands a superb and valuable volume. *The Concept* was always good, but it desires to grow brighter and better with the rapid advancement of the institution to which it belongs.

"A Philosophian" seems to be deeply impressed by the the fascinating arts of dramatic literature and gives vent to her cultivated fancy by attempting to construct an ideal "Spirit Drama." We fail to see the real significance and merit of this production, but doubtless it will be better understood by those acquainted with the surroundings amid which it was written.

We congratulate *The Concept* on its growing popularity and evidence of prosperity.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

B. H. HENDERSON, - - Editor.

The following exhortation to the class of '92 has been received by this editor from a member of that class with a desire for its publication. We earnestly hope that this matter may receive the serious attention of all parties concerned.

As the class of '92 will have to give up the banner next June to the class of '95; I write to suggest that it would be pleasant for as many of the class of '92 to be present at the commencement exercises as can possibly arrange so to do so. The class of '95 is the last with which the members of '92 were associated. There are several members of '92 that have brothers in '95.

Let the "boys" of '95 begin to think about how they might make it pleasant for the "boys" of '92.

Let all the "boys" of '92 that expect to attend commencement write to the Editor of the Alumni Department. These very large classes mean something, and by giving them especial notice others may be encouraged to work for their classes. The matter is at least worth consideration.

B. W. Crouch, who completed the junior year with the class of '94, now teaches the Hebron High School in Marlboro county. Mr. Crouch's record here would encourage him to return and complete his course, and we are sorry that he has not decided and joined the class of '95, which will graduate the largest class in the history of our college.

W. H. Folk, '72, and H. C. Folk, '80, are practicing law

in Edgefield county, under the firm of Folk & Folk. They are two leading lawyers at Edgefield's bar.

T. A. Graham, '77, has been promoting the educational interests of Abbeville county for several years past, and has also served an efficient term as Representative in the Legislature from that county.

Rev. W. H. Hodges, '89, who was a few years back transferred to mission work in the Northwest, owing to health of his wife, returned to South Carolina, and this year preaches at Cheraw Station.

H. G. Sheridan, Jr., finished the junior year here some years past and has been teaching with increasing success each year since. After assisting his father several years in the Orangeburg High School, he went to Holly Hill where his labors were well directed in the establishing of a high grade school in that section of the low country.

The Holly Hill Graded School is greatly indebted to energy of Prof. Sheridan for the excellent preparatory course which it now gives. The pupils who enter college through his preparation reflect his thoroughness and ability in conducting a preparatory course. He is now giving his work to the upbuilding and grounding of the Bamberg Fitting School in Barnwell county. The efforts of Prof. Sheridan will ever be appreciated and remembered by those who have any interest in the educational cause in the counties of Berkeley, Orangeburg and Barnwell. It must be admitted that the low country is sadly deficient in schools for higher education, and it would be well for graduates who expect to teach to direct their line of work to this end in lower Carolina.

E. H. Holman '58, has been teaching for the past year at Jefferson in Chesterfield county.

J. J. Riley and W. E. Willis of '92, have professorships in the Bamberg Fitting School. They were worthy members of our largest class, and will no doubt accomplish much in their work in this important branch of Wofford College.

Major Jno. L. Weber, '82, for one year after graduation taught as principal of the Holly Hill High School. He gave entire satisfaction, but soon afterwards accepted a position on the News and Courier staff in Charleston. After filling this position for a year or two, he gave it up in order to respond to a call from Charleston county. He was first representative in the Legislature and then served two successive terms as School Commissioner of that county. He was for awhile professor in Trinity College in North Carolina. He has again resumed his journalistic work and now occupies a position on the staff of one of the leading papers in Nashville, Tenn. Among his literary works is found a history of South Carolina which has become very popular as a text book.

A. M. Muckenfuss took his A. B. degree in '89, and A. M. degree in '90. Just after graduation he taught for two years in one of the counties in the lower part of the state.

But this was only preparatory to his higher field of labor, for in '93 he repaired to Johns-Hopkins, where he took his degree of Ph. D. Wofford College had prepared him to take his place among the foremost instructors and he soon accepted the position of professor of chemistry in Milsap's University, Jackson Miss. He is among our number who have so improved upon their training here, and continued its objects and aims, as will by their life give Wofford College a history.

Rev. L. McP. Lander, '79, who has been stationed for several years in missionary work at Juizde Fora Brazil visited his home in Anderson county last spring. Rev. Lander is one of the leading workers in the missionary field.

It was the fortune of our college to have him visit us during his stay. His different talks in this city had their desired effect. Especially was his address to our student body touching and well received. Rev. Lander won several of our boys to give themselves in missionary labor, and the warmer sympathy of our entire college.



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S. H. McGhee, Manager of Alumni Hall.
J. Porter Hollis, Caterer of Wightman Hall.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

S. H. MCGHEE, - - Editor.

Better to have fought and lost
Than never to have fought at all.
Hackey! Hackey! Hackey! Sis-boom-ah
W. C. W. C. Rah! Rah! Rah!

Founder's Day.

Benjamin Wofford's birthday is on October 19th. It was celebrated this year on November 9th. Looking over the old files of THE JOURNAL we find that it has been precedent to put off his birthday, or at least the effects of it, the holiday and society celebration, for several weeks. This matter hitherto has been left entirely in the hands of the two societies, and has of late years, leaving out the speaking, been a failure. But now the faculty have wisely decided to celebrate our noble benefactor's birthday by requiring trees to be planted by each class, other exercises and by giving the students a day of rest and having the usual celebration at night. Said trees to be planted and said celebration to take place on the day of the month on which Benjamin Wofford was born, and if not on said day, not at all. This is a good law and it is to be hoped will be rigidly enforced and obeyed to the letter.

However, the speakers would have been ready this year; but on account of an excusable misunderstanding, together with an unavoidable illness, they were unable to be prepared on the 19th and Nov. 9th was the next unengaged Friday. At eight o'clock the members of the two Societies met in their respective halls and escorted by the marshalls marched down to the chapel where an unusually large crowd had assembled. The exercises were

opened with prayer by Rev. Mr. Lester, and after a horrible attempt of the band (?) at "Nearer my God to Thee," Mr. Henderson, the president of the Preston Society, introduced Mr. James Porter Hollis of Chester. He spoke seventeen minutes and as is his manner did well. Next Mr. Wannamake, the President of the Calhouns, announced as the representative of his society Mr. Samuel J. McCoy, of Berkeley. He spoke twenty minutes and proved to the audience that he was a beautiful and attractive speaker. Both of these gentlemen's speeches, with their subjects attached, are published in this issue of THE JOURNAL and it is needless to mention the intrinsic merit of either. However, they were much above the customary, it seems to us, and if the aftermath had but done her part, the day would have been exceedingly enjoyable. After Mr. McCoy's speech the band again shocked the sensibilities of the ears of the audience, and after dismissal by Mr. Lester, the usual "grand" reception was held, and held in its usual manner. Nearly all the Converse young ladies attended the exercises but were unable to remain for the reception. Most of the young people from the city left very early after the speaking. Hence, the students were left with rather a small crowd. The general verdict is, that considering its extreme shortness, on the whole, it was very enjoyable. Special thanks are to be given to Miss Gamewell for her strenuous efforts and causing a great deal of pleasure under such unfavorable circumstances. The hour was well spent, and the speaking paid for the failure that some consider the reception. At any rate, we hope for better music next time, if nothing more than the music of silence.

Athens Won the Game.

Eleven strong and mighty Spartans were defeated on the gridiron in this city Saturday afternoon by eleven men from Athens to the tune of 10 to 0. But it was a great game and the Wofford team has no cause to be ashamed of her defeat. Athens came expecting to

have an easy walk-over, but they had a hard road to travel before they won the game.

The visiting club arrived in the city on Friday afternoon and were quartered at the Windsor Hotel. Mr. George Henneman took charge of the game and it was mainly through his efforts that the Spartanburg people had the pleasure of seeing the champions of South Carolina and the champions of Georgia meet.

About three hundred people were at the park when the game was called. Prof. Young, of Furman, was umpire and Prof. Durham acted as linesman. Mr. Halsey, of Athens, was the referee.

At 3:40 the teams lined up as follows :

WOFFORD.	POSITION.	UNIVERSITY OF GA.
Shuler,	Centre,	Nalley.
Lyon,	Right Guard,	Kent.
Rushton,	Left Guard,	Price.
Humbert,	Right Tackle,	Fleming.
Nickles,	Left Tackle,	Watkins.
Woods,	Right End,	Morris.
Shannon,	Left End,	Butler.
Dendy,	Quarter Back,	Spain, F.
Cannon,	Right Half Back,	Spain, W.
Barber,	Left Half Back,	Shockeford.
Chreitzberg,	Full Back,	Stubbs.

The Georgians won the toss and chose the upper goal. The wind was blowing very hard right in the face of the Wofford team. Chreitzberg kicked off, Shannon got the ball, but made a fumble. Barker advanced six yards. Georgia fumbled and lost ten yards. Next they gained 20 yards. Chreitzberg made a beautiful tackle and threw an Athen's man down, who was nearing the goal. The Georgians now had 35 yards to gain. They advanced five yards when Dendy made a fine tackle. Kent started off with the ball, but Barber downed him before he advanced. Georgia gained ten yards by an off side for Wofford. The University boys were now in 15 yards of Wofford's goal. Price gained five and Shackleford five. Stubbs took the ball and made the

first touch down in nineteen minutes. Butler missed an easy goal and the score stood four to nothing in favor of the Georgians. Wofford's full back kicked off again and advanced 15 yards, but the Georgia boys, by beautiful playing, got the ball and Butler made the second touch down in 27 minutes. Butler kicked goal and the score stood 10 to 0.

Wofford next advanced 25 yards. Just here Rushton made a splendid tackle and was loudly cheered. The University boys got the ball, but lost it as they failed to gain the necessary five yards. Dendy snapped the ball back to Barber. Cannon knocked ball out of Barber's hands, and by quick work, Chreitzberg grabbed the ball and made a 15 yard run. Wofford was now in five yards of the Georgian's goal. Wofford tried to advance twice, but failed and lost the ball. The visitors soon lost the ball also. Wofford advanced 10 yards. Humbert took ball and made a 20-yard run and at the end of the first half Wofford had ball in 15 yards of Georgia's goal. Butler and Stubbs made two fine long runs in first half.

In the second half Stubbs kicked off. Wofford failed to advance and lost the ball. Georgia gained 20 yards. Georgia tried to advance farther, but Nickels made beautiful tackle and Wofford got the ball. Wofford gained ten yards on foul tackle. Wofford gained four yards. Cannon took the ball and advanced ten yards. Barber advanced eight yards on an end run. Woods marked the "crisscross" making a good side run and gained ten yards. Barber got ball and gained ten yards. The ball was passed to him again and tried to buck the centre and lost the ball on downs. Georgia lost ten yards on an off side. Wofford got ball and Barber gained 15 yards. Wofford lost ball on misplay. Shannon made fine tackle by getting in behind their interference, Georgia thereby losing ten yards. Georgia made big gain. Butler made long run, but Chreitzberg downed him by a fine tackle. Georgia lost ball on fumble—Rushton fell on ball. Wofford by trying to buck centre again failed to advance and lost ball on

downs. Barber made good run for Georgia. Georgia got ten yards on an off side and lost the ball in five yards of Wofford's goal. Shannon worked the "criss-cross" and advanced ten yards Nickels gained ten yards. Cannon advanced five yards when time was called. This left the ball at the 35 yard line.

Georgia made a few gains around Wofford's ends, but bucked centre to perfection. Wofford made her chief gains around Georgia's ends, but could not budge her centre.

Had Wofford played by end plays more, she would probably have made a touch down in the second half.

The individual playing on the home team was fine. Each man played his part well and no serious mistakes were made. Wofford played a clean game. Wofford's colors were conspicuous everywhere and a few young ladies wore the crimson and black. Captain Humbert said that his men held down the Georgian's far better than he expected and will have an easy game with the South Carolina College on Thursday.

The game was clean and the visitors and home team all conducted themselves in a gentlemanly manner. None of the players received any injuries during the game.

R. W. S., JR.

"In Union There is Strength."

The bill for the consolidation of the libraries has passed both houses and been signed by the Chief Executive. Hence, constitutionally it will become effective. However, like most other laws, it was not passed without a great deal of friction and a long and hard-fought battle. The opposition to the plan contested every available point, questioned every ambiguous word or clause and made good and strong arguments against it, but could not overcome a sentiment that had been gradually growing since the scheme was first sprung over two years ago. It is now clear that more than two

thirds of the students desire the union of the College library and those of the two societies. It is not without a feeling of reluctance and a great deal of sadness that the societies unite in holy wedlock their first-born to another, that they see their tenderest love borne away from the old homestead around which clusters all the sacred memories of their past history and consigned to new places of abode. It is the same old story: "But for this cause a man shall leave his father and mother and cling," etc.

But seriously, it is well that the plan was long deliberated and freely and fully discussed, and lay on the table for a run of years. The step ought not to have been taken hastily nor was it. The change will be extremely radical. The students place in those books their dearest attachments. They inherited them from former generations of students, and were charged to keep and love and even read them now and then. But however strong may be our conservatism, or great our sentimentalism at the idea, it appears to us that its effects are possible, practical and profitable. But at any rate, let us not write the epitaph of the libraries nor sing too high the anthems in praise of the plan. It is useless to enumerate the many benefits to be derived from the union. The books have often filled us with pride, and if they, shrouded in all their saintly robes of classicism, inspired is when they were our weakly companions, why will not the inspiration be still greater when they will be our daily ones? Some of these old, historic volumes are no longer in activity, but pass down the silent path of life into a silvery and solitary age of sedateness, unthought of, uncared for, unread, but loved with a dusty reverence. The moths and canker worms have grown fat on the food left to us, but now the case will be different, at least it is to be hoped so. But the plan is only experimental, and if it does not prove beneficial to the students the books will be moved back. If there is any virtue in calling the libraries "ours," we still have that privilege; if there is a sacrilege in moving the volumes from their ancestral mansoleum, we give

them a better and more prominent resting-place, with now and then a chance of being resurrected.

On October 25th, the Carlisle and Philosophian Literary Societies of Converse College held memorial services in honor of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. Our two worthy Presidents, Messrs. Wannamaker and Henderson, who had been courteously invited, attended and report a most profitable and enjoyable visit to our sister institution. The programme consisted of well prepared papers on the life and merits of Holmes, and choice selections from his works. Short quotations from this eminent author were given from each member of the societies and the exercises were withal worthy of the man to whose memory they were offered and fell a fitting testimonial of appreciation as sweet incense fresh from the fires of undying glory. After the services, Messrs. Wannamaker and Henderson were enveloped in a flood of beauty and loveliness which bore them to a land of fairies from whose magic charms these gentlemen have not yet become entirely disenchanted.

—We are pained to learn that Mr. Percy Inabnit has been forced to go home on account of illness. We hope he will soon join us and his class again at the earliest possible date.

—J. C. Smith, '97, spent a day or two in Greenville during the early part of the month.

—L. P. McGee has left college to take charge of an important school. Mr. McGee will teach for about two months and join his class after Christmas. We wish him much success in pedagogy.

—Mr. Eldon Dibble and his brother, Emmet, were unexpectedly called home to the bedside of a very sick sister in the early part of the month. We are happy to know that their sister is better and that they have again joined their classes.

—Philip Cocks, '98, paid a flying visit to his home in Asheville in early November.

—A large body of the students enjoyed the lecture at Converse College by John Temple Graves on Nov. 2d. He who hears him is indeed fortunate.

—At the election of officers of the Preston Society Mr. Dagnall was elected President; J. E. Warnock, Vice-President; Geo. C. Leonard, 1st Corrector; B. H. Henderson, 2d Corrector; J. P. Hollis, 1st Censor; T. C. Covington, 2d Censor; L. B. Smith, Secretary; A. M. Law, Corresponding Secretary; P. H. Stoll, Treasurer; Chas. Brooks, Librarian.

—Dr. Carlisle left Thursday to deliver a lecture before the students of the Williamston Female College.

Foot-Ball Notes.

The foot-ball eleven with a large crowd of students and friends from the city expected to leave Wednesday, the 14th, for Columbia and meet the S. C. College team on the gridiron the following day. But Capt. Humbert received notice Tuesday that the game could not take place on the appointed day, as six out of eleven of the Columbians had been injured in the game played with Augusta last Saturday. This is certainly remarkably deplorable as well as deplorably remarkable. We suppose, for the reputation of the cities of Columbia and Augusta, the true account of the game was not reported to the newspapers—that is that one of the teams was very brutal. We hope Capt. Humbert will have more consideration for his men than to play Augusta and run the risk of impairing the limbs and breaking the necks and noses of Wofford's team. But be that as it may, it is really extremely and exceedingly extraordinarily strange that so many men were so seriously wounded as to cause to be postponed a game arranged long ago to take place at the very best and most suitable and available and appropriate time imaginable. Surely the Columbians must have gotten an inkling of the game between Athens and Sparta and the score thereof. We

advise our fellow-students at the State Capital to read up on history and observe that in rare instances the Spartans have been defeated and possibly history might be prevailed upon to repeat itself. At any rate cheer up and look pretty, part your hair in the middle and play ball. Do not "down" so quickly. Cure your wounds and heal your sick and "meet us at Philippi." We promise not to annihilate you entirely nor hurt more than two-thirds of your men.

A game has been arranged with Bingham to take place in Spartanburg on Thanksgiving Day. We hope the Binghamites will not too hastily decide the result of the game and be afflicted with croup or *indigestion of news*.

—Mr. Crossland has a class in "yell-ocution." Meetings are held annually just before the exercises of the anniversary.

—The Fresh have organized a foot-ball team and will play the Juniors Saturday afternoon. Evidently from the way they are practicing one side will be whipped.

—History reversing itself—Sparta beaten by Athens.

—The "old gold and black" was conspicuously present on the grand-stand at the recent game and gave inspiration to the players and lent beauty and charms to the already beautiful wearers.

—Capt. John B. Humbert and Chas. H. Barber went down to Columbia to witness the game between S. C. College and Georgia University.

—Why not play the Augusta Athletic Association?

—We have a faint recollection of having read once of a man named Darius, who in order that he might not forget an insult received accidentally from a certain enemy ordered that at dinner each day a servant should call out thrice, "Master, remember the Athenians."

Notes From Bamberg.

The Carlisle Fitting School, of Bamberg, has an enrollment of 120 students, an improvement of 27 over the beginning. The school has been working very successfully for the past month.

The Kilgo Literary Society has been doing well. It was voted unanimously that the Society should furnish the hall with new carpets, opera chairs and remodel President stand, doing away with the old furniture. In our last meeting we did away with extract, substituting original essays. The Sheridan Literary Society is doing its regular routine work.

The Junior Class of the Fitting School numbers forty, (40); the Intermediate, 22; the Senior, 16; the post Senior, 9. Not being a student in Greek, I am unable to say any thing about it, but can describe the Latin, Mathematics, English, Geography and History courses.

The Junior class is learning that: "Rosaest Alba," in Collar & Daniel's Latin Grammar. The Intermediate class is reading "Graduation" and will complete Collar & Daniel's Latin Grammar this year. The Senior class is, at present, reading "Simplified Text of Cæsar." The post-Senior class reads "Virgil." Prof. J. J. Riley fills the chair of Latin. As for Mathematics, the Juniors are finding L. C. M. and H. C. of numbers. The Intermediates are working in percentage. The Seniors are finding the H. C. F. in Algebra. The Post-Seniors are working in Geometry. Prof. W. E. Willis fills the chair Mathematics. In English, the Juniors are diagramming simple English sentences. The Intermediates are parsing with reference to modifiers. The Seniors are parsing with reference to Analysis. The Post-Seniors study Rhetoric. Prof. H. G. Sheridan fills the chair of English. Mr. C. E. Wiggins has been elected Monitor for the whole school, and began his official duties two or three days ago. A fifth grade is being thought of as an accessory to the Primary department, as some of the Juniors are not able to keep up.

R. S. CAUTHEN.

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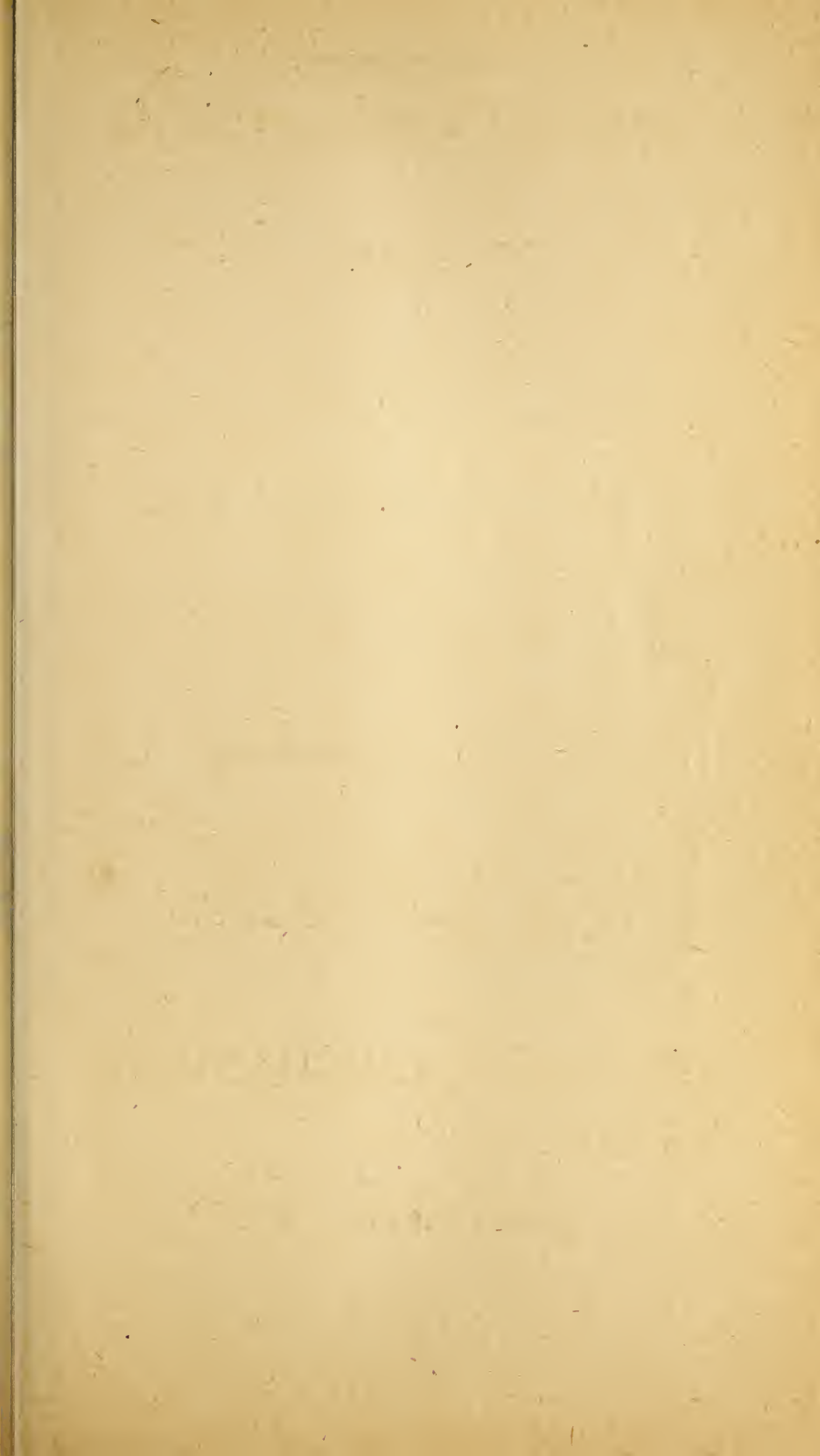
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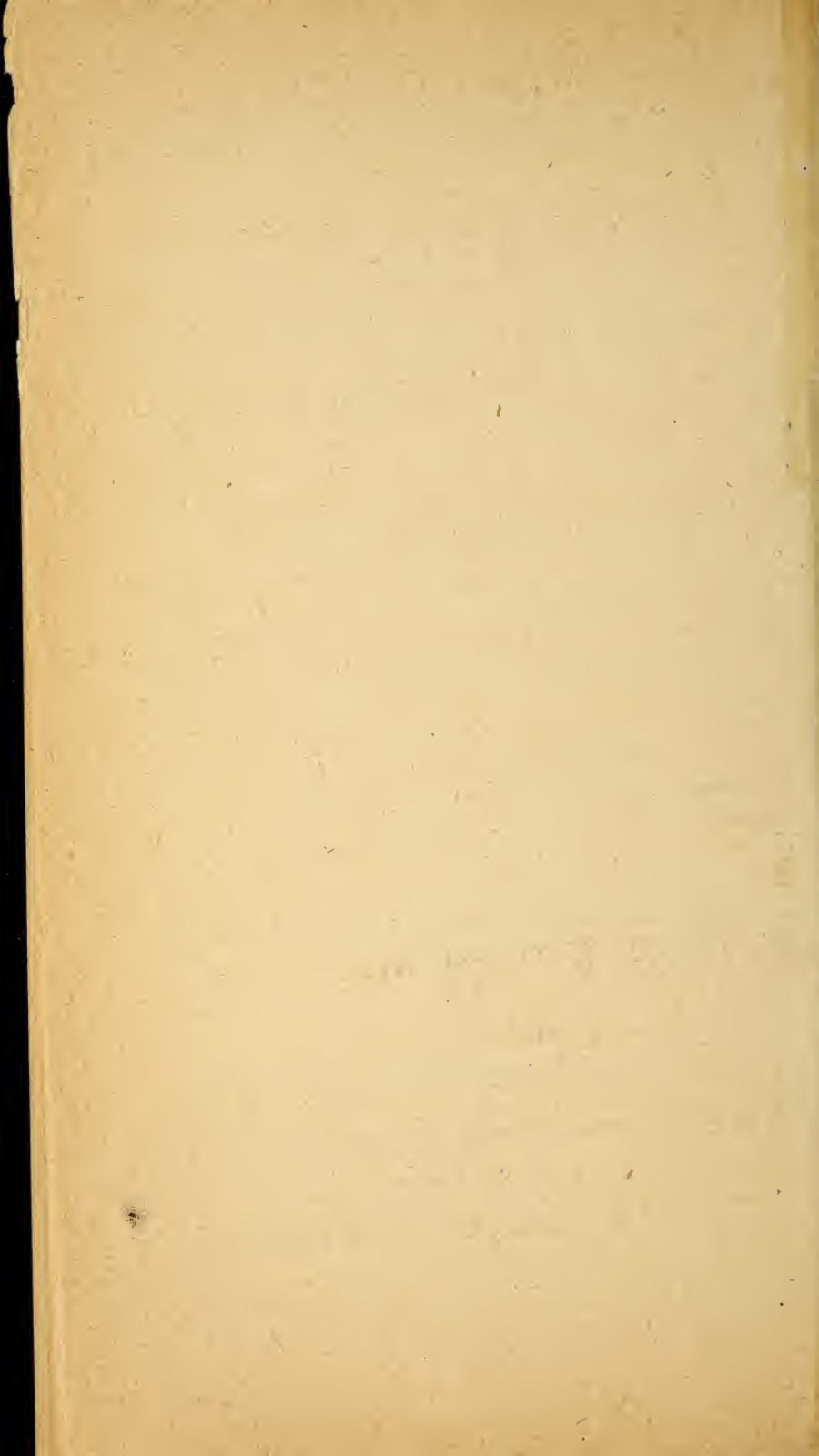
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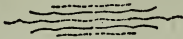


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LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

H. J. SHOEMAKER, - - - Editor.

The Ancient Egyptian Religion.

Often has it been repeated that human nature is the same in all places and under all circumstances; but this has been urged at so many times and in so many places where it was manifestly false, that one feels disposed peremptorily to deny it when paraded as a general truth. It is only in its lower activities that human nature shows any remarkable uniformity; so far as men are animals, they bear strong resemblances to one another; and in the savage state their minds seem to originate the same myths and fancies in various ages and climes. But when we come to the higher developments, to the mental and spiritual elements in individuals, to the social and political relations of civilized men, this pretended truism gives way more and more to the opposite truth—that mankind varies at all times and in all places. That this latter proposition is more nearly correct becomes evident when we turn to the comparative study of heathen religions; and it shows the grossest ignorance for any one to place the oldest forms of the Egyptian religion, of which we have any record, on a level with some of the superstitions that are called religions.

. In what may be termed the “modern method” of

studying heathen religions, we do not seek to discover their faults by comparison with our own high standard, but rather to find what good there is in them, and what noble truths guided the ancients in their religious belief. It is a false idea that all heathen religions are merely so many bundles of superstitions, and that behind the beautiful myths of their mythologies there are no deeper spiritual conceptions. Among the ancients were sometimes found profound thinkers and philosophers to whom were revealed the grandest truths and inspirations of religion. As one person is more susceptible than another to religious impressions, so among the different nations we find a great disparity in their conceptions of a spiritual God.

Religion is, in reality, the conscious response of the human spirit to the ever present and ever active inspirations of God. As God is always present revealing himself in the constitution of nature, and in the history of man, we find the lowest savage dimly conscious of an Unseen Power; in their religion, spontaneous feelings and beliefs responsive to both the infinite and spiritual in God. In monotheism, in which all limitations of time and space drop off from the Deity, God is again found pervading the universe by his energy and revealing himself in all the forms and processes of nature, and in the life of man. "In the broader sense, the whole history of ancient religion in general may be called a prophecy of the consummation of religion, that is, of the unity of God and man." God is known in experience or consciousness. All ethnic or pagan religions rest on the assumption that man knows God through God's revelation of Himself to man. Revelation, in its primary meaning, is the immediate presentation of an object in consciousness. God reveals himself directly to men through consciousness; through the universe itself. The extent of such revelation among the Egyptians is now to be considered.

The following general outline of development runs through the religions of all the great race families of the world. During the earliest periods of their growth they

deified natural and lifeless objects and worshipped stocks and stones as fetish. This was, no doubt, the state of the nations for a long while after the original Fall; their spiritual growth, like a vine or tree when cut back, had been stunted, and was just beginning to break forth into a purer and more healthful condition than it had formerly obtained. Man's nature requires some object of worship; we find that in later times, if man rejects entirely belief, he must and does enthrone something in his mind that he may worship, and to satisfy this craving we see him substituting for the love of God the love of pleasure, of ambition, or of woman. Therefore, it is in obedience to this natural law that we find these lowest types of worship and religion.

Next, man in contemplating the great forces of Nature, the storm with its vivid lightnings and reverberating thunders, the beauty of a mountain stream, cold and sparkling, now forming an eddy, now leaping down the sheer brink of a precipice, and now joining the majestic river as it sweeps along steadily and irresistibly, and in gazing at the glories of the heavens, whether sunrise, noonday, evening, or midnight, and whether clear, flecked with cirrus clouds, or obscured by massive ones that seem to be the battlements of heaven—man, I say, in contemplating all these first conceives the idea of a spirit who has created and rules over the Universe. Then they rise to the conception of a sun-God, at whose coming the shadows of night pass away; and not only are the shadows of night dispelled, but also moral shadows, and he becomes the emblem of truth and justice.

This is the highest stage of development; and after this period, for what reasons we do not know, the monotheistic idea gives way to that of polytheism. It is, however, probably an attempt to substitute a popular, materialistic belief for a purely philosophical creed. The myth-making fancy easily attaches itself to this idea of a sun-God, and where this ability is stronger than the moral force of the people, it takes this conception and changes and remoulds it endlessly, creating the beautiful mythologies with which we are familiar;

and even in some cases degrading it into polytheism, idolatry and the most licentious and cruel forms of worship.

Of the first forms of Egyptian religion we know very little, and it is the second stage of development, their spiritual conception of a God, which now comes under our consideration. Before the researches and discoveries of comparatively recent years, all our knowledge of the early Egyptian civilization, a period as remote from the classic writers of Greece and Rome as they are from us, was conveyed to us in an ancient poetic symbolism, difficult to understand, and through its interpretation by classic investigators. The gorgeous poetic imagery with which their sacred writings were clothed is utterly foreign to our modern minds, and is very liable to mis-interpretation; so we are left in doubt as to the meaning of many disputed passages.

The only defensible and philosophical conception of a Moral Being is that of an impartial influence, limited to no time, place, or physical conditions. Religion, to be the binding of men to the Unseen Power of the universe, and Revelation, or its manifestation through the great forces of Nature, must have been a reality through all history; and must give the same satisfaction to the rough and untutored savage, who for the first time had grasped the idea of cause, as to the deep and philosophical religious thinker of the nineteenth century. The same truths must fill the minds of both, and although differing in form, still these truths would have the simpler elements in common; both stand in awe of that unfathomable Nature, both trust implicitly in the shadowy Unknown; both would seek to model their lives after what they had discovered of the purposes of this Tremendous Being, unseen yet always felt, and both bend their wills to this eternal Will. Savage races, as it has been stated, grasp at first but the simpler yet principal truths, but gradually become more and more open to the higher, divine influences always acting around them and causing their minds to be filled with grander and purer conceptions. And sometimes truths were revealed to

these races that have guided men for all succeeding ages.

It is not necessary for a race to have reached a very high stage of civilization to have the most spiritual religion, and it was very natural for an early race, wandering about and much in contact with Nature, to attain to a very high form of divine inspiration. If, however, we search in human annals for the highest civilization, we find it among the Egyptians. Mr. Mahaffy, in speaking of old Greek education, uses the following words: "There have been only two earlier nations and one later which could compete with the Greeks in their treatment of this perpetual problem in human progress. We have first the Egyptian nation, which by its thorough and widely diffused culture attained a duration of national prosperity and happiness perhaps never since equalled. Isolated from other civilized races by geographical position, by language, and in consequence by social conditions, the Egyptians prosecuted internal development more assiduously than is the wont of mere conquering races." And although there may be doubts about the chronology of certain lines of their kings, and whether they were a homogeneous race or a conquering one, still it is generally conceded by all scholars, that there existed far back in the dark and shadowy ages before Moses, Abraham, or the flood, a remarkably unique civilization and highly developed religion in that land, where first originated the statuary and architecture never since equalled in the grandeur of its proportions, the valley of the Nile; and that, though apart from the world, was destined to influence it throughout all succeeding ages and countries.

It is remarkable how so many myths are almost identical among different nations, and at times and places so varied and so remote from each other that they all could not have been copied from any one source. One of the most significant of these is the myth of a moral Benefactor, who though usually born of a human mother, came from above and who suffered for the sins of mankind. Even the "sun-myths" would not disprove

this tradition, for a primitive people would very naturally seek to embody their ideas in legends. Perhaps the best proof of these traditions consists in the purity and strength of the emotions connected with them; while it is probable that after a continuity of several centuries of divine inspiration such a person would arise; and even if this myth is proven to be false, still the legends show that the ideals existed and that the moral forces necessary to produce them were working here and there. One is disposed, sometimes, to make light of their myths of a sun-God; but for a moment let us consider what would have been the results had all the written evidences of Christianity been lost within the first two or three centuries of our era. Was it not regarded as a "detestable superstition" by contemporary historians? Also there is any number of expressions that would in the course of a few hundreds of years give rise to the tradition of the solar origin of its founder. So that, perhaps, their worship of a Solar Divinity turns out to be not prejudicial, but rather a point in their favor. These myths, however, came at a much later period; the pure ancient faith in the hands of the masses had degenerated into extreme polytheism, but Herodotus and other close observers tell us that the early Egyptians had a strong belief in the immortality of the soul, and also that they looked forward to a coming judgment.

One great proof of their divine inspiration lies in their well-developed idea of eternity. Eternity is a word on every one's lips, but rarely when in use does one stop to consider its full meaning. Take that wonderful inscription on the temple of Isis, "I am he that is, was and shall ever be." Before such a description, or, as it may be termed, definition of God could have been given, the immortality of the soul must have been an assured fact in the minds of the more enlightened; while philosophers observe that the titles of the ancient Egyptian Gods were not derived from any sensual images or natural forces, as in the religions of even our own Aryan races, but from the deeper ideas of cause, origin and eternal being. And their faith is founded on the grandest con-

ception of a God yet known; a Being who always has existed, who created the world out of nothingness for his own glorification, and who shall never perish, but shall ever exist even after Time has passed away, in company with the blessed souls who obeyed him while on earth.

Of the many gods who are mentioned, Osiris is chief, and he alone, from his attributes and the forms of his worship, seems to relate to the sun; but behind all these gods was still the One unnamable, infinite, eternal. It seems, as it were, that among the Egyptians, God and heaven bore the same relation to one another that the soul bears to the corporeal body, and Brugsch tells us it is clear from innumerable ancient documents that "God was a spirit, dwelling in his cosmic house which he had furnished and built." Upon analysis of this belief of the dwellers by the Nile we find that God is one, whom none approaches and who made all; he is thus invoked in a hymn to Ammon Ra: "The gods bow before thy majesty and exalt the soul of him who produced them, happy that their creator abideth in them. Thou begettest us, and we cry out to thee to dwell in us." To express thought so elevated as this, they must have felt the intuition and the power of the boundless, omnipotent Father who created them.

As we see from these ancient hymns, these gods were only manifestations of the One God. Besides being one, he is also a spirit; he is the father of beginnings; he is the Framer of all things heretofore created, now existing and yet to be; he is the weaver of the universe on the loom of life. God is the judge between the righteous and the wicked; he guides all who trust in him and rewards those who are faithful to him and obey him. The Egyptians regarded the consummation of their happiness to be reached when after death they should rejoin the Original Spirit, of whom each soul was a part. Those exquisite lines from Wordsworth,

"The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had e'sewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;

Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home,"

although not referring to this subject, still express very aptly this one sublime and poetic feature of that ancient faith. The ancient litanies dwell especially on Osiris coming forth out of darkness into light; that he rose from some sombre dwelling-place in the underworld. Again others think that he went from heaven as a special sacrifice for sin. He is the manifestation of light in darkness. The revelation of light was the most elevated and refined expression of the divine original power, and well might his worshippers: "Hail to thee, thou king of the stars! Thou art one with the heaven's arch! Thee the heavens and the lamps on heaven's arch do praise."

Truth was held to be the essence and life of the divine being; through Truth he had his existence, and through it he created the universe. In that remarkable composition, the "Book of the Dead," or, as in the original, "The Manifestation of Light," it is said more than once that "the society of divine persons subsists by truth every day." But even after this austere conception of God, there is found in the Egyptians' mind the idea of his all-pervading love, and then, as now, it softened and melted their hearts. An inscription on the temple of Edfee runs thus: "God findeth his satisfaction in truth; he is propitiated by it, and finds his pleasure in the most perfect purity * * * * God holdeth purity dearer than millions of gold and silver offerings." A short and succinct statement of their religion is found in one sentence: "To obey, meaneth to love God; not to obey, to hate God." He is truth itself; he is Love.

Long after the popular religion became entirely polytheistic, the esoteric belief of the cultured few was still that of pure monotheism. As this mystery was not divulged to the ignorant or to any except those who had led pure and holy lives, the masses had to work out a religion for themselves. All the forces of Nature were

to them but manifestations of the Divine soul, and both animate and inanimate objects became the emblems through which they worshipped the Creator of it all. Man, of course, was the highest emblem; then followed animals, plants in their order, and finally inanimate objects. The initiated of the highest rank regarded only the sun as a manifestation of the great power behind it, the shadowy Unseen that surrounded them then as it does us now. But in the course of time this emblem worship took the place of the higher worship, and the spiritual elements were almost forgotten. No religion has been so difficult to understand or explain as this; very little is known about it, but what is known only goes to prove that it was a most sublime and pure Deism.

Mr. Brace says: "This great light which gilds the morning dawn of human history, and was so rich a blessing to so many millions of men, has completely faded away. We can merely trace its faint reflections in the papyri which the dead bore with them into the tomb, and in the inscriptions—unread for centuries—upon broken shafts and crumbling pyramids." But is it dead? Brugsch says: "The forty-two laws of the Egyptian religion fall short in nothing of the teachings of Christianity." He conjectures that Moses, as he had been instructed in all the lore of Egypt, did but "translate into Hebrew the religious precepts, which he found in their sacred books." Their moral laws are almost identical with our Decalogue. The influence of the Egyptian religion over that of the Israelites could not have been very great, as it was almost indirect. While the Jews were in bondage they were little removed as regards civilization and refinement from the state of the slaves in the South. Consequently they could not absorb very much of the superior erudition of the Egyptians.

The Egyptians, luxurious, refined, and overflowing with riches, were pre-eminently the cultured, religious and educated race of all antiquity. In many departments of art and science their achievements have

scarcely ever been equalled. With the exception of printing, steam and electricity, all other modern inventions were known to them. Their society was artificial in the extreme. As we have already seen, they were filled with a belief in the immortality of the soul, of a coming judgment, and of the resurrection. The characteristics of the Egyptians were certainly such as would stamp themselves deeply on an inferior race, of less culture and of less ancient existence. For these reasons it is the more remarkable that they left so few traces upon the Jews; the influence of this religion was almost entirely confined in its relation to Christianity to the Jewish leaders, and we have no means of judging to how great an extent it affected them; but while its original form may have passed away, still we can trace its influence on other heathen religions, and to a certain extent upon Christianity; and not until our present civilization, literature and religion have perished and become weary with the dust and obscurity of antiquity, can this religion be said to exist no more.

When the Egyptian conception of religion had reached its highest point, it was characterized by sympathy and morality as the flower and fruit of faith in invisible beings. God was the Law of Righteousness embodied in spiritual form. He had no name, or else it was unlawful to pronounce it. The Egyptian lived in the life of the invisible more than the members of any other race, whether ancient or modern. His most magnificent buildings were those for his dead. He received his reward, for divine inspiration came into the hearts of many of that people. It caused them to serve the Unknown God with lives of truth, mercy and justice. "Is not this, therefore, a faint reflection of the light in a great darkness, shining to all men long ages ago in the youth of mankind from the Eternal Light, even as now, but not received of men, for they knew it not?" Let us then reverently inscribe this epitaph upon the views of such a civilization and religion:

"Around the man who seeks a noble end,
Not angels but divinities attend."

B. W. WAIT.

How Uncle Selma Wooded and Won.

Everyone in Beechen Township knew Uncle Selma Benton, and all esteemed and honored him. Older persons who had known him in his younger days claimed he was somewhat "shiftless" as a youth, nothing mean or low, however, had ever been attributed to him, but he was just simply idle and careless, preferring to hunt and fish rather than hoe and plow.

Yet with all this he was brave and patriotic, for when the late civil war came on he did not wait to see if his services were needed, but volunteered at once and fought bravely, till at the battle of "Seven Pines" he lost his leg. It was a great blow to Uncle Selma, he who had always been so active and strong, doomed to stalk for the rest of his days on a wooden leg. But his cheerful, buoyant disposition would not allow him to pine over his misfortune and when he recovered he came home, bought him a little place seven miles [south of Anderson, S. C., and having erected thereon a small one-room cabin, he managed to live very comfortably on the productions of his farm and the earnings received from the sale of his fish and game, he still indulging in his old pastime, hunting and fishing.

As I said before, everyone liked him; but especially was he loved and admired by us boys. For, although he was now up in sixty and alone in the world, still age and his lack of relatives had had no visible effect on his happy-go-lucky disposition.

It was Uncle Selma who taught us all how to swim and dive; how to fish with success, how to shoot on the wing, how to make traps and set them, and many other healthful boyish pleasures. Then he could tell such stories; all about battles, ghosts and hobgoblins, and nothing pleased him better than for a crowd of boys to congregate in his cabin and beg for yarns.

And such tales he would tell! generally blood-curdling ones, as we always insisted on having that kind. And how, after his relating one of these, we would start trembling and frightened for home, each one insisting that

the other was scared into a "cocked hat," and as often as a stick would crack under our feet, we would halt as if shot and cry in quavering tones, wha—what's that! And how after discovering how needless was our alarm, each fellow would explain how he knew all the time it wasn't "nothing" and he just stopped "to scare the other boys."

Another thing that endeared Uncle Selma to us was his gay, cheerful manner; age had not made him crabbed and cross, but like wine, he had grown better. We carried our boyish troubles to him and found in him a ready sympathizer, quick to feel and sure to comfort.

Then he had a laugh that would draw anyone to him; deep, long, loud and hearty, and when he had told some particularly funny joke, you would see his face begin to wrinkle and his eyes to close, then would come forth that jolly, roaring laugh, and when we boys joined in with our shriller voices, there would be merriment indeed.

But I must proceed. It was, I suppose, about the middle of March when Billie Dawson and Sam Childer came to me and proposed going fishing. We admitted it was rather early, but the weather had been so warm and spring-like the preceding days that we thought "suckers" would surely bite if nothing else. And so after a good deal of talking and consulting, we agreed to go and separated, each on his different errands. Billie was to get the bait, Sam the lunch, and I was to see Uncle Selma about fishing holes. Uncle lived only about a mile from where we were standing, and it wasn't long before I was knocking at his "chamber door" "Come in!" said a voice within that didn't sound as cheerful as usual. I entered and saw Uncle Selma sitting, or rather leaning, with his head on his hands, gazing disconsolately into the fire.

"Why, Uncle, what's the matter?" I said, as he neither moved nor spoke. He raised his head with a most piteous look on his old face and with a sigh like unto the groan of a dying calf, exclaimed, "I'm in love."

The way in which he said it, his doleful look, and the very idea of such a thing proved too much for my ris-

ibility and I simply roared.

“Who is it, Uncle Selma?” I asked, after recovering my breath somewhat.

He raised his head again: “You know Salina Perkins, don’t you, well she’s the one that’s captured my old heart in its old days.”

I knew Salina (or Aunt Salina as we called her) well. She was a gay old spinster of forty or thereabouts and was Uncle Selma’s nearest neighbor. I knew he was in the habit of visiting her a good deal, but the idea of anything warmer than friendship never entered my head.

“Well, has she refused you Uncle?” I asked. “You look very down-hearted.”

“No, oh! no,” said Uncle Selma, sighing heavily again, “I’m just afraid to ask her for—but sit down Bub and I’ll tell you all about it.

“I suppose you know it’s been my habit to visit Salina a good deal, but it was mainly for company’s sake and to get something good to eat. The way that woman can cook is a caution. I can taste now them big slices of juicy country ham, that good old rice and gravy, together with eggs, hot coffee and ’simmon beer to wind up on.

“As I said before, I had got into a sort of habit of walking in about meal-time and making myself at home, a thing I always could do at that time of the day.

“I have always liked Salina. She has a powerful witty tongue in her head, or rather in her mouth, and she knows exactly how to make a fellow feel at home.

“I reckon it was about two weeks ago when I noticed something was the matter with my fizzle. My appetite kinder fell away, my sleep was interrupted by horrid dreams, and my heart had a kind of hollow, gone feeling about it.

“After while I consulted old Dr. Beeman and he, after feeling my pulse, looking at my tongue, and nearly thumping the breath out of my poor old carcass, mentioned some outlandish disease, the name of which I never heard before nor never expect to hear again. I thought I was gone sure and began to wonder in a vague

kind of way if shaking off this mortal coil was painful. But the doctor, noticing my awful fear and dazed face, laughed and said there was nothing the matter with me, except, perhaps, a little disarrangement of my innards that would soon wear off.

"I went home half satisfied, but it didn't wear off, on the contrary got worse; ah! I thought if I only had Salina.

"I suppose you think I was a pretty big dander-head not to know what was the matter, but you must recollect I never had no such feelings before and coming on me so sudden in my old age naturally made me oneasy.

"I can't remember the exact time I discovered I was in love, but I know one thing, I set right out for Salina's to tell her all about it, but shucks, I couldn't say a thing. I never thought I was bashful and don't think so now, but some how another I couldn't git up courage enough to ask Salina Perkins to change her name. Time wore on and I did too; every evening would find me starting for Salina's with a heart full of hope and love, and later on coming home with a heart full of discouragement and disgust.

"Naturally, I grew woe-begoner every day and my dream last night decided me that something had to be done.

"I dreamed Salina was facing an awful danger; I sprang forward to save her, but instead of rescueing her I jumped through that window over there, fell five feet to the ground and like to broke my neck. Now Bub, this kinder thing can't go on, you hear me? it can't go on. I don't propose to be walking in my sleep, jumping through windows and risking my life in any such a way. If you've got a remedy let's have it," and Uncle Selma spit ferociously and looked exceedingly wrathful.

"Well, Uncle, there isn't but one sensible thing to do and that's to go and ask her."

"Ain't I told you I've been a trying to every evening for the last two weeks?" said Uncle Selma a little impatiently.

"Ah, Uncle, that will never do, all you need is a little

courage and determination and it will come easy enough."

"I know that very well," replied Uncle Selma, "and if I could only git started off, I feel pretty sure I could git along all right; but just as soon as I set down by Salina and begin to hunt around for the courage and determination I always leave outside the door, a dowed old knot about the size of a horse apple, runs up in my throat and chokes me mighty near to death."

"Uncle," said I, "just let me give you a little advice. You are a good deal older than I am, but I suspect I have had more experience than you along this particular line. If you will follow my directions, Salina Perkins will be Mrs. Salina Benton in less than six months.

"First, Uncle, you must dress up a little when you visit her this evening; ladies like to see a man spruced up, they respect him more; and second, you must give her plenty of 'taffy.'"

"I've done spent seventy-five cents already in peppermint drops and lozenges, and if it's done any good I've never been able to see it," replied Uncle Selma despairingly.

"Oh, not that Uncle. You must tell her how beautiful she is, praise her ruby lips, sparkling eyes and rippling hair, then come right out in plain old English and say: Salina, I love you!"

"Bub," cried Uncle Selma excitedly, "I'm going to follow your directions. I'm a going there this evening and I'll pop the question or bust, but say," and Uncle Selma assumed a confidential tone, "you must be close by all the time. There's a knot hole to the left of the front door and you must be there tonight with your eye to that hole and watch the proceedings; if you see I ain't going about the matter right, just give the blind a leetle rattle, and I'll take the hint and try a new tack." "All right, Uncle," said I with suspicious willingness. "I will be there and if you don't ask Aunt Salina to be Mrs. Benton in proper style, you will hear from that blind."

Uncle Selma's cabin, which was situated on rather a

high hill, commanded a good view of the surrounding country, and as I stepped from the door of his house a very pretty, rural scene met my eye. In front, the hill sloped gently downward until it reached the swift, but shallow waters of Rocky river. The banks of the river at this point were covered with a beautiful, luxuriant growth of grass, and the tinkling of innumerable cowbells could be heard, as the contented kine wandered about feeding on the rich, nutritious growth. As far as the eye could reach, could be seen busy laborers preparing the fertile soil for the crops that only Anderson county farmers can produce. "The decent church," as Goldsmith has it, occupied a gentle declivity on the right, while down in the hollow, surrounded by tall poplars and fanned by cooling breezes, where nature's songsters carolled forth their sweetest songs and the sweet, low gurgle of the limpid brook plays a musical accompaniment, Aunt Salina pursued the "even tenor of her way."

On my way home my head was full of the fun I was to see that night, for I knew Uncle Selma's love-making would vary a little from the regular style; something distinctively original. That night found me at the knot hole promptly, and having secured a good seat, I waited with patience for the show to begin. I was not there long, however, before I heard Uncle Selma stumping along the narrow path that led down to Aunt Salina's cabin. I could hear him stumbling over roots and rocks, and every now and then ejecting large volumes of spittle—a sure sign he was nervous. I must confess I was a little uneasy as to the outcome, for I was very anxious that these two old people should become as one; though I am afraid selfish desire was a large factor in my anxiety. If I wanted yarns, I went to Uncle Selma's; if I craved good victuals, I visited Aunt Salina's. If, however, as was often the case, I desired both at the same time, it was simply an impossibility; but by getting these two old people to enter into a life of "double blessedness," Aunt Salina's good cooking would eat a great deal better with the liberal sprinkling

of yarn sauce Uncle Selma was sure to pour on. Uncle Selma had by this time reached the door which he entered without knocking. "Good evening, Salina!"

"Why, Selma," and I saw Aunt Salina fairly shake with merriment, "you look as if you were going courting."

"May be I am, may be I am," said Uncle Selma solemnly. He had tried hard to follow my direction about sprucing up, but after looking him over, I doubted very much the wisdom of my advice. There was little if any improvement in his personal appearance. He wore a greenish colored coat of antiquated cut and style, about six inches too small everywhere and very much worn. His pants were of a dingy, indescribable hue and had evidently been cut during a long spell of wet weather, when everything draws up so. Around his neck was tied a large, sky-blue handkerchief, ornamented with white polka dots; while his well oiled hair plastered low down on his forehead glistened like a French mirror. But he had not stopped here as he should have done; he had blacked his one cow-hide shoe with stove polish and painted his wooden leg a flaming red, and as he stumped back and forth over the floor he certainly made a ridiculous figure. Uncle Selma seated himself on one side of the fire place, while Aunt Salina sat on the other. For a long while there was not a word spoken; Aunt Salina knitting demurely away and Uncle Selma chewing tobacco with wonderful energy, expectorating every few minutes with explosive force. I could see he was moving himself for the trial.

"Salina," said Uncle Selma, breaking the silence, "I've been thinking"—"aint that something uncommon for you to do, Selma?" asked Aunt Salina as Uncle paused.

"Salina, I'm down right in earnest. I'm as solemn as a—a graveyard, and I mean biz."

"Yes?" said Aunt Salina smilingly. Another pause.

"Salina, I—er—lets have supper," and Uncle breathed one of the most hopeless sighs I ever heard.

After supper Uncle Selma resumed his seat by the fire:

conversation languished. I began to grow impatient, for the night was chilly, and I was becoming very cold and cramped. I thought by rattling the blind I might hurry up matters a little, so I reached up, gave it a little shake, then dropped back to watch results.

"What's that, Selma?" asked Aunt Salina in a startled tone.

"Rats I guess, I've got used to them, they're all that keeps me company in my lonely hill-side cabin."

"Salina," said Uncle Selma again, "when one of my fishing rods gets old and weak, I splice it, that is I join to it another piece which strengthens it and makes it most as good as new; now Salina, I'm getting old and feeble, and if I aint spliced pretty soon, that is joined to something, I'm bound to go up the—er—spout."

"Selma, what in the world are you a driving at, here you've been all evening a saying Salina this and Salina that, and talking all kinds of random foolishness, what you after anyhow?"

"You!" shouted Uncle Selma in awful excitement. "Salina, I love you! I think about you day and night! I think about your ruby teeth, and yaller eyes, and blue hair, and white lips!" (Taffy.) "God a mighty only knows how I've thought, dreamed and sung about you. Salina, do you love me? Are you willing to share my humble cabin, love, cherish, cook and obey me till death do us part?"

"Well, Selma, there ain't no use yelling like I was on tother side of the river."

"Salina, this ain't no time for splitting hairs, one way or tother. What I want to know is, do you love me? Oh ple—please say yes! Don't fool with my old heart that's been free for over sixty years, don't turn away from me in my old age; see this crick in my neck? that's where I jumped through a window last night thinking I was saving you from an awful death. Oh Salina! Salina! Salina!"

Uncle Selma was down on his knees sobbing now, or rather blubbering, for that is the best name for the noise he was making. Aunt Salina did not seem to be in the least disturbed or ruffled.

"Selma," she said calmly, "I judge from your rather mixed remarks you want me to be your wife."

"That's it!" said Uncle Selma eagerly, "that's what I've been trying to say all the time. Will you?"

"Well, I reckon under the circumstances, I will."

"Oh Salina, do you mean it!" said Uncle Selma hardly able to believe his good fortune.

"Yes, or I wouldn't have said it," replied Aunt Salina in the same calm tone.

"Well, now, I'm going to bus you," said Uncle Selma laughing gleefully.

"No you ain't Selma, we're too old for that sort of foolishness."

No we ain't, Salina, any such thing. Come to your old betroth's bosom and let him embrace you."

"Oh Selma!" said Aunt Salina, covering her face with her hands and blushing like "sweet sixteen."

Uncle Selma rose pompously like one who has a solemn duty to perform, and stumped across the fire place "to give a lover's first warm kiss." But Aunt Salina was shy and backed into a corner, then started on a run around the room, with Uncle Selma stumping determinedly behind her.

"I'll overhaul you in a minute!" he shouted, "I'll bus them coral lips!"

Both were now shrieking with laughter. I noticed Aunt Salina wasn't running her best, and it wasn't long before Uncle Selma reached her. His right arm gently clasped her waist and—you know the rest. * *

It was a blissful scene I gazed in on now, and I cared naught for cold and cramp. Uncle Selma and Aunt Salina were sitting side by side with clasped hands, and happy smiles resting on their dear old faces, and as I beheld them thus, talking in the soft, low tones that only love can hear, I realized the truth of the poet's familiar lines: "There's something in the humblest love that makes it pure and holy."

J. AUGUSTUS SULLIVAN.

The Mind and its Developments.

Of all the creations and possessions of the earth, sea, and heaven, the mind is supremely the greatest.

It is the greatest of man, the greatest work of God, and is immortal.

The body may be the victim of disease, untold miseries and death: it may be buried beneath the soil, burned to ashes, devoured by wild animals, or find a watery grave beneath the surging billows of the ocean; but the mind can never die.

Than this established fact, there can be no greater incentives to the Greek, Latin, and Mathematical students, to persevere and unravel the technicalities that often becloud their minds and weaken self confidence; knowing that the obstacles surmounted, the truths assimilated, and the impressions retained, will not only prepare them for usefulness, success, and honor, in this life, but also prepare them for the attainment, the enjoyment, and the expansion of their minds in that unbounded sea of knowledge in that vast eternity.

Mind and its developments have converted barbarism, heathenism, and cannibalism, into an unparalleled civilization.

What was once an unsurpassable barrier between two mighty continents is now the highway of commerce. The crude ships that once sailed along the shores of the eastern continent have been replaced by great steamers that plough from shore to shore, unimpeded by cyclones, tornadoes, or waves a mountain high. Look at our own cities, the magnificent buildings that penetrate the blue azure of heaven. Visit their art galleries and see the artist as he puts life and expression into a piece of canvas, or look at the cold marble slab and see the sculptor as he converts it into a human being, the ideal of grace, health and beauty. Then look at the electric wires that flash the news from continent to continent; even steam and locomotives are vanishing before this, the greatest of forces.

And when we conceive of the rapid strides made in

every line of industry, the conveniences afforded, the inventions and achievements of mind, we wonder what will be the terminus of this civilization.

The mind has constructed stately vessels that throng our harbors, built railroads, dug tunnels, levelled mountains, changed the course of rivers, written books, sung songs, painted pictures, engraved images, and dreamed dreams. Yet, materialism, the greatest curse of the nineteenth century, is robbing society of its leaders; those who would adorn the bar or pulpit are selling themselves, flesh, blood, and souls, for the accursed metal.

The futility of materialism has been proven, while mind and its developments have withstood literary revolutions, the devastation of empires, and the wreck of time.

Go to the once proud cities of Rome and Athens, and search amid the wreckage of their illustrious dead; go to the American cemeteries, or the battle fields of Virginia and Carolina, and ask their heroic dust to whom does the heritage of historic approbation belong? Will they point you to Jay Gould or Cornelius Vanderbilt? No, a thousand times no! Their very dust will rise to stifle you into a confession, that only such men as Plato and Aristotle, Lee and Washinton, can never die.

Even God Himself recognized the worth of mind and its development, when he selected Moses, the most learned and skilled in all the arts and sciences of his time, to lead his chosen people from under the bonds of oppression and slavery, across a dark and bloody sea, through a dry and parched land, and afterwards bade him ascend Mt. Sinai, where amid the terrific thunders, the quaking of the earth, the flashing of the lightning, and the awful solemnity of that dark and smoky morning, He handed down to him the ten commandments to be expanded and handed down to us as the foundation of our civilization.

And since mind and its developments are of such transcendent importance, that no one can neglect its cultiva-

tion without violating God's law and diminishing his own peace and contentment in this world and the one to come, the young man, who, amid the books, newspapers, and periodicals of this day, pleads ignorance and poverty a preventive from receiving an education, is not worthy of the American name that he bears. It matters not whether he launches out on the stream of life beneath the banner of a college diploma, or like Bunyan, Burns, Shakespeare, and Franklin, realizing that he has an immortal mind, realizing the shortness of life and at the same time its possibilities, has kindled an inward flame of aspiration to achieve great and glorious success for himself, for the upbuilding of his fellows and fellow countryman, seizes every idle moment as a sacred trust and dedicates it to the development of that never dying spirit.

What can be more noble, grand, and glorious than a mind trained in the schools and colleges of our country, with an imagination that can conceive of all things, enjoy all things, and retain all things? It reverses time in its onward march, until it penetrates the dreary, musty, unexplored darkness that once, like some evil, ghastly spirit, veiled the globe in a sea of inky darkness. As it gazes out into the impenetrable darkness, it imagines that it is a spirit land and that it sees the Creator Himself, it hears the splashing of the waters as they are separated from the land, it hears man spoken into existence, and when it beholds for the first time a brilliant luminary set in the eastern heavens, its admiration is unbounded. It sees the tower of Babel pointing heavenward, witnesses the confusion of tongues, and boards the Ark with Noah as he drifts on the bosom of the prevailing floods. It flees the sulphurous flames of Sodom and Gomorrah, beholds the glory of the eastern empire, and gazes upon the proud cities that have since sunk to the lowest degradation beneath the yoke of materialism, ignorance and barbarism. It sees Antony, charmed by the dazzling beauty of Cleopatra, sacrifice name, fame, and character, for the gratification of the consuming fires of a never satisfied passion. It sees Columbus, fired with the dar-

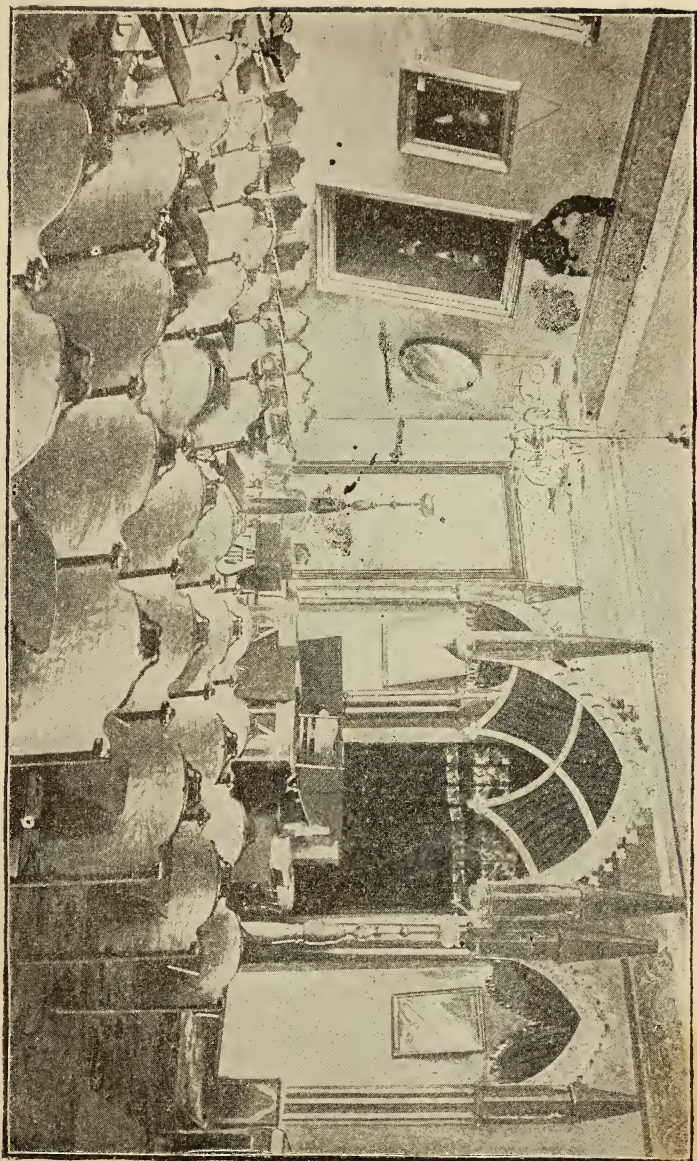
ing resolves of genius, sailing the trackless, unknown, western waters, and as he anchors beneath the shady wilds of America, it sees the red man, wild animals, and forests vanish as a misty morning in June, while villages, cities, schools, and colleges, spring from the valleys, hill-tops, and mountain sides, a civilization without a parallel in all ancient, mediæval, and modern history. Then coming to our present time, it calls around it, as divines, Talmage, Beecher, and Spurgeon; as warriors, Alexander, Napoleon, and Stonewall Jackson; as statesmen, Burke, Webster, Calhoun, and Cleveland, the living monuments of mind and its developments.

It penetrates the dim unknown future, witnesses revolutions in art, science, literature, and music; it explores, measures, and weighs worlds yet uncreated; it sees the world Christianized, and hears the English language spoken the universal speech of the world.

It experiences the unpleasant mysteries of the grave, hears Gabriel blow his trumpet, witnesses the conflagrations of the last day, soars aloft, where amid the most enchanting, heart-rending, soul-inspiring music, made by Cherubim and Seraphim that throng the Celestial City, it is ushered by angelic forms along the golden street to the right hand of Christ Jesus, the Son of God, who sits enthroned beneath the radiancy of God, the Father, and there receives a pass-port into all the joys, pleasures, and bliss of an everlasting eternity.

J. C. ROPER.





THE CATHOUN LITERARY SOCIETY HALL.

The History of The Calhoun Literary Society.

(Written for the Journal by Geo. W. Fooshe.)

Among the first thoughts that present themselves to those who are in charge of a literary institution for serious consideration is that of establishing a Literary Society; and too, there is nothing more needed by the average student-body than something of this kind. Both faculty and students realizing the above to be true, the sweet, silvery-toned bell of Wofford College had not long chimed forth its melodious calls to duty before it summoned the students to meet for the purpose of organizing a Literary Society. This meeting was held in the room now used by the Latin Professor, which is situated in the third floor of the right wing of the College building, and action was begun at once. Mr. S. M. Dawkins was called to the chair. The first thing in order being the naming of the Society, Prof. Duncan suggested several names, chief among which were those of Jno. C. Calhoun and Hugh Legare. Feeling the debt of gratitude that they as Southerners owed to his memory, realizing that in him were combined all the noble principles of manhood and character, and believing his life to be a model well worth building upon, the students unanimously agreed upon calling the Society the Calhoun Literary Society, in order that they might thus perpetuate his memory in the hearts of those who loved him so much.

Dr. Carlisle, then a professor in the institution, submitted to the gentlemen a constitution which he himself had drawn up. This was adopted at once, and the names of those present affixed thereto. Mr. S. M. Dawkins was then made permanent chairman for the next two months, thus going down in the records of the Society as its first President.

The Society was begun on a very small scale. The meetings were continued in the same room, the Society hall itself not being completed. The furniture of the room consisted only of a chair and a table for the President, the members using the recitation benches. There

was no place to keep the minutes of the successive meetings except in the President's room, and in this way some of the records of the Society have been misplaced. On this account it is impossible to find out the officers of the first administration.

At first, the chief part of the exercises consisted of a debate, of miscellaneous business, and of reports of officers. Essays were not introduced as a part of the regular proceedings until some time in the year 1860, and declamation was introduced still later, in 1879. Before either of these, however, a monthly oration was made a permanent feature of the Society. According to one of the first members of the Society now living in Spartanburg, the chief benefits accruing from the weekly meetings were to be found in the cultivation and attainment of an easy, graceful style of speaking, and in the knowledge of Parliamentary laws and proceedings. There was no library connected with the Society at this time, and members could not find such books of reference as were helpful in the preparation of their debates. They had to rely wholly upon the kindness of their friends in town for reading matter of any kind, and especially for special books of reference. However, with all the odds against the the debaters, the debates, according to the secretary, were always very good.

The place of meeting was changed from the room already mentioned to the present hall Jan. the 20th, 1854. Having come into a new place, it was necessary to buy some furniture for the hall. On motion it was ordered that a committee be appointed to purchase such things as were most needed. Common split-bottom chairs for the use of members, and a chair and a neatly varnished pine table for the use of the President were obtained at once. The treasury being almost deplete, the initiation fee was changed to three times its former amount. As fast as money came into the treasury it was spent in buying such things as were most important. The bare walls and the general appearance of the hall were in very striking contrast to its present richness and beauty.

On the second night of meeting in the Calhoun hall

proper, a badge committee was appointed. This committee submitted to the Society for consideration a rosette of white and blue ribbon. This was adopted as a temporary badge, and had to be worn at all of the meetings of the Society and at the public exercises of the college, a member not wearing one being subject to fine. After much trouble, and after many failures on the part of the committees, the present one, a Palmetto tree with two shields resting against its trunk on which are graven the initials of the Society and motto, and on the bottom the date of organization, was proposed by Hon. Sam'l Dibble, then a member of the Society, was accepted, and permanently adopted by the Society Nov. 3, 1855. In regard to being worn, it was for a long while subject to the same law as the temporary rosette badge. As to whether a badge is worn now, it is merely a matter of personal choice.

In 1856, the President was dignified by the wearing of a black silk gown. Until this time no official robes had been used in the Society, and to the present day it remains the only one used.

The custom of awarding diplomas to those to whom the faculty awarded them was established early in the history of the Society, and is still prevalent.

The prerogative of deciding all debates was once vested in the President, but as this did not meet the approbation of the second generation of students, that power was taken from that officer in 1860, and all debates since then have been decided by the society, the roll being called after each debate, and each member answering 'affirmative' or 'negative.'

There was also another strange custom established in the society until quite recently. The Secretary was often instructed to cast the vote of the society for an officer, instead of allowing each member to vote. In the light of modern Parliamentary law, such a law could not stand, and was accordingly repealed, the society now voting at elections by roll-call instead.

The Calhoun Society suffered much during its earlier days. While quite in her infancy the war came upon

the South, and her halls were emptied to help fill the ranks of the Confederate army. All exercises were suspended from Dec., 1863 to March, 1866, on account of not having enough members to carry on the regular order of business. Officers were reduced and every effort made, but all was of no avail. During this time the Calhouns and Prestons held their meetings together. In March 1866, the Calhoun Society withdrew from the "consolidated society," and again opening her doors, and declaring herself still an organized body, resumed business, and entered upon that useful career that has lasted to the present generation of students with an unbroken and ever-increasing interest. During this trying time eleven of her worthy sons were slain; but did they not die a glorious death fighting for the cause which Calhoun had advocated with so much power and eloquence—Calhouns in two respects—Calhouns bearing in their breasts the same sentiments that Calhoun had borne, and Calhouns cherishing in their hearts the love and memory of that Society which bore his name? The blank page in her records; sacred to the memory of each, tells the tale of death and sorrow. The Calhoun Society is not what she is without knowing what death in her secret chambers means. Four times have her hall and members been draped in mourning, and four times have her minutes been broken by the record of a brother fallen on the way.

The time of the meeting of the Society has been quite unstable. Until March, 1860, it met on Friday nights. In 1860, it divided itself into two sessions, one held on Friday nights, the other on Saturday mornings. In 1861 it again changed to the one session of Saturday mornings, and remained thus until 1868, when it again returned to the two sessions as once before. The two sessions per week continued until Nov., 1887, when the two were consolidated into one, as it is at the present time. During the time of the two sessions, debate, miscellaneous business, and reports of officers, was the order of business on Friday nights, and essays and declamation, miscellaneous business and reports of officers, that on Saturday mornings.

The celebrations of the Society are quite interesting also. In the early stages of its history it celebrated the anniversary of Jno. C. Calhoun's birthday, and kept this up for a good many years, the last recorded being that of his one hundredth birthday in 1882. Another celebration of the Calhoun Society, conjointly with that of the Preston, is the anniversary of Benj. Wofford's birthday on the third Friday night of October. On this night, each Society furnishes one speaker from the Senior Classes.

The public exercises of the Society once consisted of a debate by four of its members in the College chapel in June. This has slightly changed in later years, the Calhouns and Prestons together having a debate in which four men, two from each Society, take part. This is known as the Junior debate, and is held in the College chapel on Monday night of commencement week. The Presidents of the two Societies preside over this debate alternately. Before the consolidation of the debate it was customary for the Calhoun Society to elect a person not a member of the Society, to preside over it. It was also customary before this change, for the Calhoun Society, to award a medal to the debater making the best speech. Since that time the debater's medal has changed into an essayist's medal, which is a medal awarded by the Society to that member of either of the three lower classes who writes the best essay. These essays are handed in to a committee of gentlemen, and voted upon by them. The medal is presented to the successful competitor immediately after the Junior debate.

As already stated the furniture of the hall was quite scanty at first. To those things purchased immediately after moving into the hall, a carpet was added in 1859. This was obtained by assessing each member three dollars and fifty cents. A little later, the hall was whitewashed and a chandelier and table covering and curtains were added thereto. Thus little by little improvements went on, until in 1870 a new set of furniture was bought, and the hall quite remodeled. In 1889 a new set of furniture was purchased. This gratified

the æsthetic taste of that generation of students, but in 1891 and 1893 the final touches were given which have placed the Calhoun Society hall among the prettiest of the South. In '91, the old furniture was disposed of and new opera chairs secured at a cost of two hundred and thirty-five dollars. In '93 the hall was almost completely remodelled. The walls and ceiling were papered in beautiful designs, and all the wood-work varnished to match the chairs and paper, nothing being left unchanged except the tapestry and portions of the canopy around the President's stand.

The most valuable portion of the property belonging to the Society consists of the portraits that adorn its walls. The Society now has the following portraits: one of Jno. C. Calhoun; one of Dr. Jas. H. Carlisle; two of Prof. Warren DuPre; one of Pres. A. M. Shipp; one of Dr. Whiteford Smith; and two of Bishop Wightman. These all hang on the walls of the Society hall. There are two others—one of Geo. Washington and one of Robt. E. Lee—that are placed on the floor on each side of the President's stand. That of Jno. C. Calhoun cost the Society one hundred and fifty dollars. It was bought in April, 1881 and unveiled in May of the same year, at which ceremony speeches were made by Messrs. D. R. Duncan, John Evings and a Mr. Thomson. The portrait of Dr. Shipp was bought from the Preston Society in 1878, at a cost of fifty-five dollars. The remainder of these, so far as can be ascertained, were presented to the Society, although nothing definite is known in regard to them, as only two are recorded as being presented—that of W. C. Preston by Dr. J. F. Wightman in the name of his son Pinckney; and that of Bishop Wightman by Rev. Geo. W. Walker. Both of these were framed by the Society, and now add much to the appearance of the hall. In addition to the portraits there are several other things in the hall that are important in their way. The Ordinance of Secession and the last speech of Jno. C. Calhoun are both framed, and occupy a very prominent place in the hall. There are also several Class and Society pictures and a few minor things

of that kind that are of little value to the Society, in any way.

As intimated in the beginning, the library was very small during its early history, and had to remain so for some time on account of lack of money in the treasury. Little by little it accumulated, partly by the individual efforts of some of its members, partly by the efforts of the Society as a whole, and partly also by the kindness of the many friends of the Society, who have never lacked interest in its welfare. It was once required that each member present one book to the Society at the beginning of each year. This, however, was discontinued in a very short time, and a regular library fee was imposed upon each member, to be vested in a committee appointed for the purpose of buying such books as it deemed best. This library fee is still imposed, and each year sees something added to the library. There has always been, and is still, a librarian whose duty it is to keep a neat and correct record of all the books taken out by the members. The law that a book could be kept out only two weeks without, and four weeks with, renewal was passed very early and is still in effect. There was once a custom allowing the corresponding secretary to subscribe for magazines and periodicals for the library. This has been discontinued, and most of the magazines sold. It was once allowed that members might keep out books during vacation, but as a good many books were misplaced in this way, this is no longer permitted under any circumstances. The library now contains about two thousand volumes. Of this number about sixty or seventy-five are taken out each week. However the library will not remain in the Calhoun hall much longer. The motion to consolidate the Calhoun, College and Preston libraries into one has been passed this year by the members of the two Societies, and agreed to by the faculty, and will go into effect as soon as possible. The consolidated library will be in the present Reading-Room of the College.

The Constitution of the Society has gradually grown from the first meeting to the present time. Every few

weeks have seen some addition to the original one adopted at the first meeting. It is now a very excellent one—covering almost all of the rules that are necessary for a Society like that of ours. Robert's Rules of Order is used as a supplement to it, the two making an almost complete code of laws.

The Calhoun Society numbers among its honorary members many who are representative of all that is high and noble in life and character. We are rightly proud of many whom we are able to number thus, and congratulate those who have nursed the Calhoun Society through its infancy and maintained its principles during its growth upon having elected many of those whose sympathy and aid they have thus enlisted in our behalf, and upon the fine judgment which they have displayed in making up this list. We feel that an interest in and a love for the Society has been thus instilled into the hearts and lives of many who have never graced our hall with their presence.

The conduct of the gentlemen of the Society has always necessarily been of a very high order. Nothing less than a gentleman's behavior in a lady's parlor has ever been considered as a standard. All that have ever fallen below such a standard have been duly punished in the way the Society adopted long ago.

At no time in the history of the Society has any member been guilty of showing gross disrespect to the presiding officer, or to any other member during a session of the Society. Courtesy has always been and is still a very prominent part of every member's conduct.

Officers of the Society have always been elected every two months. In this way the interests of the Society have been highly advanced—each new President striving to make his administration the most successful in the history of the Society. The same courtesy that the President has received from the members has been shown by him to the members. There is not a record of a single discourteous or ungentlemanly act done by any of those who have had this honor conferred upon them.

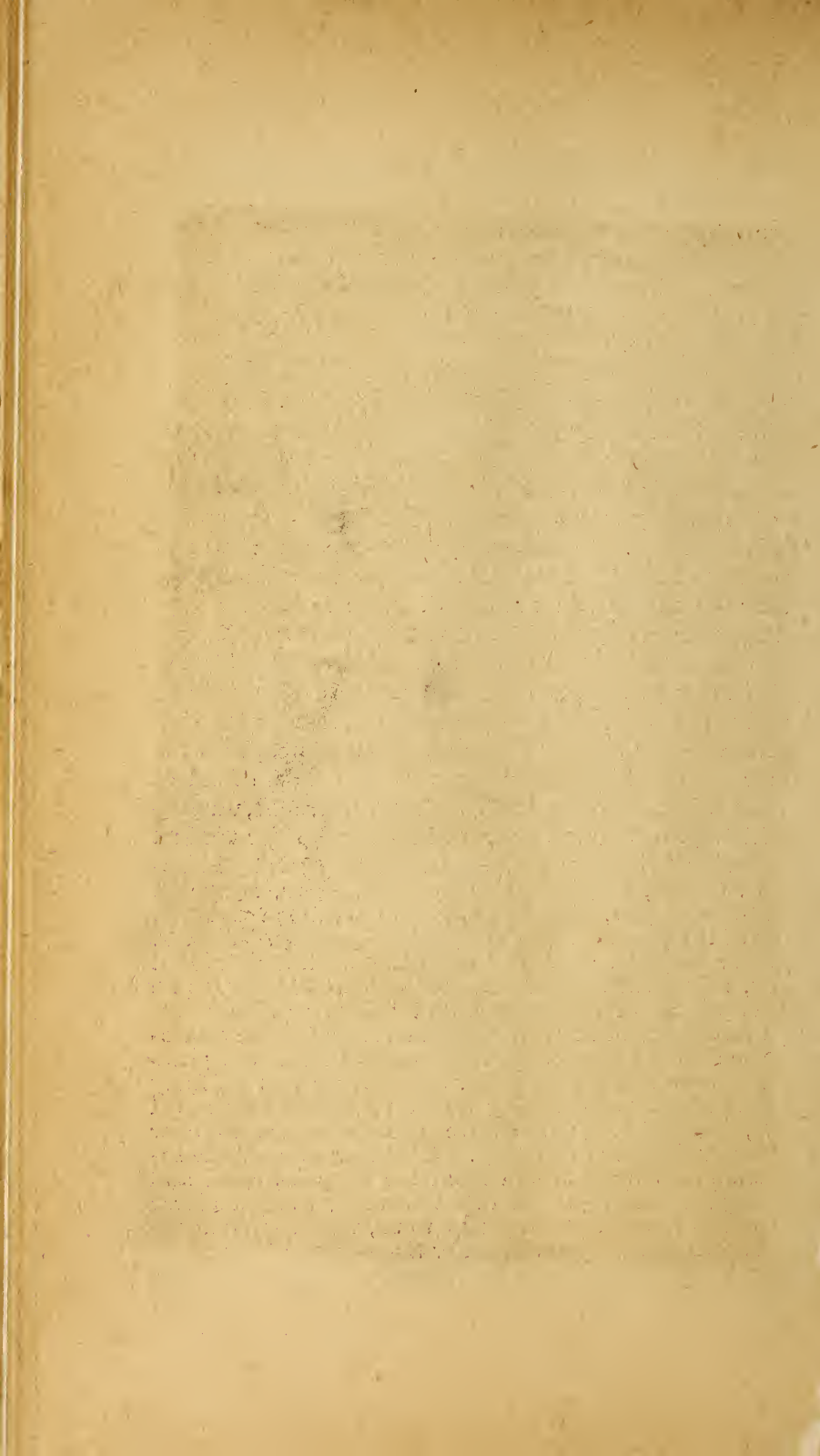
Until sometime in the year 1891, there was left no

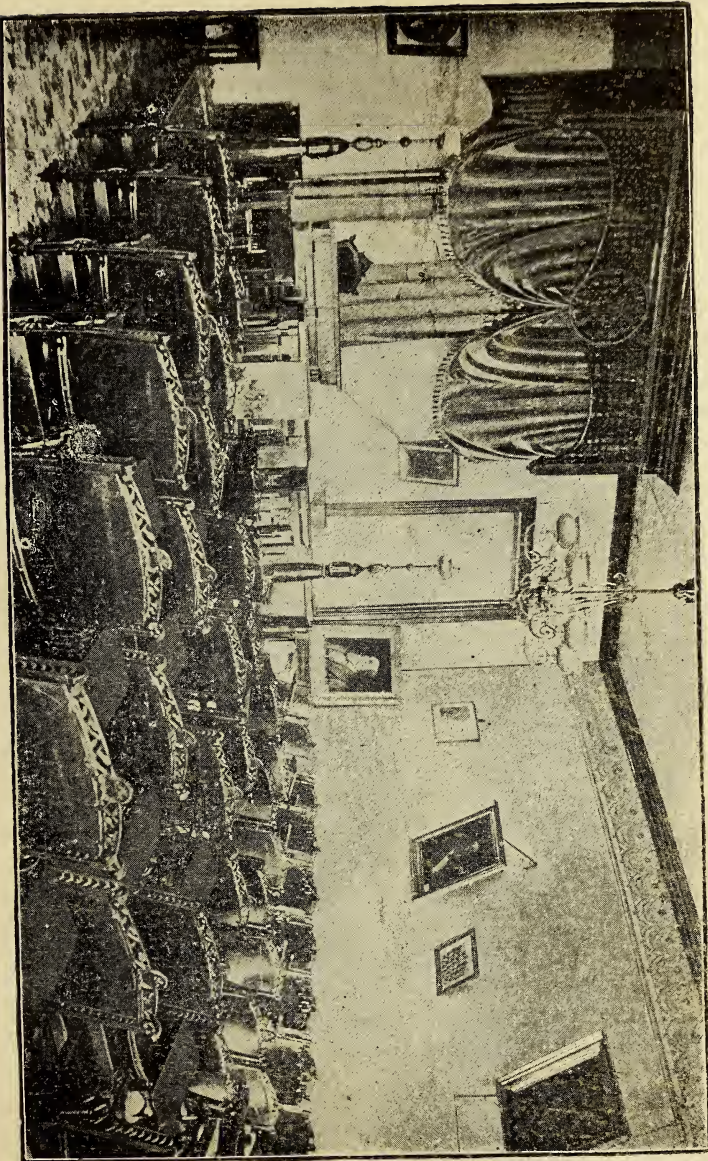
record of a person's having been President of the Society save his name affixed to the minutes. Since then, however, it has been required that each President should have his photograph taken while wearing the gown, and that such a photograph should be placed in the President's album, an album bought and kept by the Society for that purpose.

A new feature was introduced into the Society last year which was quite as interesting as novel. An open session of the Society was held to which all the friends of the Society were invited. The regular order of business was carried out, in order that our friends might see how the Society was conducted, and also in what condition it then was. It was a very enjoyable occasion, and is worthy of being tried again, inasmuch as it stirs up among the members a feeling of pride in the Society, and thus encourages them to do better work.

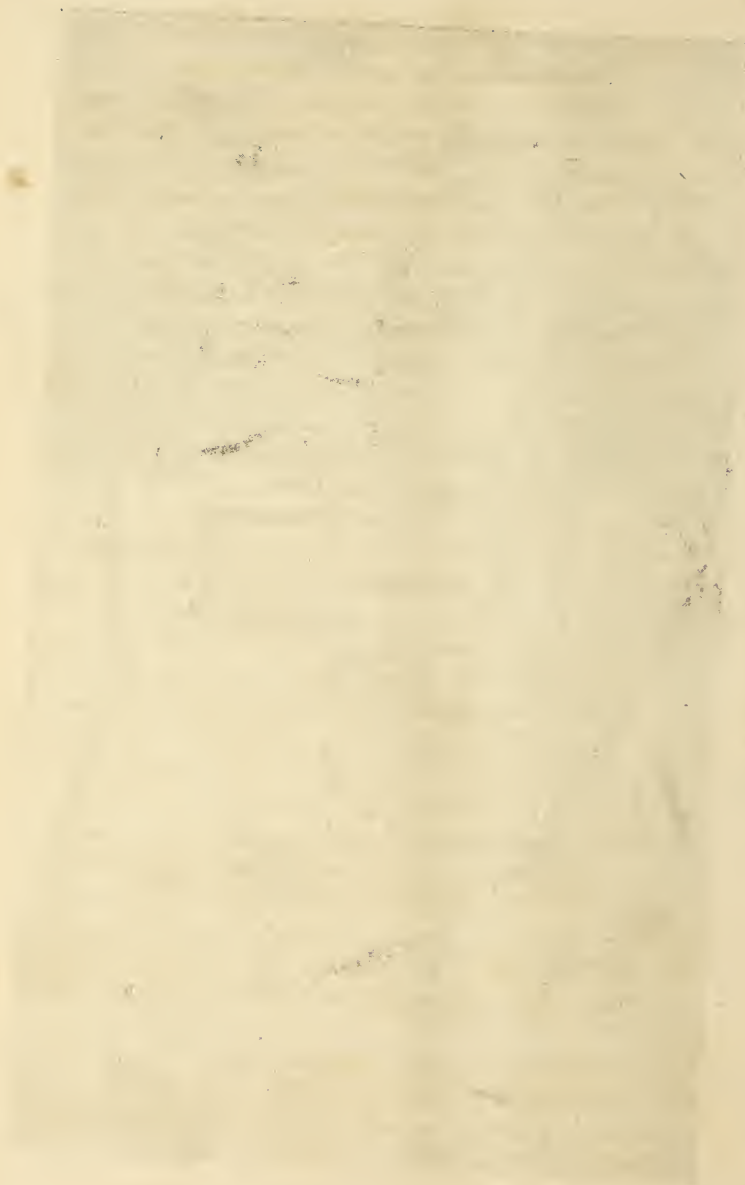
The constitution of the Calhoun Society is partly the basis of that of the Carlisle Society of Converse College; it will soon rule the Calhoun Society of Clemson College; a sketch of our Society's history now rests beneath the corner stone of the monument on the battle field of Cowpens, but above all this, a silent, untraced, unwritten history lies in the hearts of those who for the last forty years have been a part of it. The old walls themselves, decked in gayer and prettier colors, it is true, look down upon, and silently impress upon us the story of the past and the story of the present. Jno. C. Calhoun himself, reclining upon the wall, dressed in a black, silk gown, the emblem of official dignity, as he stood Speaker of the Senate, and holding in his hands the Constitution of the United States, seems to be guarding the sacred honor of his namesake and speaking into our lives the message of duty, and telling us that forty years of history are looking down upon us from yondered walls, and bidding us, as we are Calhouns, to bear Calhoun's banner to victory. Catching some of the inspiration that beams forth from his deep-set eyes, and hearing the message which that firm-set, though closer and silent mouth, still speaks to us, we are striving to hand down the Calhoun Literary Society in a better condition than that in which we found it.

Nov. 29th, 1894.





THE PRESTON LITERARY SOCIETY HALL.



The Preston Literary Society.

(Written for the Journal by J. Eric Warnock.)

Up to October, 1858, the Calhoun Society was the only literary society at Wofford College. The Faculty always placed great importance on the training to be derived from the literary society, and consequently required all the students to become members of it. At the beginning of the session of 1858 the number of students seemed to justify the formation of another society, and the Faculty, concurring with a number of the students in the opinion that two competitive societies would accomplish much more good than one, recommended that another be organized.

Accordingly on Saturday night, October 9, 1858, Thos. E. Dawkins, of the Junior class, who came over from the Calhoun Society; A. A. Connor, F. D. Houser, Clarence McCartha, R. W. Simpson, A. S. Summers, Alfred Tolleson, J. E. Williams, of the Sophomore class; J. T. Austin, J. A. Bailey, P. S. DeHay, W. S. Hall, J. A. Keitt, W. E. Mauldin, H. A. McSwain, Z. L. Nabers, N. D. Oglesby, J. W. Riley and J. J. Snow, of the Freshman class, met in the hall that is still used by the Society, and effected the organization. Mr. A. J. Stokes, a member of the Calhoun Society, being an earnest advocate of forming the new Society, met with them, was called to the chair and presided over the meetings until the constitution and by-laws were adopted and the first corps of officers were elected—when he returned to the Calhoun Society. On the evening of this first meeting the hall was entirely destitute of furniture except two benches and a little table on which stood two tallow candles.

Thos. Dawkins, R. W. Simpson and Clarence McCartha were appointed a committee to draw up a constitution and by-laws, to which much time and thought were given.

On the following Saturday evening, October 16, the Society met in its hall and the constitution was adopted. This is the first meeting of which there is any record.

The first officers of the Society recorded are: Thos. E. Dawkins, President; W. E. Mauldin, Vice-President; J. J. Snow, Secretary; Clarence McCartha, Critic; T. C. Williams, Treasurer; J. E. Williams, Librarian; and J. E. Williams, Monthly Orator, all of whom were elected November 27, 1858. On this evening Mr. McCartha, having previously been appointed Monthly Orator, delivered the first monthly oration, the subject of which was "Ambition." After this the Society met regularly every Saturday evening.

At some time during the first few weeks of this year Mr. J. H. Sturtevant left the Calhoun Society and joined the new one and was very efficient in building up the Society. Several other men were initiated from time to time. During this year many difficulties faced the young Society; but the members very liberally supported it, some giving as much as twenty-five, fifty, and even one hundred dollars at a time. Thus by the end of the year the members out of their own pockets had carpeted the room; built book cases and a rostrum for the President; purchased chandeliers, a table and a chair for each member, and a handsome gown and chair for the President. In fact they had furnished the hall equally as well as the older Society. A large number of books also had been either purchased by the Society or presented to it by friends. Each member was also required to present to the Society at the beginning of each session at least one volume.

The members asked Dr. Carlisle to suggest a name for their Society. As the object of the Society was principally to encourage oratory, he very naturally suggested the name of Preston—meaning Wm. C. Preston, South Carolina's greatest orator. This name was immediately adopted and a committee appointed to notify Preston of it. The following reply of Preston is framed and hangs in the Preston Hall:

"CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA., 4th November 1858.

To the committee of the Preston Society of Wofford College.

Mr. Chairman and gentlemen:

Here beyond the borders of our dear state, I have just received your note informing me of the honor you have done me by giving my name to your Society and by electing me an honorary member of it. These tokens of respect are exceedingly touching to me coming from ingenuous young men engaged in the pursuit of a liberal education. I suppose that the honor which you do me is suggested by my known sympathy with your time of life and your pursuits, and perhaps too by your knowledge of the interest I have always felt in your young and vigorous college. Whatever has prompted this touching token of kindness to a retired and broken-down old man he is very sensible of and thankful for it, which I pray you gentlemen to apprise the Society of; and to you gentlemen, who have been the organs of the Society's kindness, I beg leave to present respectful salutations from your obedient servant.

WM. C. PRESTON."

The following, relative to the Preston Society, is quoted from a letter of Preston to Miss Mabel Martin and speaks for itself:

"What you tell me of the *Preston* Society at Wofford goes very much to my heart. I must signalize my sensibility to it by some present to the dear boys. What shall it be? I have a cone cut from the tomb of Patrick Henry—that's hardly fit. I have his family Bible—that is more proper for some one of his religious descendants. What then shall I give them in testimony of the honor conferred by naming their Society after me? Nelly Rion has a little volume of printed things of mine containing my Eulogy on Legare which Syd. Johnston said 'was not badly done.' Shall I put into it some autograph letters of General Campbell, of Patrick Henry, and General Scott and thus making it valuable give it to them? Let me have your taste about the matter."

"As a token of his appreciation (as he expressed it) of the honor conferred upon him by the Society's giving to itself his name," says an old member, "Preston gave the Society the small bust of Patrick Henry, his great Uncle, which is now in the Preston Hall." Preston intended to visit the Society and present it himself, but on ac-

count of his bad health he was able to get no farther than Columbia, S. C., where he died; so Mr. William Martin during the commencement of 1860 delivered it to the Society in the Preston Hall in the presence of the members, the honorary members present, the Calhoun Society, and the Faculty and Trustees. "At the same time he delivered the dying message of this grand old statesman and orator: 'Give this bust of Patrick Henry to the Preston Literary Society of Wofford College and say to those dear boys, God bless them.'" Mr. R. W. Simpson being President at the time, accepted the bust and responded to Mr. Martin's address.

The selection of a badge seems also to have been a very difficult matter to settle. Concerning this Mr. Simpson says:

"Prof. David Duncan suggested incorporating into it the idea of the triumphal wreath and celestial crown. At first we merely asked the manufacturers to embody this idea in a badge. The sample they sent us was simply ridiculous—the wreath being of the same shape and size all round and the 'teeth' all pointing the same way." Mr. Simpson then drew the representation of the present badge which was promptly adopted and sent to Charleston where the first badge was made. After quite a number had been made it was found that they were far below the standard for trinket gold; so they were all returned and new ones were then made of better gold. In regard to the badges it may be noteworthy that on May 21, 1859 a by-law was passed: "That the members be compelled to wear their badges at every regular meeting of the Society." Now, however, it is solely a matter of individual taste whether or not a member wears a badge.

"During the spring session of 1859, preparations were begun for commencement, such as electing orator, marshals, and managers for the entertainment then usually given to the graduating class. These matters brought on a tremendous struggle between the two Societies. The Calhouns had the larger membership and wanted all these persons elected by the college students in a

body. To this the Prestons objected because they reasonably feared that they would all be selected from the Calhoun Society, and if this were done we would have a poor chance to get our share of the new comers the next session, as boys would naturally join the Society that held the honors." There were many meetings of the students relative to this subject in the Chapel, and it was finally decided that the Preston Society should elect the orator, the chief marshal, three managers, and three marshals, and that the Calhoun should elect the chief manager, three managers, with the agreement that the next year, the orator and chief marshal, thus alternating each year in the election of chief marshal and annual orator. After this a friendly and wholesome rivalry sprang up between the two Societies which has continued to this day.

The Society prospered and continued to grow until the war came on. The last recorded meeting was held June 16, 1860, but the Society was in operation until November 9, '61. On October 4, 1867, the Society met for the first time since the war, and all the members, eleven, were present. From the records of this time, we conclude that none of our active members fell in battle. They immediately revised the constitution, consolidating many of the offices and making such changes as time and growth demanded. Since that time the Society has had a very prosperous career and by a natural, but graded process of evolution has greatly extended its fields of usefulness.

In the beginning, the Society met on Saturday night only; but soon began to meet twice a week, on Friday nights and Saturday mornings. This lasted till the war, after which, however, it met regularly on Friday nights till May 8, 1863 when it again adopted the plan of meeting twice a week.

On March 2, 1888, the members becoming more economic in their use of time, dispensed with the Saturday morning session, crowding all the business into one long session.

The Society has always given diplomas to its mem-

bers who graduate—a very beautiful and becoming custom. Many are the associations that may be recalled by the sight of an old and faded diploma. We often cherish in after life those things that we now think lightly of.

On every alternate year the Preston Society elects one of its honorary members to make the annual address before the two literary Societies. The first annual address to the Preston Society was delivered July 12, 1859 by Hon. Jas. D. Tradewell, of Columbia, S. C., the subject of his address being "Government."

Before 1889 it was customary for each society to hold an annual debate in its own hall, an honorary member having been chosen to preside, and four members to debate a question previously presented by the query committee. The Preston Society always held this debate on Tuesday evening of commencement week, and the first annual Preston debate was on July 7, '68, Hon. Simpson Bobo being the presiding officer. Immediately after the debate was decided the President delivered the diplomas to the graduating members and then the valedictory address was delivered. The members, honorary members, and invited guests only attended these meetings. But in '89 the Societies so arranged it that these exercises were consolidated and held on Monday evenings in the College Chapel, to which the public is invited. This is now known as the Junior debate and the Presidents of the two Societies alternate each year in presiding. Each Society now elects only two members from the Junior class to debate. Formerly the Preston Society awarded a medal to the debater who made the best speech, but since the change, this medal is given to the member who writes the best essay and is called the "essay medal."

The Calhoun and Preston Societies also celebrate the the third Friday of October, the anniversary of Benjamin Wofford's birthday. On this evening a member of each Society chosen from the Senior class delivers an oration. It is an interesting fact that formerly the names of the Presidents were kept secret; so whenever

there was any such entertainment in the Chapel, quite an expectant audience watched the two doors through which the Societies entered to see who the Presidents were—each Society led by its President entering the Chapel through the door nearest its hall.

Monthly Orations have always been delivered in the Preston Society with the exception of the four years, 1886-9 inclusive, and are found to add much to the interest of the Society. Essays and debates seem to have been conducted from the first very much as now; but the first declamations seem to have been had on November 15, 1867. Before this time the President simply appointed the essayists and debaters.

Only in two instances during the whole history of our Society have the pages of our minute book been darkened by the death of a student member—one page being dedicated to the memory of J. E. Beard, of Abbeville county, and another to that of F. E. Murray, of Orangeburg.

In January, 1889, appeared the first number of the *WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL*. THE JOURNAL is an organ of the Calhoun and Preston Societies and is published under their auspices.

The library has steadily grown till now it contains nearly 2,000 volumes and has ever been the pride of the Preston Society. Quite recently, however, a motion has passed each Society whereby the libraries will shortly be consolidated with that of the College.

On the Preston roll of honorary members are the names of many distinguished Americans.

The Preston Hall is now very elegantly furnished and every convenience is offered its members, being lighted by gas, well heated, recently equipped with handsome opera chairs, and beautifully carpeted. Moreover the President's stand has lately been remodelled and the walls repapered. It must not be thought, however, that the Society has turned its attention rather to improving and beautifying its hall than to the intellectual advancement of its members; for its members, while striving for the æsthetic as well as the intellectual spirit, ever strive to maintain that dignity of debate and decorum

which has always been characteristic of our Society.

Besides the bust of Patrick Henry, already mentioned, there are in the Preston Hall two that were given by Dr. Carlisle, one of F. H. Elmore and one of Gen'l. Geo. McDuffie. The Society regrets very much that its bust of Wm. C. Preston was accidentally broken several years ago but hopes to be able to procure another. Conspicuous on its walls also are engravings of Thomas E. Dawkins, its first President, R. E. Lee and Staff, "Stonewall" Jackson, Jefferson Davis, Dr. Whiteford Smith, and John S. Preston; large pictures of Dr. Jas. H. Carlisle, Dr. Warren DuPre, and Geo. Washington; a copy of the Ordinance of Secession and one of Rembrandt Peale's "Court of Death;" and portraits of Dr. Carlisle, Dr. DuPre, and Wm. Preston. Directly under this portrait of Preston is a marble tablet inserted in the wall on which are engraved Preston's dying words; "God bless those dear boys at Spartanburg."

Wofford College Journal.

A LITERARY JOURNAL. Published monthly by the Calhoun and Preston Literary Societies.

Address all general matters to Geo C Leonard, Editor in Chief; all communications to H. J. Shoemaker, Literary Editor; all exchange matters to J. Arthur Wiggins, Exchange Editor; all alumni matters to B. H. Henderson, Alumni Editor; all local matters to S. H. McGhee, Local Editor; all matters of advertising subscriptions and finance to J. C. Royster, Business Manager.

No article will be published unless the author's name and address have been deposited with the editor.

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WOFFORD COLLEGE, NOVEMBER, 1894.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

GEO. C. LEONARD, - - - - Editor.

Prof. Chas. B. Smith.

The election of the Rev. Chas. B. Smith, by the Board of Trustees of Wofford College, to the Financial Agency and Chair of Metaphysics is a most happy selection. It is putting the right man into the right place. Prof. Smith is a young man, brainy, energetic and full of enthusiasm, and will doubtless come up to the hopes of his most sanguine friends.

He was born near Lynchburg, S. C., Oct. 14, 1858. His father was a member of the South Carolina Conference. On his father's side, Prof. Smith is of English descent; on his mother's, Scotch-Irish. He began school at a very early age, but owing, as he says, to the fact that the country school is rather an uncertain quantity, his attendance was not regular. However, he spent part of every year in school until he was fifteen. Then for two years he studied very little. During his seventeenth year he studied six months under his brother, Dr. A. Coke Smith. Entering the Freshman class at Wofford in his eighteenth year, he continued for three years,

completing his Junior year, but owing to certain peculiar circumstances, he did not graduate. His record in college, both for scholarship and moral character, was excellent. After leaving college, he spent over two years on the farm, but having felt a call to the ministry, he joined the South Carolina Conference at Greenville, S. C. in 1882. Since that time he has been actively engaged in the itinerant ministry. All but one year of his ministerial life has been given to work on stations. He is a fine preacher and speaker and stands high among his brethren of the Conference, while, by his genial, friendly manners, he has won a warm place in the hearts of his parishioners. We are extremely fortunate in securing him at Wofford.

Since leaving college Prof. Smith has been a close student. The Rev. Jno. O. Wilson in the Advocate of Dec. 9, says: "We know that Brother Smith has been a close student for several years of the very branches which he will be called to teach, if he succeeds to the chair of Brother Kilgo. He is ready to do all the work required of him."

We bespeak for Prof. Smith a most hearty welcome by the whole body of students. The Senior and Junior classes are anxiously waiting his arrival. No choice the Trustees and Conference could have made would have been more satisfactory to the whole body of students.

Thanksgiving.

The date of the first observance of this institution, which at present is distinctively American, seems to be somewhat in doubt. According to the American Cyclopædia, the first day of Thanksgiving on record was observed at Leyden, Holland, Oct. 3, 1575, in commemoration of the first anniversary of the deliverance of that city from siege.

The first day of Thanksgiving in America seems to have been observed, 1621, by order of Gov. Bradford at

the ingathering of the first harvest of the Plymouth colonist. In July, 1623, owing to continued drought, a day of fasting and prayer was proclaimed. While praying, God graciously sent rain in abundance, and being overwhelmed with thanks and gratitude, the governor proclaimed a day of Thanksgiving, which was observed with strict religious ceremony. Again in 1631, according to the Charlestown records, a day of fasting was turned into one of Thanksgiving, owing to the arrival of ships from Ireland bringing provisions.

Several of the colonies occasionally observed a day of Thanksgiving, but Massachusetts Bay colony was the first to make an annual appointment by proclamation of its governor. Some years more than one day was observed in prayer and thanksgiving. The appointments in the early part of the year were usually observed on account of some special providence, usually the arrival of ships with supplies; the later appointments came late in the fall or early winter and were observed in commemoration of the ingathering of the crops, hence some authorities think that the custom was suggested by the Jewish feast of tabernacles.

During the revolution a day of Thanksgiving was observed throughout the nation by recommendation of Congress. But after the general Thanksgiving for peace in 1784, there was no appointment until Washington, by recommendation of Congress, appointed a day of Thanksgiving for the adoption of the constitution in 1789. Again in 1795, Washington made another appointment after the suppression of the rebellion. Pres. Madison in 1815 recommended a day of Thanksgiving for peace. But the annual observance of the institution was mainly confined to New England where it was kept up with strict religious ceremony until the civil war. In 1862 Pres. Lincoln issued a proclamation for the observance of day of Thanksgiving. Since that time the President has annually issued a like proclamation, which is usually followed by proclamations by the governor of each state and the mayors of all the large cities.

It is very fit that a notion such as ours, surrounded as

it is by so many blessings and mercies, should observe at least one day out of every three hundred and sixty-five in giving thank to our beneficent Heavenly Father for all His mercies and blessing and praying for their continuance. But like Christmas, Thanksgiving has largely degenerated from a day of true religious worship into a holiday for secular pleasures. While thousands pray and give thanks, millions revel and dissipate. Is this due to the fact that moral and religious sentiment is degenerating among our people, or is it due to the fact that they have so many church privileges that our people do not think it necessary to observe the day with religious rights? There is room for serious thought just here.

Woman's Suffrage.

The question of woman's suffrage seems to be one of the living political issues at the North. It is steadily gaining ground and seems to have come to stay. Our good sisters up there seem determined to have a part in the management of political affairs. At the late convention of the W. C. T. U., held at Cleveland, Ohio, after passing resolutions to make unceasing war upon the liquor traffic, Sabbath desecration and other evils of the times, they heartily endorsed woman's suffrage as a means by which the evils may be suppressed.

By continually keeping the matter before the people they seem to be gradually educating public sentiment up to their ideas. A bill to extend school suffrage to women lately failed in the House of Representatives of Ohio by a vote of forty-eight to thirty-eight. In the senate of Minnesota, an amendment extending full suffrage to women was defeated by a vote of twenty-six to fourteen. In the House of Representatives of Michigan a bill granting full suffrage to women failed by only one vote. A bill granting municipal suffrage to women was defeated in the Maine House of Representatives by only nine votes, the same majority as in Massachusetts.

Colorado has already extended the right of suffrage to her women and in the last election, more than 75,000 women voted. In Denver the female vote was more than fifty-five per cent. of the entire vote cast. Mrs. Angnette J. Peavy was a successful candidate for supervisor of public instructions, while three other women were elected to the legislature.

Our friends north of the Mason and Dixon line are more aggressive than we of the South. As much as we would like to see the liquor traffic, Sabbath desecration and kindred evils suppressed, we are not yet ready to see our women go into politics. These evils will never be suppressed by legislation while public sentiment is against such legislation. Woman's proper place and her true and proper sphere is in the home. There she is queen and by her care and influence as mother and sister, she has it in her power to mould public sentiment by instilling into the rising generation a deep hatred for all these vices and thus largely control the ballot box while, should she attempt to remedy the evils by going to the polls, there is a likelihood of her losing that womanly sanctity which she now enjoys without accomplishing anything by her vote.

The session of the South Carolina Conference lately held at Laurens was one of unusual interest. It is gratifying to the friends of Wofford that so much interest was manifested in behalf of the college. This is as it should be. Some one has well said that Wofford is the backbone of South Carolina Methodism. If all our preachers were fully awake to the importance of supporting the college we would find more boys here next session by far than now.

A Retrospection.

We are about to unveil the mystic glories of another year, but before the scene is shifted and the curtains raised to reveal the folded forms of a new-born day, it

becomes us to pause in our breathless and hopeful expectancy, to view the tablets of our memories and see recorded there all that we have done or said or thought or written. Every action has spent its force, every deed has found a resting place and every syllable has ceased to ring and reverberate into echoes, so far as the year past is concerned, for the year is fast dying or may be dead. In our burials it was once customary to place in the grave the measuring rod of the grave-digger and bury it along with the body. Let us, standing before the open grave of the old year, measure what we have done, before we throw the rod to its own and then cover it with the few flowers which perchance bloom of beauty or smell of sweetness that can be numbered with this year and placed on its mound. What have we done? What have we done to help another? What to edify ourselves? What to win the smile of angels or gain a well done plaudit? What have we offered to aid our fellow-man? What sympathy have we given to the poor? Whose wounds have we healed or stripes have we washed or whose hunger and thirst have we quenched? How many of the old resolutions of last January were carried into practice? How many days have we spent with whose work we are satisfied? How many hours have we gained? How many friends made and what new ties formed? What lessons have we learned and of what temptations and sins have we been freed? A thousand other questions could as easily be asked and be as difficult to answer. But they are fair and must be pondered over and weighed before a new year greets us or even before Christmas comes. What tokens do we deserve from the Giver of all gifts? Can we honestly claim a happy holiday? May be it would be well to atone for the past by denying ourselves the feasting and the banqueting and the carousing and give others less fortunate a share of the happiness so lavishly left us. Thousands are in want who a year ago least expected the reversal of fate and fortune. Still many more know only misery, dream not of the pleasure which we enjoy, but go about their daily works apparently happy in their

sphere, but only happy because they know no other or better. We scarcely can conceive of their true state; they little know ours: theirs can be bettered by us. What we, in our bounty would think little, others would consider great, too much so, surpassing the bounds of the fairest of their dreams. Possibly some redeeming act can yet be done and this year may yet claim a monument of some deed devoutly done or word fitly spoken that will to some extent requite for many idle hours or ill earned lessons, and be a token given by us to ourselves to remind us of this year in coming days. Now is the time for the scattering of seed of kindness for our reaping bye-and-bye. These are things which come to the minds of all. The student must meet and solve them as well as the planter or merchant prince. They are old but never too old to be repeated. The suffering of Christ grows no older than the story of his birth. He made these things an eternity in themselves.

* *

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

J. ARTHUR WIGGINS, - - - Editor.

A sufficient amount of time has elapsed since we assumed control of this special work for us to begin to discover the real secret that attaches success to any College Journal. It takes time and labor in great abundance to sufficiently bestow upon a work of this kind the most intelligent touch of mechanism and the most appropriate expression of thought. Up to date, we have received several copies of every journal recorded upon our exchange list and we are glad to notice the great changes for good, that have taken place. Most of them have, for the time being, laid aside the old store of Elizabethan thought and have begun to direct their interest toward the field of American Literature. The change should be made productive of an increased study of old New England bards and writers, who have had the honor to be called the moulders of American Literature.

We rejoice in the fact that our Southern Literature is being studied more and that the literary columns of so many journals are being devoted to Southern life with original thought. The typical American student has begun to find contentment in home thought and literature. Surely the day is not far distant when the American man of letters will occupy the desired position among other nations. Is this movement not all alive in our universities? Does not our Harvard and Yale year after year give force to the movement? It may be so, but a part of the great impetus must depend upon the literature of the rising South and the scholarship of the college man.

The November issue of *The Erskinian* still maintains its high standard of excellence, which makes it of ines-

timable value to all devotees of deep thought. This characteristic alone is sufficient to assure *the Erskinian* the admiration of many contemporaries. The "gleaning column" of this journal adds nothing to its merit as a good periodical, but rather seriously detracts from the preceding columns. This fault, though a comparatively insignificant one, often brings home to us criticisms not easily appreciated and accepted; yet, we should take warning and either restrict or entirely abolish this additional column. The space could be more profitably taken up in the literary department. *The Erskinian* is progressive, and shows marked improvement with each succeeding issue.

We are pleased to acknowledge the receipt of the October and November issues of the *Carolinian*. Both copies are good, but the November issue shows that the editors have been hard at work since the first issue left their hands. In fact, the October issue is far below the standard of journals supported by similar institutions. The literary department contains two contributions, taking up the small space of ten pages. "In Defence of Prose" and "Cause and Effect of Inequality in Life" are the two essays by name and to make our criticism short, they are forcibly written and contain the original thought and style of good writers. The editorials somewhat redeemed the loss of the literary columns and struck us as being of the right sentiment and deserving of a much better response than that shown in this issue.

The November issue is a model college journal, with a few exceptions. The improvement over the October issue is marked, and we are glad to see our former disappointment replaced by genuine pleasure in this second issue. "Southern Characteristics Worth Preserving" is worthy of the highest commendation we can give. It presents an interesting phase of the ante-bellum patriotism and patriot, shows the effect of the influence of former ideal statemanship and draws an appreciable mean between that period of history and the present. It is a sad fact that we have drifted far away from the peaceful shores upon which our fore-fathers left us, and

have taken upon ourselves new forms of government that would perhaps stir the ante-bellum Senators to opposing eloquence, were they permitted to come back to our legislative halls and resume the seats they occupied thirty or forty years ago. The conservatism of our national leaders is at all times worthy of imitation and the college students of this age have glorious opportunities for studying the principles of patriotism and government advocated by such men as Webster, Clay and Jefferson in the prosperous periods of past history, that many are now deprived of. We are glad to see our contemporary is among the first to fall back on the days of yore and to take to himself the principles of a priceless legacy that binds these millions of Americans into one great people.

The Colorado Collegian comes to us as the embodiment of a new mission in college journalism. This is the first time such writings in a college journal have come under our special observation, but we hope, if similar circumstances have happened, that the parties and the productions have suffered the criticisms and punishment necessary. Now we do not intend to unjustly criticise *The Collegian*, but we do not believe the columns of a college journal is open to the gossip of political extremist. The personal attack made on Mr. Hill's private character may be true, but this does not justify the editors of *The Collegian* in publishing it as a fit article for their readers. The columns of a college organ should be free from the taint of such productions. It seems to us that the world of subjects have not been thoroughly discussed by *The Collegian* contributors and it will be well for them to seriously consider the propriety and merit of all such productions before publication. We candidly believe that a blank page would have been a fairer and more worthy part of its merit than such strange *eulogies* on Mr. Hill.

The Davidson Monthly omits no effort to make its pages full of deep interest to its many readers. Every department is attractive and ably edited. The mechan-

ical get up of the *Monthly* is superior to most college journals.

The literary department is full of excellent reading. All the subjects are well discussed. Some show the peculiarly cultivated taste of the writers, others the process of careful preparation. Perhaps the "Silver Question" deserves special comment. The writer is well up on the study of Economics and frequently produces some beautiful examples of Mr. Walker's knotty paragraphs. Our monetary system has caused a great deal of uneasiness among our national leaders of recent years and with all the talent that has been brought to bear upon it directly and indirectly, it still remain before the people demanding a solution. It will probably be a plank in the platforms of the two national parties in the approaching '96 presidential campaign and of course the more we study it the better we will be prepared to predict the would be effects of a free coinage system. President Cleveland seems to be the only man who can walk straight, through the "silver mazes." We know the President is seldom caught on the wrong side of any question and if we are to look to him for a definite solution, he will probably advise legislation as the sole remedy. Realizing the complication of this all important question, we should watch and study our present system and the predominating money basis of the various countries of the civilized world, that we might understand this question of finance which involves the perpetuity of our government and the unanimity of our people. "The Function of College Ambition," written by a "Montana Alumnus," is good advice to any ambitious student and though the writer is far away, he does not forget to send back a warning message to his old Alma Mater.

The personality of a famous man can at times be brought delightfully close to us, and this is particularly true of the picture we get of Oliver Wendell Holmes in the November issue of the *Converse Concept*.

This issue might without any serious diversion be

called a "Holmes issue." The various articles on different periods of the author's life are rather short; but reading page by page and sketching the different periods of his life as they are written, we get a pleasant and deep insight of the gifted poet to whom so much honor has been recently paid. *The Concept* is slowly but surely taking on improvement, especially in the literary department. The matter of this issue is written in an easy pleasant style, often becoming rythmical. And every expression is couched in the most chaste language. The editorial columns are not as interesting as they might be and the exchange likewise should receive more attention and thought. On the whole, the November number is a gem, a step toward genuine journalism.

The Wake Forest Student, besides being a very unique and intensely attractive college publication, gives full and complete information on every subject discussed in its columns. There is a charm about its pages that will not let its readers cast it aside for many other visitors. Such an excellent number as the one for November is sufficient to established its popularity on an extensive plane. *The Student* contains quite a lengthy article on "The Politics of the Palmetto State." The writer is a native of South Carolina and gives us an exceedingly interesting account of State politics as seen by him, and we consider it by no means partial. The writer is also well up on South Carolina history and relates it to us fluently and in a descriptive style, which makes it pleasant reading and of valuable interest. "Was Marshal Ney executed?" is of merit historically and rhetorically. The impressive writer produces sufficient evidence and argument to prove beyond a doubt that Marshal Ney sleeps in the bosom of our beautiful Southland. We are greatly indebted to the *Student* for both of these productions mentioned above, especially so, since they concern our own history.

The Peabody Record is one of the most attractive and

thoroughly edited journals that come to our exchange table. Its every feature exhibits taste and excellence. The literary department is to be especially commended for the variety of subjects discussed and the appreciative merit they portray in a most pleasing style. We seldom find in any of our exchanges an article more deserving of commendation than that entitled "The Chivalry and Tradition of the South." It is intensely literary, and shows a most careful study and preparations. Southern chivalry is a subject that will never grow old to the college student and we are glad to see this theme of glory in the columns of so many college journals. The part that the Southern woman took in the late war is beautifully pictured. Southern chivalry is always associated with Southern womanhood, two themes, that will be the song of poets and the delight of historians throughout the eternal ages. Let the Southern youth forever cherish in his heart "The Chivalry and Tradition of the South!"

Other exchanges are before us: *The Randolph-Macon Monthly*, *The Texas University*, *Our Monthly*, *The Howard Magazine*, *The Nashville Student*, *Vanderbilt Observer*, *The Furman Echo*, *The Tiltonian*, *The Mephistopheleon*, *Central Collegian*, *Mnemosynean*, *The Methodist College Magazine*, *Alamo and San Jacinto Monthly*, *The Hendrix College Mirror*, *Trinity Archive*, *Newberry Collegian*, *Southern University Monthly*, *The An-X* and *The Portfolio*.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

B. H. HENDERSON, - - Editor.

Dr. W. C. Gilliam.

In the life of Dr. Gilliam we have a beautiful example of tender devotion for a devoted mother and his constancy to her not only during his youth but throughout his successful professional life. All the hopes and aspirations that cluster about the heart of a loving mother were centered about her only child. But how soon through his mysterious dispensation does the hand of God call him to his reward. We have in him not only scholarly attainments, strictest diligence to business, but the homage of men and the example of righteousness attend his short journey of life. Hard it is for us to understand why a life so successful and promising should be taken so soon. Sad it is for a life so useful to be torn from us, but the light escaping as Heaven's gate opened to receive him, still shines upon us. We have been kindly allowed to publish his life in the memoriam given below.

IN MEMORIAM.

William Clement Gilliam, M. D., who died in Ocala, Florida on the 13th of November, 1894, was a native of Newberry, South Carolina, born on the 24th of October, 1854. Rarely has the Reaper in his irresistible work selected a more pious or devout young man than he whose loss we mourn. He was the only child of William Clement Gilliam and Mary Elizabeth Turner Gilliam, and was the third generation of an only child. When a small boy he attended the Newberry College. About the age of fourteen, his widow mother removed with him to

Spartanburg, S. C., where, on the first of October, 1838, he entered the Preparatory Department of Wofford College. At the expiration of two years, he entered Wofford College. He was a member of the Calhoun Literary Society, also of the Chi Psi Fraternity. He completed his course in four years at Wofford College, taking his A. B. in 1874. In the autumn of the same year he took up the study of medicine at the University of Virginia. After a course of two years he graduated in medicine, taking his M. D. From Virginia he went to New York city, where he continued the study of medicine in the University of New York, and in a course of one year he took a second diploma in medicine. The following summer, the first time that he ever studied during the summer, he undertook a course of study in order to prepare himself to come up for a competitive examination for hospital practice, but when within a few days of the examination his health failed and he was compelled to give it up. A trip South, where he remained for some months by the earnest entreaty of many old friends, fully restored him to health. On returning to New York he commenced general practice in medicine, acting part of his time as assistant to Dr. James Marion Sims. In 1882 he went abroad to study, making a specialty of the eye and ear. He also took up the languages, German and French, and becoming very familiar with them, he spoke them frequently. He studied in Heidelberg, Hanover, Vienna, Paris and London. Having remained for more than five years abroad, he decided that it was time for him to return to America and try to establish himself in his profession. Consequently the latter part of August, 1887, he set sail for New York, as he was desirous of attending the International Medical Congress which was to convene in September at Washington, D. C. He very soon connected himself with the Manhattan Eye and Ear Hospital, 103 Park Ave., N. Y., and was appointed assistant surgeon to the eye clinic. He was a fellow of the Academy of Medicine and a member of the County Medical Society. He was a Royal Arch Mason and was buried with Masonic honors. In New York he had his

private office where he practiced his specialty of the eye and ear, until he left there in 1893 for Ocala, Florida. En route, he visited his Alma Mater, the University of Virginia, and remained there tendays during the "Finale" for the purpose of renewing old friendships. From there he visited Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs, in West Virginia, Asheville and Saluda, N. C., and then revisited his old Alma Mater, Wofford College.

From thence he went to Newberry, and during the entire journey he was warmly greeted by his old friends. After his many years wandering among strangers, only those who have had the experience, can realize the delight afforded him by being at home once more. He spent the next winter in Ocala, Florida devoting himself in adjusting his business matters and in looking after his orange groves. A part of the spring was spent in the old "city by the sea." Thence to Spartanburg again, where his brightest anticipations were centered, as on a previous visit, he had wooed and won the love of one of her loveliest and most accomplished daughters. In the early autumn he was united in marriage to Miss Fannie Blake. A Western tour of two weeks was made through the Yellow Stone National Park, and on returning they went to his beautiful summer cottage at Saluda, N. C.

After a stay of little over a month, they made a short visit to the dear ones in Spartanburg, and accompanied by the dear widow mother together they set out for their sunny southern home in the "Land of Flowers," with the hope of escaping the vigors of a severe winter. Alas! his days were numbered. They had scarcely reached their place of destination when he was translated from earth to paradise, "from the church militant, to the church triumphant" to be forever with the Lord. Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory over death. "O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory!"

The class of '81 was one of the smallest classes that our college has ever graduated, having only two mem-

bers at the end of its Senior year. In the Freshman year it started out with a large number and held them through the Junior year. The work and standard of our Junior year has been well exemplified in some of the members of this class by the success they have met with after having left college at the end of the Junior year. Prof. Chas. B. Smith, D. E. Hydrick, Chas. H. Carlisle and E. W. Hall are all well known in the business, and professional life.

Mr. S. A. Nettles, '82, who has been well known in the journalistic and political world for the last few years, joined the South Carolina Conference at its last session and this year has charge of the Newberry Mission. Mr. Nettles has always been active, and in everything he has ever undertaken his earnestness and zeal have always brought him success. In the Prohibition Movement of a few years back, he was especially prominent, being the author of what was known as the "Nettles Box Plan." For several years he was Principal of the Manning Academy and his thoroughness in teaching and the success of his school were never questioned. He has served two terms as County Chairman of Clarendon county and has also represented that county in the Legislature. Fair promise of Senatorship of that county awaited him as a reward of his labors, when the hand of God directed him to a higher field of labor. In a few years no doubt he will be in the forefront of our ministry.

T. F. Wright, '92, who teaches at Downalds has a Miss Tough as his young lady assistant. In a young lady assistant his school will offer advantages which were heretofore not offered.

J. W. Daniel, '92, is teaching at Jefferson. In going to take charge of his school, on account of a delayed train, he was forced to take a bicycle ride of thirty miles

through the sand hills from which he suffered some illness, but has recovered and is at his work again.

H. W. Ackerman, '93, sways the rod over "the whole *comme posse tatus*" at Cottageville, S. C. Some one said, that he has an eye to the constitutional convention. However, if his scholarship is kept as well rounded as his body now is, his efforts will be crowned with success.



WOFFORD DIRECTORY.

CALHOUN LITERARY SOCIETY.

S. H. McGhee, Pres't; A. M. Chreitzberg, V. P., F. H. Shuler,
1st. Critic;
Paul Hardin, Rec. Sec.; J. C. Roper, Treas.
G. C. Sullivan Librarian.

PRESTON LITERARY SOCIETY.

A. H. Dagnall, Pres't; J. E. Warnock, V. P.; Geo. C. Leonard,
1st Corrector;
A. M. Law, Rec. Sec.; A. H. Stoll, Treas.
Chas. Brooks, Librarian.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

F. H. Shuler, Pres't; G. C. Leonard, Vice P.; N. G. Gee, Secretary;
R. S. Truesdale, Cor. Sec.; O. D. Wannamaker, Treas.

SOCIETY OF ALUMNI.

J. C. Kilgo, Pres't; W. E. Burnett, V. P.; J. F. Brown, Sec. & Treas
F. A. Sondley ('76), Orator for '95.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

J. L. Fleming, Mg'r.; J. B. Humbert, Pres.; A. M. DuPre, Sec.

FRATERNITIES.

Alpha Tau Omega;
Pi Kappa Alpha;

Kappa Alpha;
Sigma Alpha Epsilon;
Chi Psi.

Kappa Sigma.
Chi Phi;

S. H. McGhee, Manager of Alumni Hall.
J. Porter Hollis, Caterer of Wightman Hall.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

S. H. MCGHEE, - - Editor.

Foot Ball Again.

A very interesting and exciting game of foot ball took place at the city park on Thanksgiving Day. The participants were two well chosen and equally divided teams from the numerous college clubs that have been organized of late. The playing was good on both sides and the game very tight and hard fought, the score standing 4 to 0. This is possibly the last game that it will be our privilege of seeing this season. Christmas is at hand and the team has virtually disbanded. We are sorry that more games could not have been arranged and played. It would have helped the college in more ways than one. It would have afforded us all amusement and we hope, profit. We trust that the lower classes will treasure up the good to be learned and profit by the mistakes made this year. No doubt there was here the best team since many years. We owe the members a lot; they made a little more than the usual enthusiasm; they played energetically and gave exercise that otherwise would not have been taken; they did well under the embarrassing circumstances and strove honestly, at odds, to establish foot ball as a permanent institution at Wofford College. Their efforts have not altogether been beyond the pale of success. Next year possibly a more systematic association can be organized and have well formulated rules and regulations and certain limitations. We understand an effort will be made in the spring to raise the funds to hire a trainer at the very beginning of the session. This is about the only way that any real good can be accomplished. We must begin on time. A scheme to put the team in training was agitated this

year, but could not be carried into effect. What could we not have done had circumstances allowed us to do so? The weight of our team was about as much as any in the South. Then with proper training could we not have played with good chances of success any college team south of the Mason and Dixon line, or for that matter, a great many north of it. Let this plan, though projected months beforehand, be thought over considerably, and let all help to make it effective. Let dates be made months previously and practice be done with system and order. We hope for better attendant circumstances to make a better team. But while hoping for a brighter and more benignant future, we congratulate and thank the present team for what they have given to this cause.

The Reading-room.

Ever since the reading-room was established or even the scheme of it was planned, the faculty have become more convinced of the good to be derived from it. They have endeavored to improve it in every way and now the good condition in which it is kept makes it an ornament to the college, and the good, variegated reading done is highly creditable to the body of students. The papers and periodicals taken are of the very first quality in the land and comprise nearly every magazine of any note in America. In this Editor's opinion there is more reading done and the papers are devoured with greater readiness than ever before in his recollection. Any member of the faculty or student may take out a magazine for the space of two days, provided that magazine has been on file two weeks. But no one is allowed to have out more than one at the same time. This is an admirable plan and is working with great interest and profit to all concerned. The two society libraries will be moved down during the summer or earlier if possible and when this is done Wofford will have a reading-room and a consolidated library of which any institution might be proud

Chapel Music.

At last the often repeated efforts to revolutionize the singing in the Chapel at morning worship has materialized into success. New and nicely bound Methodist Hymn books have been purchased and scattered throughout the seats and the way bids fair to have better music, which is sorely needed. A choir has been rather informally organized and every morning the members stand and face the body of students. With such gifted singers as Messrs. Hollis, Smith, Crossland, Shuler, Leonard, DuPre, Hodges and Cummings, and with such an organist as Mr. Thomas Cook Covington, there is no reason why some very fine music could not be made. Let the choir formally organize, give each man a part to sing and then with the voluminous flow of harmony arising from the rear, there could be made good music. Let all who are gifted with voice or good looks come up to the front and help out, for there is need of both.

The Campus.

The campus of late has undergone marvelous changes and looks rather odd when we think of it years ago. But it is that oddity which a new suit of clothes gives any one. Many of the tall pines immediately in front of the professors' houses have been subjected to the axe of the woodman and have been cut into "kindling wood." We give up these old friends with great reluctance. Often by their soughing have they lulled us to sleep, and often have they cast over us shadows of indefinable and glowing pleasure. But we understand oaks will take their places, which, of course, will be much shadier and prettier. We are willing to let our heads be scorched in order that coming generations may derive benefit from it. Other improvements are going on constantly. Every year something new greets us

and each generation of students is better off than the one preceding it.

—With overflowing hearts the students recently welcomed back Prof. Kilgo, who spent a few days in the city on his way to conference. It was a pleasure, beyond the power of words to describe it, that we saw him march in and out those brief days as he has done so often before, not changed but the same professor who taught the Seniors Barbara, Celarent, Darii, and afterwards the great law of "Supply and Demand." He met the Senior class, called the last roll and told us about his new field of work and entertained us both pleasantly and sadly for an hour. His farewell to the body of students in the chapel was particularly touching and revealed to all the students what we, who knew him better, had known before. We expect him back in June to commencement and then the last class he taught will part from him and from the college class room for a season, we know not how long.

—By some unaccountable mishap the Local Editor failed to mention the beautiful boquet of flowers which the young ladies of Converse sent to Messrs. Hollis and McCoy, speakers of our anniversary celebration. Of course the omission was purely the Local Editor's fault. The recipients of the flowers not seeing a notice of them in our last issue begged the editor to tender the young ladies our official thanks which we most gladly do. The boquet in question was one of great beauty and of attractive as well as appropriate arrangement, and deserves special mention of itself. It was a large collection of chrysanthemums and other flowers of variegated hues but with the "old gold" conspicuously predominating and the whole bunch bound with black and arranged in the form of a three leaf clover. The choice and artistic arrangement, with an eye to appropriateness, was superb, and we have not seen during the season such a beautiful collection and, of course, such a lovely display of two pre-eminently beautiful and superlatively lovely colors.

—We recently most gladly welcomed Prof. John J. Riley, of the large class of '92, and now one of the head instructors in the Carlisle Fitting School at Bamberg. We are happy to hear such glowing accounts of that school and of its growing prospects. The land has been purchased and the erection of a magnificent boarding hall will begin at an early date. The literary societies are in splendid condition and their halls are well furnished and equipped. We understand, though it is a kind of secret and you need not tell anybody, that the reading public will be confronted, and happily so, with a magazine entitled *The Carlisle Fitting School Journal*. This is a remarkably progressive step and that institution deserves considerable praise for her alertness and thrift. Indeed, it sets an example for our other similar schools to follow, and even the energy is worthy of the emulation of all institutions. We predict for the new *Journal* success, we offer any assistance our young experience can give, and wish for its organizers and editors and supervisors the best achievements and the greatest good possible.

—Among our recent visitors, it was our privilege and honor to meet Dr. W. W. Smith, President of Randolph-Macon College and Dr. H. Baer of Charleston, one of the trustees of the college, whom we all know. Both of these gentlemen conducted the morning worship and made some appropriate and forcible remarks to the students. A part of Dr. Baer's was in German and of course the Grecian element missed a great deal.

—W. J. Cocke, '92, spent the night in the city last week.

—Rev. M. D. Kelley conducted the worship for us recently.

—W. C. Kirkland, '93, spent several days with his many friends on the campus, while on his way from the conference at Laurens.

—Rev. R. A. Few, '89, paid us a pleasant visit in early December.

—E. S. Jones, '94, spent a day or two in the city. He joined the S. C. Conference at its meeting in Laurens and was sent to a charge in Lexington county.

—We were glad to see our old friend Mr. Harris who was once on the college hill with us. He had been to Laurens and found it convenient to drop over a day to see his old friends.

—Rev. A. B. Earle was on the campus not long since.

—It gives us pleasure to know that Mr. Easterling of Marlboro county has seen fit to return to college and is numbered with the class of '97.

—The Senior Class in Victorian Poetry recently had the pleasure of hearing Prof. Snyder read a most excellent original production on Tennyson. They who did not hear it certainly missed a treat. This class is now reading and studying "In Memoriam" and find a great deal of profit and pleasure thereby.

—A phonographic exhibition was held in the college chapel recently. It was enjoyed by the body of students and professors.

—A quartette has been organized in college. It consists of Messrs. Dupre, Hodges, Crossland, and McGhee, all from the senior class. They are under the efficient care and management of Prof. Dupre who has kindly offered to give his assistance to these gentlemen and it is due to him that this step was taken. Mr. Covington and Miss Mary Thomas have both lent their valuable aid by playing the accompaniments on the piano. Of course, these singers make good music and before a distant day, such a marvelous mass of melody will be heard from the campus as to charm and soothe and startle these regions.

—Prof. Rayhill has a class in elocution and expression and as is his wont is giving great profit and satisfaction to those concerned.

—Prof. C. B. Smith arrived in the city on Saturday, Dec. 10th, and will begin the duties to which he has been

appointed as soon as necessary arrangements can be made. Owing to the proximity of Christmas, he will not start his class-room work until after the holidays. He has a room at the Alumni Hall and is taking his meals at Mrs. Boyd's. We most heartily welcome him.

--At the last election of officers in the Calhoun Society the following gentlemen were chosen: S. H. McGhee, Pres; A. M. Chreitzberg, Vice-Pres; F. H. Shuler, 1st Critic; A. M. DuPre, 2nd Critic; B. W. Wait, 3rd Critic; J. C. Roper, Treas; Paul Hardin, Recording Sec; A. S. Hydrick, or. Sec.; T. M. Raysor, Censor Morum; G. C. Sullivan, Librarian.

--On the first Friday night in December Messrs. Paul Hardin, and Olin D. Wannamaker from the Calhoun Society and Messrs. L. B. Smith and Philip Stoll from the Preston Society, were elected to represent their respective Societies on Junior Debate next commencement. The debate will be presided over by Mr. J. C. Roper of the Calhoun Society.

Carlisle Fitting School Notes.

Having written in my last letter about the Kilgo and Sheridan Literary Societies, I will now mention some other features of the school.

A Christian Endeavor Society has been organized by the boys of the boarding department of the school.

An organization has been formed by the school for the further pursuance of knowledge in English, Roman and Grecian literature under the name of "The Carlisle Classical Circle." Meetings are held every Wednesday evening in the music rooms of the Fitting school. It is hoped that much lasting good will be accomplished by the benefits to be derived from an active interest in this club.

The older and larger boys of the school have organized a foot ball team, with P. K. Rhoad as President and G.

W. Brunson, Secretary. With such material as the team is supplied there is no doubt but that they can easily win the championship over any team of their size in these parts. A younger team has also been formed and the two affording each other practice, with good grounds and ball can do good playing.

R. S. Cauthen,
Local Editor.

A Unique Commencement.

The Williamston Female College may have eight commencements in a year. Of course, they cannot be the fussy, time-wasting affairs that Female Colleges usually indulge in. The last commencement was Friday, November 16th, at which time; two young ladies finished the course and graduated. The most public part of the occasion was the evening before. This evening was given to one of Dr. Carlisle's characteristic addresses on Astronomy, the Seven Stars. The audiences of Williamston are usually large and attentive. On this occasion, the town was present; and the appreciation was such as subject and speaker would be expected to inspire. On Friday, the candidates for graduation did their usual full day's work, and, to all appearances, the school was making record of an ordinary day. At the close of afternoon prayers, the President announced that Miss Stoll and Miss Tatum had completed the requirements for graduation, and requested them to come forward and receive his congratulations. After a few simple words to them, he presented them to Dr. Carlisle. With a few thoughtful sentences of wisdom and hope, the Doctor ushered them from the school-room to the commencement of life.

One who has never seen this simple ceremony, can hardly be told of its appropriateness and impressiveness.

W. T. L.

Parties going to Florida should consult the new schedule of the Port Royal & Western Carolina Railway. This

line offers the quickest and most convenient schedule to Florida and return. Excursion rates are now on sale to all the principal points, and parties should avail themselves of this opportunity to visit Florida and view the attractions of the St. John River, St. Augustine, with its magnificent hotels, and the numerous other attractions of that great State. Information as to rates, schedules, etc., will be gladly furnished by any agent of the company, or a postal to R. L. Todd, traveling passenger agent, or Wm. J. Craig, general passenger agent, Augusta, Ga., will put you in possession of full particulars.



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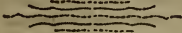
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LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

H. J. SHOEMAKER, - - - Editor.

Sunset to Twilight.

[O. D. Wannamaker ('96.)]

The fading ray
Of dying day
 Athwart the sky is gleaming;
The golden sun
His course has run,
 And now is weakly beaming
A goodnight smile
To the earth, his child,
 In twilight stillness dreaming.

The sunlight falls
On misty walls
 Of cloud-built castles sailing.
They glow and blush
With crimson flush,
 His fiery chariot hailing.
And on each
A silver tide,
 In distance slowly paling,

Rolls and breaks
On the broad blue lake;
 The sun now gayly peeping
Over the hills,
That echo shrill—

Cf Tennyson's Bugle Song.

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The birds their vespers keeping.
 The house dog greets
 His master's feet
 In joyful gladness leaping.

The earth that rests
 In silence blest
 Is calmly, softly smiling
 The trees and flowers,
 The dark'ning hours
 In whispe s away are whirling.
 An angel h s come
 From her heavenly home
 And nature greets the skyling.

Our National Condition.

Rapidly accumulating and heavily pressing upon the shoulders of the youth of to-day are burdens of stupendous proportions. Responsibility after responsibility is being heaped upon us; question after question stares us in the face and demands a speedy solution. Gravity is added to the situation by the fact that these responsibilities will have to be met by us; that the right settling of our momentous questions, the proper adjustment of the disorganized state of things, of the present times which are getting "out of joint," must be had at our hands and ours alone. The older generations of men cannot do the work which fate has assigned to us. Willingly would they unravel the tangles in the woof of modern life and society for us; gladly would we have them to do so, but the very nature of the case itself forbids. As these matters concern us most especially, as our lives are the ones to be most affected, it is only natural, reasonable and just, then, that we are the ones to settle them. New conditions, which in the great economy of things seem to be reserved for the present youth of our land either to be guided by or to stumble over, are daily coming to light, and say "hands off!" to older men when they attempt to perform what is to be our duty.

With great responsibilities looming up before our mental vision, with burning questions being put to us

for an answer by varying change and circumstance, with possible dangers casting their dark shadows over what has been fair, blurring what has been glorious, giving us gloomy forebodings of what, perhaps, is to be a gloomier picture, and causing us when we contemplate our true condition to shiver with dread and apprehension as to what fearful maelstrom we may drift into, it is the duty then of every young man who expects to live and who will be affected for good or bad by the proper or improper settlement, as the case may be, of the great issues now at stake, and that too in the near future, to bestow upon them his most serious thought and attention. Though a young man's opinions about matters of the greatest importance may not settle them once for all, yet how near it would approach to their speedy and universal settlement if every young man had some well defined, clear-cut, independent, original idea about them. Every youth must become a man some day and will find out the benefit of his youthful considerations if he had any, or the great disadvantage if he had not. It is become proverbial how easily and quickly a young man, and especially a college young man, can put an end to such important questions, which older men cannot do, as the Tariff, the Finance, the Country's Future, and many others, yet it is not meant that they should not be thought about and settled though in miniature by our young men and especially those of our schools and colleges. For who knows what power, resource, talent and genius may lie hidden in some young fellow of whose existence the world is unconscious, who knows but what an embryo Calhoun, Clay, Webster lurks in the undeveloped character of some youth who settles great national questions in some school debate or exhibition? Though the world gives little heed to the piping voice of statesmanship and wisdom coming from the throat of some inexperienced youngster, yet it would be very much ashamed of its youth if that weak voice was not heard: it would have cause to be alarmed over its own future.

And right along here there is a danger. Young men

are somewhat apt to fall into a carelessness about those very things which they will be called upon to decide in less than a score of years. We are too negligent, too indifferent as to those things. Matters of state are totally given over to the politician to attend to, who after all, is, perhaps, the most incompetent of persons to do it. Social and moral questions are left to the philosopher, the preacher, the teacher. "What have I to do with thee?" is what we say of such things as we push them away from us. But if such things are to be turned over to the exclusive care and attention of the politician, the philosopher, the preacher, the teacher, then who in a few years will compose these classes? Who will in a few years be our lawmakers, our preachers, our teachers, our public men, but our own selves?

Therefore, with the firm conviction that it is the duty of young men not to treat with indifference the most important concerns of active life, we undertake to look around us and see what responsibilities, what possibilities, what dangers press in upon us with which we as the future American citizen will have to cope.

Coupled with citizenship of the United States there is, perhaps, too much false pride. We are proud of all the good features in our country's government; therefore, we should obliterate all that are bad. We are proud of our resources; we should develop them all the more. We are proud of our past history; we should preserve it, honor it, and glorify it. We are proud of our victories in war and our triumphs in peace; this is well. But have we not become accustomed to regarding our country as faultless, our government as the sum total, the *ne plus ultra* of all that is grand, strong and enduring? Have we not been trained to think that in our union all is strength? Have we not been in the habit of seeing no faults, no weaknesses, no imperfections whatever in our institutions? Has not our feeling been degraded from a laudable national pride into a national bigotry and fanaticism? Has not the determination of our forefathers to make this government a strong and everlasting one been transformed into a foolish, conceited, dangerous no-

tion that it is such already, and will be such forever, and nothing under the sun can prevent it from being such? Is not the reason advanced why we are to be the nation of all nations, the wonder and admiration of all times and peoples, just because we are the United States of America? This seems to be a danger to guard against. The average American citizen has listened to so many high-flown, "spread-eagle," Fourth of July speeches, replete so often with bombast, platitude and even falsehood, that he takes in all that is said as a mere matter of course. To him without questioning it can scarcely be otherwise. The blindfolded optimism which such a class of speakers never fail to squirt out at us has made a very appreciable effect upon our desire and appreciation of the real truth. We love to hear too much about our virtues and too little about our faults, a few of which we have. It has come to such a pass that the one who tells us in the most beautiful rhetoric the greatest number of pretty things about ourselves, who gives us the biggest feed of the saccharine pap of flattery, who paints for us on the background of the future only gorgeous pictures in which he puts no sombre or serious colors, and who tickles our ears with fine words with none of the sting which truth sometimes gives, is our popular public speaker. As a rule, the one who earnestly and thoughtfully tries to call our attention to the darker side of our future and, therefore, the more important side, we do not like to hear, because, we say, he is a pessimist. We do not seem to realize that the one we call pessimist may, after all, be our truest patriot; that the one who directs our attention to our imperfections with the view of having them removed is our best benefactor.

There are two extremes, however, from which to study our condition, both of which are wrong and to be avoided. From one standpoint, nothing bad is seen in the influences now actively at work; from the other, nothing good. A golden mean between the two extremes should be sought when we study our national status. It is as unwise and dangerous for us to look at our country's

situation under the dazzling light of an intense optimism as it would be for us to look at the midday sun with the naked eye. In the latter case our physical vision would be blinded; in the former, our mental. Also it would be equally as foolish and vain to look at it through the jet darkness of pessimism proper as it would be to peer into blackest midnight for the purpose of seeing. Yet it does appear that when we take a middle ground the darker side is predominant.

In the October number of the Forum is an article from the President of Harvard College entitled "Some Reasons Why the American Government May Stand." The significance of such a subject coming from one of the most thoughtful minds of America is startling. A few years ago who would have thought of writing on such a subject? "Some Reasons Why Our Government May Stand" sounds like the preponderance of reasons is on the side that our government may not stand. All the while there has been a possibility of its not standing; but now the sides have shifted and there is a possibility of its standing. This sounds very ominous, to say the least. Can it be possible that our people have been blind to their dangers because they would not see? Is it possible that they have been asleep to their dearest and most sacred interests and now are being rudely awakened by the discordant noise that those interests are in jeopardy? Have the words of Lincoln, whom, as a lover of his country, none will question, as with his prophetic glance he looked farther into the future than the ordinary vision and exclaimed "I tremble for my country," been unheeded and forgotten for so many years and are now being shouted into our ears with tremendous and alarming emphasis by the voice of the times? Has an enemy been as silently and assiduously working our downfall as ever Philip or Alexander did that of Greece, and have we lacked a Demosthenes to warn us of it and to stir us up to action? It seems so.

No one with a respectable share of intelligence will now deny the fact that the crisis of the American people is just ahead. No one will say that as a nation we are

unconfronted by dangers which threaten us as much as England ever did with her chains and gibbets. No one will dispute the fact that the next few years of our history will be pregnant with the greatest dangers.

France had her revolution when blood flowed like water; England had her revolution when a Charles lost his head and a Cromwell reigned supreme; the United States today is in the beginning of a social and political revolution which may be as disastrous as one baptized in blood. The old Ship of State is just beginning to sail into stormy waters where every timber and bolt in her mighty hull will creak and strain to their utmost capacity; where every principle of skill, bravery, loyalty and wisdom on the part of those who man her will be called into play in order to get her safely through. We are, I repeat, in the beginning of a mighty revolution; a revolution, whose influences have for some time been imperceptibly at work. A vast change is going on in our society, in the principles underlying our government, our institutions, in our thought, in our public sentiment. Modern life has become so complicated that we who are a part of it can scarcely understand it ourselves; we wonder where will be the end, what will be the result of it.

Civilization as we now know it seems to be an evolution from a simple, happy, contented state of existence into one of complexity, confusion, dissatisfaction and unhappiness. The savage has very little trouble in filling his wants; they are few: he experiences scarcely any of the problems which perplex civilized society and government; his society, his government is rude and simple. His state is one of equality. The only important differences between one savage and another are mainly differences of brute strength, and in a primitive people these differences are not near so great as are the differences between men in a higher civilized life. Civilization has swept away the importance which in earlier stages of society was attached to strength of body, and substituted in its place the importance of strength of mind. Consequently, in a civilized

life there is a vast difference between individuals and between classes. Some men and some classes of men are high above other men and other classes of men in ability, and this inequality is a curse to modern life and is seeking to readjust itself. Civilization is like a mighty river whose surface waters flow on at a great velocity unhindered and unimpeded, but whose waters at the bottom drag and go slow. The difference in the rate of progress of the two produces friction. In the onward rush of civilization one class of men advances rapidly; another class unable to go so fast is pulled and dragged along. So it seems for the universal happiness of a nation there must either be no such thing as civilization at all, or there must be a perfect civilization, which ours is not. There must be no friction between the classes; an equilibrium must always be preserved. It may be possible though for civilization to get to such a point where it might produce the same equalized effect that no civilization does. That point, however, ours has not yet reached. If it will ever be that every man or every class of men is civilized up to a degree similar to that of all others, then most of the difficulties which now confront us will be obviated. But will this ever be? That is the question.

Our Government is a Democratic one. All its underlying principles are purely Democratic. The rule of our people is in the hands of the majority of our people. We glory in the thought of our "government of the people, for the people and by the people." Yet history has to show us the first example of such a government which endured. All the teachings of the past, all the tendencies of the present and nearly all the indications for the future show us that such governments are failures. Ancient Grecian and Roman governments are splendid specimens of popular government; they are also splendid specimens of grand failures. Why may not our government also be put along with them in the roll of future history, since most of the influences now at work set in that direction? There seems to be only one condition when a purely Democratic government, which

means "equal rights to all," can exist under a high state of civilization. That condition is when nearly every man or class of men is as capable of rulership as any other, and is as equally benefitted by the results of rulership and legislation. That condition does not exist in our Union. It is Utopian to think that every man will get the same good from the laws that are made; such a thing has been, is and ever will be impossible. But the nearer we keep to this ideal, the more probable are our chances of enduring; the farther we get from it, the more improbable are those chances. In the United States we are getting farther and farther from this our standard. The great disparity at present in the distribution of wealth and hence of education, or if we choose to put it, of education, and hence of wealth, prevents all classes from being equally capable of ruling; the methods employed in modern commerce prevent the various classes from obtaining the same good from the administration of our government's affairs. The tendency of our business life is for companies and corporations on a small scale to swallow up the individual; for little companies and corporations to be swallowed up by bigger ones. Gigantic systems, trusts, combines, monopolies have driven the individual to the wall and taken his business from him. What is the individual to do? Why, he becomes dissatisfied, complains—and has he not a right to complain?—and so national discontent arises. On the other hand what does the trust do? It waxes stronger and stronger, richer and richer, reaches out its hands after the reins of government which it generally succeeds in getting, and places bought men in our Congress and Senate, or buys them after they are placed there, to pass laws for its own selfish aggrandizement. As a result we have a Congress controlled by men who draw a few thousand dollars salary from the people to look after their interests, and many thousands from the Sugar Trust, the Coal Trust, the Iron Combine, the Steel Industry, to look after theirs which are opposed to those of the people and they take both salaries and earn only one! How is this? But you say put men

there who cannot be bought. The people thought they were doing that when they put those there now. So how are they to help themselves? The most powerful in theory, and the most helpless in fact! Yet there are those who say the masses have no right to complain, no right to be dissatisfied when their most sacred and inviolable rights and privileges have become a seething mass of corruption! May the kind Providence which has watched over our country, now preserve us, the common people, from those cowards who tell us we are weak, that we are in the hands of the mighty sons of Ammon with whom we are unable to cope, and that, therefore, we had better keep quiet and not try to molest them in their way of running things! That spirit of lofty patriotism which called forth the immortal words of Patrick Henry against the fetters of English tyranny is now needed to utter words of like effect against the damnable corruption, debauchery and prostitution of our American politics!

That the United States is too big a thing for one government seems to be an almost conclusive fact. With an area of over three millions of square miles, exhibiting every variety of soil, climate and resource under the sun, it is divided into different sections with separate and distinct interests. Though some lines have been washed away in fratricidal blood, others yet remain, drawn by nature herself, which are more segregating than ever was the "Mason and Dixon Line." These lines, instead of being erased by the influence of time, seem to be coming out stronger. What is the North's interests is not the South's interests; what is for the good of the East is not for the good of the West. Legislation which is lauded by the people of one section is howled down by the people of another. So what is to be done? Can this condition of things last always? Can it last much longer? "A house divided against itself," it is said, "cannot stand;" how much less then can a nation stand which is divided against itself?

American newspapers, with their freedom of utterance, transformed into a license for falsifying, seem to be a

menace to our government. The agents which should build us up become agents to destroy us. The moulders of public opinion directing it into channels of narrowness, prejudice, and falsehood. Who can believe what our great newspapers say? If we desire the truth on great political questions we have to read what one paper says for them and another against them and draw for ourselves a mean proportional between the two. Neither can be believed, neither trusted. Perhaps it may be true that the conception of our press as to truth and morality corresponds to that of the public mind. But does the public mind regulate the newspaper on such lines, or the newspaper the public mind?

Our country is party-ridden and persecuted. It has been suffering with night-mare in the shape of two old, moss-back parties, and is now showing some signs of getting rid of them both. They have been resting as heavy, indigestible lumps on the national stomach until a nausea has been brought on and they both are about to be thrown up. Perhaps, as a people, we may feel better if we can get rid of them.

The most blind and stupid fanaticism is that for party. Our political ideas are running in the same old ruts of our fathers. A man is the devotee to some political creed just because his father, perhaps, before him was. Speak about the Chinaman's clinging to ancestral thought and custom, but he can't beat the average American when it comes to his party religion. *I am a DEMOCRAT*; or *I am a REPUBLICAN!* Why? Because my father was a Democrat; or my father was a Republican. One does not seem to consider for a moment that the world has moved a long way from where it was in his father's time, and that what was reasonable and right in the father may be just the reverse in the son. Shall the form of our political sentiments, like the form of some old land title, be handed down from sire to son unchanged? Are we to ride on the same old broken-down political horse which was ridden nearly to death years ago? For the sake of mercy towards it, and decency towards ourselves, let us get us something better, some-

thing newer, something fresh. If we are to belong to some party, then let us know why we do belong to it, and not be guilty of being led along by common public opinion, like a calf with a ring in its nose and a rope attached to it, would be led by a boy. What we want is less fanaticism and devotion to party, and more common sense and devotion to truth. We want to forget our fathers' ways and find out our own duties. We need less party idolatry, and more love of country; less partisanship, and more patriotism.

H. J. SHOEMAKER.

Social Life of the Middle Ages.

"For fifteen centuries a deep and sad thought had weighed upon the spirit of man, first to overwhelm it, then to exalt and to weaken it, never losing its hold throughout this long space of time. It was the idea of the impotence and decadence of man."

After these people had seen Greece rise to that high state of civilization and fall so low in corruption; after Rome, the proud mistress of the world, had gone even higher in her civilization and had fallen to a greater depth, they began to think that there was no stability either in government or religion. The philosophers said: "The world is evil and lost. Let us escape by insensibility, amazement, ecstasy"; and the church coming after them announced that the end of the world was near at hand and that men should prepare for eternity. For nearly a thousand years the people were constantly expecting the destruction of the world and, of course, had a gloom cast over their lives which kept them from exerting themselves. Under this constraint a thinking society had forgotten how to use their minds, the church used it for them, and it was thought that if any one attempted to write poetry he was mad; all mankind being guilty of sin and fearing punishment had given their consciences and their actions over to the direction of the priest, and were as parrots, which only recite what has been taught them but have no original thoughts.

“Two notions raised the middle age above class and barbarism: one religious, which had fashioned the gigantic cathedrals and swept the masses from their native soil to hurl them upon the Holy Land; the other secular, which had built feudal fortresses, and set the man of courage armed, upon his feet within his own domain: the one had produced the adventurous hero; the other, the mystical monk; the one, to wit, the belief in God; the other, the belief in self; the one had exalted independence into rebellion; the other had changed piety into enthusiasm.”

The feudal system was the means by which the king controlled his subjects. The whole kingdom was given to the king as a fief, provided he was good and just; if he was not, it was taken from him and given to another, for it was thought that God gave the kingdom to them on these conditions. The king divided out his kingdom among the men of noble birth and those who were very wealthy; these receiving large areas divided their fief to others and thus it might be carried to the fifth or sixth stage. The granter of the land was called the lord; the receiver, the vassal. Both lords and vassals were subject to the king and received their land on the same conditions as the king. The king was their absolute and irresponsible ruler but each lord became a virtual sovereign in his own domain, having entire control over everything that was on his fief. If the king wanted an army, he made his wishes known to his vassals and they summoned a certain number of their subordinates and after arming them set out to the king, each vassal being expected to furnish a certain number of soldiers according to the size of his fief.

There were three classes of feudal society, namely, freemen, who were the inhabitants of chartered towns, or small farmers; the serfs or villeins were laborers who cultivated the ground, and were considered as of no more value than the fixtures of a place. When land was sold or went from one to another, these serfs went just as common fixtures with the place. The slaves were a still lower class made up of captives or persons condemned to bond-

age as a penalty for some crime. These were in about the thirteenth century converted into the lowest order of serfs.

The lawlessness and violence of this time are shown by the castles which the nobles built for themselves. They were spacious rock structures with moats, and towers placed at convenient intervals on the walls which surrounded them, for the defense. They were generally built on some rocky eminence or mountain so that they could be the easier defended. From these secure defences, the lords sallied forth upon those who were weaker than they and pillaged and plundered until they were satisfied.

The nobles passed away their time, when not engaged in military affairs, in hunting, hawking, and revelling.

Some results of this system were to create a love of personal independence, to exalt the opinion of the female sex and to encourage certain forms of polite learning, for the castle doors were always open to story tellers.

Chivalry, the "Flower of Feudalism," was known as a holy order and was instituted with a desire to protect the church, to defend the poor and helpless, and to correct the evils of the time. An institution with such a purpose, coming just at this period in English history, was necessarily a grand step toward the uplifting and christianizing of the whole people. The Knight was the principle character in chivalry. In order that one might become a Knight, his training was begun at the age of seven or eight years; at this age he was taken into the castle of some wealthy, well educated Lord, where he acted as a page and was taught all of the polite learning of his day. In addition to this he was compelled to take regular exercise such as swimming, climbing, leaping and to make use of the bow, the sword, the lance and battle-axe. He was also required to know the art of hunting and hawking. The highest sense of courtesy was always taught him.

When he reached the age of fourteen he was advanced to the order of squire, this was marked by his receiving a military belt and a sword at the altar, whither he was

led by his parents. His training from now on consisted in about the same exercises as the page's but was much more severe. He was also allowed to go into battle and was lined up behind the Knight. At the age of twenty-one, he was made a Knight; the religious ceremonies being rigidly enforced. The Knight was made to fast and pray for some time before his dubbing and on the day of his dubbing, after bathing, this being a symbol of purity, he went to bed, representing his future heavenly rest. After he had slept, he was clothed in a white tunic, a red robe, and a close fitting coat, representing respectively purity, the blood which he was to shed for religion, and death. After a fast of twenty-four hours and the hearing of a discourse on the Knightly qualities, he went up to the altar with a sword suspended from his neck; the priest took it off, blessed and returned it to him. He then advanced to the Lord who was to make him Knight and knelt before him while being questioned as to his desires for becoming a Knight. If the answers were satisfactory, he was armed and placed upon a horse. The Lord then dubbed him Knight by three blows upon the shoulders with the flat side of a sword. The ideal character of this order was very high, chivalric loyalty to the mistress of his affection was the first article in the creed of a true Knight, he must also be "gentle, brave, courteous, truthful, pure, generous, hospitable, and ready to run all risk for religion."

The literature of that time "was thoroughly licentious and indicative of the most impure intercourse of the sexes;" to valor and beauty everything was admissible and a marriage vow was little regarded. With this condition of womanhood, the Knight came in as the only means by which they might be brought again to their proper level and this order accomplished this before many years.

The church being the agency through which the world was to be humanized gladly witnessed the undertaking of the Knights in trying to elevate the morals of the time. As both Knights and clergy had the same object in view, they were soon organized, realizing that "Eu-

rope was to be precipitated upon Asia to prevent Asia from precipitating itself upon Europe."

In all ages, men have had a kind of reverence for certain spots made remarkable by human suffering or heroism. Especially has religious sentiment made the birth-places and the tombs of prophets, saints, and martyrs, places of veneration and of pilgrimage. Jerusalem was the main place to which the pilgrims from all over the world would flock, but when the Turks got possession of it they destroyed all the Christian churches and persecuted the Christians. This brought on the crusades, "the most signal and durable monuments of human folly that have appeared in any age or country." After eight unsuccessful attempts to drive the Turks from the sacred city, the religious enthusiasm died out and the illusion of superstition was broken. These crusades had kept Christendom in a tumult for two centuries, but, though costing several millions of lives, they gave great wealth, the cause of corruption, to the church; for, men coming back from these crusades, broken in health and spirit, would give all they owned to the church. But at the same time they were among the most potent factors in the history of civilization, as they helped to break down the feudal system and to give prominence to the people, to broaden the minds of the people by coming into contact with those who were more highly educated and to give a spur to Western commerce.

During all this time, a deep sleep had spread over the world. It was not in the condition for any active work, and as a result we have no great enterprises established, no discoveries made, no new thoughts advanced, and no great men produced. After the long sleep of thought and action, during which feudalism and chivalry flourished, there came a day by far more glorious in its splendor than the one just preceding it. A new impetus was given to mankind and the drowsy, old world shook off her drowsiness and began to exert herself as never before.

Religion, literature, education and commerce took on new life. "After the terrible night of the middle ages,

and the dolorous legends of spirits and the damned, it was a delight to see again Olympus shining upon us from Greece; its heroic and beautiful duties, once more ravishing the heart of man, raised and instructed this young world by speaking to it the language of passion and genius; and the age of strong deeds, free sensuality, bold invention, had only to follow its own bent, in order to discover in them the eternal promoters of liberty and beauty.”

GIST GEE.

An Ideal Student.

“Student” is a universal term applied to all who enter colleges and like institutions of learning; yet the application of the term has never been more misapplied, more misleading in its significance, more unjustly awarded, than it has been, to some bright and intelligent young men who now are, and have been, so-called students in our colleges of the South, and I will say cautiously the same of the North. Notwithstanding this is an appalling statement, and by no means less a fact which presents itself to our observation today, we as young men, living under the closing scenes of the nineteenth century and revelling in opportunities which a past world has never enjoyed, should, with the sword of will power, wipe out of existence such an unconscious evil and restore an illicit term to its true meaning. Now in the abuse of this term, I by no means charge every one with an illegal assumption, for we have boys today whose presence dignifies the class room, whose studious habits are clearly imprinted upon their countenances, and whose foreheads are stamped with *an ideal student*.

To such as those, I wish to introduce every thoughtful mind and, if there be such, every unthoughtful student for earnest consideration and honest application.

The first requisite that links itself to such a character, is *preparation* to assume the responsibilities, duties and expectations of a college community. How many young men enter college unprepared for this ordeal, take the pre-

scribed four years' course, obtain a diploma, and go out into the world to fight the battles of life; at the same time leaving a stigma upon our institutions, hampering their possibilities, and lessening their own usefulness as true and thoughtful men. This may not seem plausible to the casual observer, but when we tear away the mask from the face of truth, by deeper thought and more careful observation, we see how many institutions of good repute have been made to feel this unconscious error. There are graduates on whom rests this allegation and who already realize their mistakes and are using their efforts and talents to make young men, who contemplate entering college, recognize the great importance attached to preparation. They see how unthoughtful human nature has attributed their failure to the non-expenditure of effort upon the part of the faculty, by their having fallen below the expectation of their community.

Let us show our appreciation of college opportunities and advantages by earnest and fit preparation before we assume the technical name, *student*.

Another feature presents itself, which should claim our attention, and which is more closely allied to us as individuals: the possibilities of manhood handicapped and led seductive at the puny suggestions of an unprepared mind and culminating in a stupendous failure.

It is impossible for men to ever acquire that high station in life that they might have acquired, unless they recognize the only pre requisite for such an attainment. My honest conviction is, in the study of human possibilities, that future bestowment has nothing more or less than that individual has already assumed by arduous efforts and continuous thought. How often have we seen men whose countenances glowed with intellectual acuteness, and who in the class room and its association demonstrated more than ordinary brightness, yet from a neglect of opportunities in and out of college, they have become mental dwarfs, and are totally unfit for any honors which a world pregnant with them, is waiting to bestow. They are contented to grope their way in life filling the less important positions and to receive the just deserts of a happy sycophant.

A great life is nothing but an ambition generated in youth and executed in manhood.

The question comes to us then, are we wholly responsible for our limited usefulness and premature station in life? Yes, every one will answer, who recognizes that opportunities do not make the man, but man the opportunities, and that probabilities are nothing more than possibilities made real by the inevitable law of preparation, —energetic manliness. I can conceive of no failure in life more inexcusable than the failure of one who once held proud ambition and distinction in his hand, yet who allows the simple inactivity of a propitious mind to be the cause of such a misfortune, and forever stamps upon the self-loved brow *failure*.

When we contemplate the stupendous assumption of a life wasted in such a manner, our hearts well up with sympathy for a deceived victim and a disappointed world.

It is hardly necessary that I should show or even try to show what an important factor one's acts and attainments are in the destiny of communities and sometimes of nations. Yet I forbear to speak lest some one should stumble over the same misapprehension of truth and become victims to the great tide of human events and be swept into the great ocean of mispent opportunities and unexecuted possibilities, only to be rescued by an unfriendly world and dealt with according to the Divine law of an immutable God. Already we have heard the Divine warnings echoing in the lives of individuals, "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." This law not only applies to individuals in its moral but also in its mental sense, and when we see manhood sacrificed upon the altar of failure, we need not ask ourselves the question why it was he become the indignant victim, but remember the old law of science, "Where there is an effect there must be a cause." The more we are associated with this great law, the more we are convinced that youth holds manhood's destiny and the culmination of a life, either a failure or a success. An ideal student is but the outgrowth of an underlying prin

principle, *preparation*, and the recipient of a just recompense from arduous efforts and economy of time.

It remains yet to be seen whether the coming generations who are to fill the stage of life will be actuated by this great need, before entering upon a collegiate training—men upon whom our future destiny as a college and people depend. Let us act wisely, nobly and well.

Carlisle has said wisely that "Life is a mighty drama enacted upon the stage of time, with scenes for its foot-lamps and the eternity for its back grounds." When we view our lives in that respect, we take in a scope of infinity, beyond the range of human thought and conception. No wonder sometimes we loose sight of our importance and position, revelling in the grandeur and sublimity of an unlimited life, numberless in its profession of probabilities and possibilities and boundless in its influence and power.

L. B. SMITH.

Time's Linging Shadows.

[Monthly Oration for the Preston Literary Society by Pierre H. Fike.]

With the 31st day of August, the summer of 1894 closed. Although after that date the weather, temperature and climatic effects were similar as before, yet the summer season had spent itself, and was then consigned to the past by Father Time, making room for the next consecutive season. What wonderful servants of nature the seasons are.

Yes, summer is gone. We watched its entrance, ushered by May upon the sunny lap of June; we saw that strange, inexplicable process by which nature's vernal grandeur was metamorphosed into the smiling fields of cotton and corn. The days are now shorter, the light wanes and the gloaming begins before six o'clock. Summer is gone.

But the word *gone* is a favorite word with us all. Do things really go? Must everything connected with the past summer which we have undergone, experienced and beheld go with it out of our lives? Must the sweet

consolation of friendship and association then formed, or the bitter sorrow of a loved one then lost, slip out forever, like the lost Pleiad from the seven immortal? No, things do not go; they ever linger, lulled in the deep recesses of memory like the flowers, which remained as a token of Paradise after God had cursed the earth.

Thousands, yes, many thousands, will cling to and cherish the joys and pleasures of the summer of 1894, even when all else on earth ceases to please, when realities are indeed melting into shadows and when the film is gathering over the eyes. And even so with the sorrows of the past summer. We cannot forget the voices, associations and environments of the past, for "spring still makes spring in the mind, when sixty years are told."

If life means anything it is experience, and "all experience is an arch, wherethro' gleams that untravelled world, whose margin fades forever and forever when we move." It is our joys, sorrows, trials and temptations that shape and fit us for life.

Nature is grand and wonderful in all her make up, but the most mysterious part of all her chemistry is that power which time exerts as the years roll by to make our saddest and most poignant griefs less harsh and vivid, and at last render them as soft and gentle as the dews of Heaven upon the parched bosom of the earth.

And curious it is how we often recall our childish hopes and ambitions. Even now we can go back to our first air castles and smile at the long, long thought of childhood. But still there is an indefinable trace of something beautiful connected withal. How well some writer has said, "In that calm, Syrian afternoon, memory, a pensive Ruth, went gleaning the silent fields of childhood, and found the scattered grain still golden and the morning sunlight fresh and fair." As you compare the present with the high standard you had made long ago "the past smiles at you, shimmering out of Hades an instant, but to sink back into the cold shades, perhaps with the faint sound of a familiar tone—a ghostly echo of a once familiar laugh."

In the famous Louvre Gallery at Paris, which is the garner house and culmination of æsthetic perfection, among the many priceless works of art there, hangs a picture which has caught the world's eye as only few have done. The painting is simply this: A rough, steep, rugged mountain, at its foot a youth and maiden attempting the ascent; just above them, feebly, slowly tottering along is an old man and woman coming down. The subject of this immortal sketch is, "How They Met Themselves." Here is food for one who would write the great drama of life; here is subject matter for contemplation for us all. Contrast youth, strength and beauty with age, want and care. Oh, the difference is so great, the comparison so practical! Let us each go up life's hill and reach the highest temple of ideals upon the everlasting peak of truth; let us find strength "to strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield"; so that when we reflect ourselves in the mirror of the past, no distorted features will be anywhere visible. May the deficiencies and short comings of life be balanced by noble acts and deeds, showing that our ideals were ever lofty, pure and true.

We live in an age of thought, and the quickest thinker is the successful man. Let us shape our lives after the Great Model, and while we cannot all be great and immortal, yet we can each one help ourselves and others in unravelling the mystery of life for the benefit of humanity, silently, nobly and well. Then our lives will not be misspent, and when nature's debt is paid, we may, like the glorious sun, leave behind us traces of our existence.



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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

GEO. C. LEONARD, - - - - - Editor.

College Men.

Society is looking more and more to college men as leaders in religion, in morals, in philosophy and in politics. Brains—educated brains—are destined to lead the world in all of its great movements. A short time ago a certain benevolent society sent out circular letters to the presidents of many of our institutions of learning asking for the address of as many graduates as possible, the object being to find out their opinion regarding the lottery business, because, as they said, college men are usually broad-minded and accustomed to think on such matters. *Broad-minded* and *accustomed to think*. These are significant terms and show that people expect large things from men who enjoy large opportunities.

Sometimes we hear it said that too much is expected of college graduates. Of course the public should not expect young men from twenty to twenty-five, who have just completed their course, to be fully posted on and to have a well defined theory of all the great living ques-

tions of the day; but it does have a right to expect a great deal of young men who, for four years, have been associated with educated young men and learned professors, besides having access to the very best of books and periodicals, in which are stored the golden thoughts of great men of all ages from Job to the present day. The man who enjoys such privileges ought to know a great deal about many things and, with the proper materials to work from, ought to be able to study out and form an opinion on almost any subject, and if he is not, one of two things is certain: either he is mentally incapable or else he is culpably negligent. Of course if he pleads the former, society can but pity and excuse, but if he pleads the latter, no allowance can or should be made for him. Society soon finds out whether a man is honest and thorough-going or not, and rewards him accordingly. The insincere, superficial man may shine for a while like a gilded trinket, but after a few rubs against the world the gilding is all worn off, revealing the baser metal hidden beneath.

The world needs and must have men with trained minds—men who can and do think. The childish excuse, "I did not think," so often given, will not satisfy society and the man who tries to pass on it will soon find himself set aside simply because *he did not think*. The names that adorn history and those that have made our literature are all names of men who both thought and acted wisely and nobly. Milton's "Paradise Lost" and Shakespeare's plays are only the reproductions of the many images made upon the mirrors of minds which were kept well polished by constant hard study and active thinking.

The New Year.

Once more we have witnessed the death of the old and the birth of the new year. It is with feelings of sadness that we take down the old calendar and replace it with the new. As we look back over the old year, we see

scattered along its path many resolutions that have not been carried out. We see, too, many fond hopes and aspirations that have been utterly shattered. Much time has been wasted never to be reclaimed. We may take our vacations or may waste our time in idle trifling or inactivity; but Father Time never trifles; is never inactive; has no holidays. He ever moves majestically on. He lingers for no man, yet gives to every one ample time for the faithful performance of every duty required of him.

Well, '94 is gone and there is no use to repine over wasted time or lost opportunities. Upon the whole, the past year has been spent both pleasantly and profitably by most of us. Now, lying out before us untried and unexplored, is '95, offering us splendid opportunities. Let us endeavor to grasp them as they pass.

Many of us have, doubtlessly, made the usual number of good resolutions so common at the beginning of the year. Of course, a resolution made the 1st day of January is no better than one made the 31st day of December. But it is well for us to make good resolutions at any time, though much better to carry them out. Our care should be that they are fully carried out and that the next twelve months be so spent that we will have less to regret on next New Year's day than on the one just passed.

In the last issue of THE JOURNAL, we failed to mention the arrival of the Rev. Mr. Cauthen to our city. Mr. Cauthen comes to us as Presiding Elder of the Spartanburg District. In behalf of the students we extend to Mr. Cauthen a most hearty welcome. His warm, genial manners have already won him a place in the hearts of many of them. We have already enjoyed two visits from him at our morning worship in the chapel, and will be glad to see him any time he can make it convenient to meet us.

The inhabitants of Nepaul, India, have an odd way of measuring time. A copper vessel with a hole in it is floated in a tank or pool. The vessel fills and sinks sixty times a day and a gong is struck every time it sinks.

English and American Railroads.

From the time the famous engineer, Stephenson, put his first locomotive, the Rocket, in operation between Liverpool and Manchester, now nearly sixty-five years ago, until 1891, England held the record of the world for fast trains. But in that year the New York Central broke the record with a special train running from New York to East Buffalo, a distance of 436½ miles in 425½ minutes. This unparalleled speed excited considerable interest which resulted in a number of comprehensive magazine articles as to the relative merits of English and American railroads, clearly demonstrating the superiority of the latter. England's fastest train, the Flying Scóotchman, makes the run from London to Edinburg, 400 miles, in eight hours and twenty-five minutes, or at a rate of 47.52 miles per hour for the entire trip. The fastest train in America, to-day, the Empire State Express of the New York Central, makes the trip from New York to Buffalo, 440 miles, in eight hours and forty minutes, or at a rate of 50.76 miles per hour for the entire trip. Commenting on this train, the London Times, of July 3d, 1894, says: "For the last year or two it has seemed as though the blue riband for speed, which England has held unchallenged since the beginning of railway history, was to be surrendered tamely, without a struggle, to our American cousins."

The slaughter of the Armenians, which has lately come to light, is an outrage against civilization and Christianity, and a gross insult to God.

Since the last issue of THE JOURNAL was gotten out Mr. Wm. P. Fleming, the publisher of THE JOURNAL, has died. For several years Mr. Fleming has done our printing and has always given us neat and attractive work. The contract for printing will be continued by Mr. Paul Petty, Mr. Fleming's co-partner.



EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

J. ARTHUR WIGGINS, - - Editor.

Our Exchange table is covered with many beautiful copies of college magazines. Many institutions have exerted themselves in trying to get out some attractive Christmas number for their readers. Many Journals are in new dresses, bearing upon their attractive flowers and stripes some proverbial phrases of Christmas greeting. The mechanical appearance and the striking, merry-making rhymes, suggested by the old year passing away, are not the only laudable features that first strike our critical vision. But the table of contents are far above the average, giving short and long articles on subjects that perhaps have never been written up in college periodicals.

Every Exchange editor must feel honored to have this pleasant privilege of criticising such a host of excellent college magazines. Strange to say, the "funny column" has given way to some interesting story or a number of well-written, short essays, which have the appearance of witty humor, standing out in such bold relief under the signatures of some of our contemporary editors. The "gleaning column" has given up its aged position at the forks of the road, and we see now in its stead the bright display of some popular genius who, heretofore, reveled in pleasant sleep and never once dreamed of intellectual light. Holiday tidings literally cover the pages, and every line seems to extend—"A merry Christmas to all!" So much for the editor that has had a pleasant association with his work and has proved himself worthy of the pen which has been entrusted to him by his enthusiastic fellow-students. But the editor whose work has been a burden, and who has neglected the columns of the organ given to him for development

and promotion, stands out a conspicuous figure of deceit and mockery, crying ten days in advance, "A happy New Year to you all!" They are impressed with the good work of their contemporaries and so express themselves, but deep down in their hearts the welling up of regret has begun and in a few moments we catch sight of their scratching pens forming new resolutions and teaching new lessons learned by sad experience. Such are the contents of the many Journals that have reached our exchange.

We are sorry we have not the time and space to take up each one separately and offer the encouraging criticisms we might have in store, but we hope to have the good fortune of reading their valuable pages again some time in the near future.

The December number of *The Southern University Monthly* presents more than one strong feature. The popularity of this ably edited journal has been justly won through the excellent matter of its literary department. The editors have caught the art of making their departments appear literary. They extend no effort to please the admirer of jokes and college puns, but present their respective work in such a style as to please the taste and create a longing for repetition. A feast of good reading covers the pages of this *Monthly*. The discussions are varied. The fullness and excellence of the essays are seldom excelled or equalled by many of our exchanges. All the subjects are fresh and contain tasteful food for original thought. Among the many pages of interesting matter, we find two graduating theses—"Why am I?" and "Henry Woodfin Grady," which should receive a careful reading by all who may have an opportunity. The former subject is discussed from a moral standpoint, arguing that God created us for the purpose of always doing, and doing always those things that please Him. A better production, suggested by such an unusual subject, is seldom discussed with more intelligence. Henry W. Grady will always live in the

hearts of the Georgia people. His oratory can not be as highly appreciated in the volumes he has left as when it flowed from his eloquent lips. He has planted in the hearts of this whole nation the germs of peace and brotherly love. We have no Grady now to link North and South together in intellectual and commercial pursuits, but we still have orators from the State of Georgia. John Temple Graves is said to be his successor. He certainly wears his oratorical mantle with ease and dignity, but there was and there still remains plenty of work for both of them. We can do no more though, than mourn the loss of our dead Grady and extol our living Graves.

He stands at the head of Georgia's roll of illustrious men.

The Vanderbilt Observer, for the month of December, brings to a close a most prosperous year of merited success in journalism. With each succeeding issue new subjects of the highest literary order have been discussed. The assertion is not too broad when we say, that the present popularity and usefulness of the *Observer* is made and sustained in the admiration of its readers through its literary columns. Literary excellence does not grow out of articles published for the mere purpose of making a forty or fifty page issue. The writers or contributors to the *Observer* have been given due praise when once their signatures stand at the conclusion of an article, for nothing but the most excellent and carefully written productions are permitted to appear in its columns.

The exchange department seems to excite very little interest. This special phase of journalism is too often neglected by the most influential journalist. The exchange department is the only medium through which the various institutions can learn to strengthen the ties of college brotherhood. This department is usually the first we turn to upon receiving the journal of another institution. Their criticisms are always read with the

highest appreciation, especially when the editors have worked hard to gain an encouraging line of comment from the pen of a popular contemporary. We consider this work of great importance to all journals. We are due all exchanges this form of courtesy after reading over their valuable pages. It matters not how good the preceding pages are, if the exchange columns are neglected, that special issue is far from being complete. The *Observer* will bear all the improvement its editors can give in this special department. "Manfred," a prize essay written for the *Observer*, is indeed worthy of all the praise we can give. The course of argument set forth in the premises of many logical connections, are forcibly verified in each conclusive line of thought. The statement, that Byron impressed his own personage and habits of life in this peculiar character, was clearly pointed out and proven in a most pleasing style. Byron was the victim of an illness or defect of nature that unfortunately disturbed his blood-thirsty, craving soul. But no other writer has ever written like Byron wrote, and from what we know of him through his works, no other writer has ever called himself a gifted bard when depressed in spirit by such a disease of animalism. Byron, and only Byron, could sing the charming accompaniment to this peculiar phase of life.

The Furman Echo is one of the ablest exponents of the progress of college journalism. The literary pages of the December number are replete with some strong contributions suggested by simple subjects. The first few pages of the *Echo* are made attractive by the publication of a poem written by Dr. Furman in 1859, suggested by a view taken from the base of Table Rock. This poem is certainly worthy of our most favorable criticism, and we hope the Furman boys have it carefully stored away in their Society archives. Dr. Furman was a great lover of nature's beauty and he wrote as if he was permitted to take but this one view of the rock to which the poem is dedicated. Upon realizing

the practical phrases, as they occur to the author's mind, we catch a thrilling glimpse of worldly beauty and rare sublimity. The writer held sweet communion with the Muses and now and then he would sound the highest and shrillest note of his musical soul, but always in unison and harmony with the softer keys of his poetical scale. Some of the expressions compare favorably with the poetic strains of famous composers. What diverse criticisms can we offer, upon reading the following lines, when speaking of Table Rock ?

"What power but that of God
 Could e'er have raised thy huge dimensions, and
 What power but that of God can undermine
 Thy deep foundations, and hurl thee headlong
 From thy mountain throne?"

The remaining pages of this department are filled with discussions upon "The Architects of Modern English Literature," "Work," "Greatness" and "Earnestness—a Prerequisite to Success." These subjects, so intelligently discussed, give to the columns of the *Echo* a prominence and popularity, a conspicuous place of literary rank among college journals. Improvement can be made in other departments.

We are truly sorry that we have been heretofore deprived of the pleasure of reading the interesting pages of the *North Carolina University Magazine*. By some oversight of the Exchange Editor we were not entered upon his exchange list until very recently. Nevertheless, we have before us the three '94 issues, which rank highest among journals coming from similar institutions.

The features of these model issues are numerous and striking. They are rich in illustrations and reading matter, and cannot fail to entertain, interest and instruct.

Among the many contributions that deserve comment is an essay written by James K. Polk, Ex-President of the United States, while he was a Sophomore in the University of North Carolina. The essay is written in a Sophomoric style, which we know was a natural char-

acteristic of Mr. Polk even after he began public life. This, however, does not detract any merit from his essay. The unusual style is soon forgotten after we read a short way into his wonderfully logical expressions. This production was placed in the University archives in 1818. Mr. Polk was a deep thinker and a logical debater. The incidents of his college life serve us well, when we come to know him better as a national leader and an administrative adviser of law and liberty.

The *Magazine* devotes considerable space to the announcement of "New Books," which we must consider to be an educating feature of no mean order. By this method we keep up with the rapidly revolving press and are constantly notified of the first appearance of famous productions from popular writers.

The *Magazine* also takes special pains in writing up long complimentary criticisms on the more popular American Magazines, which is nothing of serious wrong, but little attention is paid to college exchanges. We must confess that the *University Magazine* has some very praise-worthy features, but nothing of sufficient character to warrant it of a boast of literary superiority over other college organs. A more carefully edited column of criticisms on college journals would add much to the present popularity of this ably edited college magazine. The mechanical work on the *Magazine* gives it the lead for neatness and outward attractiveness. We hope to see more of this excellent journal in the future.

Among the new exchanges that have recently reached us is the *William and Mary College Monthly*, of Virginia. The variety of contents are very interesting. "Class History" and "Class Prophecy," of the class of '94, as other things of prosaic vein, complete a very attractive number of this popular *Virginian Monthly*. The editorials are good. Other departments might be raised to a higher standard by very little additional effort on the part of the editors in charge.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

B. H. HENDERSON, - - Editor.

Rev. R. N. Wells, D. D.

Dr. Wells was born near Summerton, S. C., in the year 1848. He received an early academic education and, like other ardent young men of that day at the age of sixteen, hastened to join the army. Soon after the war he attended Wofford College and then the University of South Carolina. He joined the South Carolina Methodist Conference in 1870, and filled as his first appointment Fairfield circuit. He next rose to the position of junior preacher under the Rev. Mr. McKibben, at Laurens, S. C. He next preached at Cokesbury and Marion and was then appointed to the station of Sumter. He had by this time gained considerable prominence as a preacher and he was next welcomed by the members of Trinity church, Charleston, to that very important charge. He next preached at Washington Street church, Columbia, Greenwood Station, and then again in Charleston at Bethel church. For the next three years, 1888, 1889, 1890, he was again in charge of Trinity church. Being next made Presiding Elder, he held that responsible position for four years in Charleston District. Last May he was sent as a delegate to the General Conference at Memphis, Tenn., by the members of the South Carolina Conference. Thousands of homes in South Carolina will miss that sunshine and geniality imparted by a visit of Dr. Wells.

Not only to know him was to love him for his congeniality, but his person, his air, his voice, his bearing, all declared the orator. Thousands listened to this eloquent Divine and his eloquence bore a freshness that never lost its charm. Ill health set in and his valuable labors

must soon come to a close. At the last Conference, owing to his ill health, his son, the Rev. P. B. Wells, was appointed as his assistant at Greenville. Only a few days after Dr. Wells's arrival at his charge in Greenville, he passed from earth to paradise to be forever with the Lord. Rev. P. B. Wells, of the class of '94, now has charge of this important position which will, no doubt, receive his earnest work.

J. L. Glenn, of the class of '79, is a prominent and successful lawyer at Chester, S. C. Mr. Glenn delivered an able address before the Alumni Association at the commencement of '93. Such an honor is awarded to those of our Alumni who have gained a reputation as a speaker.

W. S. Hall, Jr., '91, is farming at Mitford, S. C. He is also teaching, and finds time to attend to both farm and school.

A. B. Stuckey, '77, has been practicing law at Sumter, S. C., for several years. Sumter is a thriving town, and has grown considerably since Mr. Stuckey's entrance to its bar. It is one of those progressive little towns that promises at an early date to lift the low country in literary attainments on equality with the upper part of the State.

R. B. Wallace, '76, practices medicine near Lydia, in Darlington county. He has won confidence in his pursuance of the medical profession and has a wide practice. He gives some attention to farming and especial attention to fine poultry raising.

T. G. McLeod, '92, has been on the road for some time drumming for a firm in Charleston, but expects soon to be admitted to the bar at Sumter.

Messrs. J. F. Fooshe and J. C. Covington celebrated their Nuptials during the Christmas holidays of '94. This example can be commended to their classmates of '92. We give them our best wishes, and no doubt their lives will be spent, a success to themselves, and an unbroken period of usefulness to their country.

J. S. Connor completed the Sophomore year with the class of '94, and has since been engaged in an extensive lumber business in upper Berkeley county. He also has an interest in a new railroad of that section and has been quite successful since his departure from college. Some one said that he is looking forward to a "Christmas holiday" in the near future.

Mr. H. Z. Nabers desires to ask through THE JOURNAL the address of each member of his class. We hope that every man of '93 will, at their earliest convenience, forward their address to H. Z. Nabers, Cross Hill, S. C.



WOFFORD DIRECTORY.

CALHOUN LITERARY SOCIETY.

S. H. McGhee, Pres't; A. M. Chreitzberg, V. P., F. H. Shuler,
1st. Critic;
Paul Hardin, Rec. Sec.; J. C. Roper, Treas.
G. C. Sullivan Librarian.

PRESTON LITERARY SOCIETY.

Geo. C. Leonard, Pres't; H. J. Shoemaker, V. P.; A. H. Dagnall,
1st Corrector; A. M. Law, Rec. Sec.; N. G. Gee,
Treas; C. E. Boyd, Cor. Sec; J. Porter
Hollis. Librarian.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

F. H. Shuler, Pres't; G. C. Leonard, Vice P.; N. G. Gee, Secretary;
R. S. Truesdale, Cor. Sec.; O. D. Wannamaker, Treas.

SOCIETY OF ALUMNI.

J. C. Kilgo, Pres't; W. E. Burnett, V P.; J. F. Brown, Sec. & Treas
W. J. Montgomery ('75), Orator for '95.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

J. L. Fleming, Mgr.; J. R. Humbert, Pres.; A. M. DuPre, Sec.

FRATERNITIES.

Alpha Tau Omega;
Pi Kappa Alpha;

Kappa Alpha;
Sigma Alpha Epsilon;
Chi Psi.

Kappa Sigma.
Chi Phi;

S. H. McGhee, Manager of Alumni Hall.
J. Porter Hollis, Caterer of Wightman Hall.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

S. H. MCGHEE, - - - Editor.

Back Again.

After a rest of ten days the students are back to their places of work and are ready to solve the questions that may come up within the next six months. The past year was a record-breaking year in many respects. The lives of many noted men and of loved ones have come to a close. From our inner student life, we have seen in the outer world political revolutions, nations struggling for existence, wars existing and storms raging on all sides around us. We have heard the national wail of hard times and the people refusing to be comforted. We see the old year as its dying gift offering the possibilities of many reforms. All these and many other strange things we see in the outside world. Yet in our own life, there are also changes. We see our many mistakes and the few successes that we, from time to time, may have accomplished, and it is now our duty to profit by the errors and increase the number of successes. Possibly we can study harder and our studies may be more variegated and occupy a wider range. Possibly we can raise our standard of manhood and be constrained to live lives of usefulness and comfort. The wrongs we have done others may be righted, past grievances forgotten and new ties of friendship formed. Doubtless we all can have purer ambitions and holier thoughts and do good deeds and say kind words with cheerfulness and depth of feeling. May be we can help our college and upbuild her institutions and establish traditions here that will live after us and do others good. At any rate, let us at least try to assist in every possible

way one another, aid the college in her efforts, study harder and learn more. Let the year before us be one of unusual happiness and profit and we shall have done our duty and established a precedent for others to follow.

The Senate Session.

On Friday night, January 11th, the Calhoun Society resolved itself into the Senate of the United States. A committee consisting of Messrs. Shuler, DuPre, Wannamaker, W. and Hydrick, D., had been previously appointed to draw up a bill for discussion and to regulate on what plans the meeting should be conducted. The session was a decided success, and this was largely due to the committee in charge and to the supporters and opposers of the bill. All the formality and rules of the Senate were carefully observed and the discussions were lively and interesting. The question rose in the lower house entitled "A bill to Regulate and Restrict Immigration," and having passed that house was sent to the Senate. The President of the Society acted as Vice-President of the United States and President of the Senate, and each member a Senator. Mr. Norton championed the bill, while Mr. Wiggins was the chief of the opposition. Of course there was much filibustering, else it would not have been a U. S. Senate; but the points of order raised were interesting, parliamentary and instructive. After a lengthy discussion, the bill passed to the third reading and afterwards passed to become a law. From our experience at this meeting we can highly recommend this little digression from ordinary routine of business to other literary societies, for the Calhoun meeting was replete with pleasure and profit.

The annual Christmas concert of the young ladies of Converse College was held on Thursday night before the students left for home, and was one of the most interesting and entertaining that it has ever been our

pleasure to attend. The reception from 10 to 12 o'clock, was certainly a success and every one seemed to have had a most pleasant time. The committee in charge seemed especially, eager to make all enjoy themselves and they succeeded wonderfully well. That occasion shall always be cherished in the fondest parts of our memories.

Rev. W. A. Rogers, the beloved pastor of Central church, has issued a little circular letter to every Wofford student wishing him a happy New Year, and expressing an interest in his temporal and spiritual welfare. This little token of remembrance comes near to our heart and the kind attention received is appreciated beyond the power of words to describe it. The pastor was once a student of Wofford himself and knows well a student's sensibilities and desires and longings after the friendly clasp of hands. These have a significance which eloquence cannot proclaim, nor logic prove, and can only be explained by the loving qualities of the man himself. Year by year he comes in contact with each generation of students and by his frequent visits and other kindnesses, we realize that in Mr. Rogers we all have a friend truly lovable.

We mentioned in our last issue that Prof. Rayhill had a class in elocution. On account of the marked improvement in the members, he has been able to organize a larger class, since the holidays and will give it more attention. This is a privilege which every student ought to embrace if he possibly can. Better speaking and reading and even talking is sorely needed here and everywhere and the day is fast drawing when the public will be stringent in its requirements along these lines. The world is too advanced in civilization and culture to tolerate the preachers or the lawyers or statesmen who do not, to a great extent, know something of the rules of good articulation, gesture and expression. Prof. Rayhill is also an excellent club swinger and has a

large class in this branch of art. At the close of his lessons, he will give a public exhibition in which there will be a contest for the best speaker and for the most graceful club swinger.

We understand that the class of '92 has accepted the proposition made in another department of THE JOURNAL some time since and will reunite here during next commencement. We are very glad of this. That class is the largest Wofford has ever graduated and has some of the best men ever sent from the campus. We shall anticipate their reunion with much pleasure and it will be an era in their lives to be in Spartanburg at that time, and an era in the history of the college to see such large classes together at the same time.

During the Christmas holidays it was the honor and privilege of Messrs. John E. Warmock and Wm. Coleman to represent the Alpha Tau Omega and the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternities respectively at their regular annual conventions at Washington. Both of these gentlemen spent some time viewing the numerous interesting sights of the city and report a most delightful and profitable trip.

We are glad to see Mr. Percy Inabnit back from his home in Orangeburg, entirely recovered from his recent illness. He is looking as hale, handsome and hearty as ever.

Rev. A. J. Cauthen, the Presiding Elder of this district, conducted morning worship for us not long since.

Prof. Smith now has his classes in good working order. The Juniors are cracking syllogisms while the Seniors remain contented while studying of the all-important "ego."

The Seniors having finished Butler's Analogy have begun Thorpe's Government.

G. F. Clarkson, '91, was seen on the campus during the month of December.

G. E. Edwards, formerly of the class of '97, spent a day or two with his friends in early January.

D. D. Wallace, '94, former Editor-in-chief of THE JOURNAL, passed through the city on his way to Vanderbilt where he is pursuing his studies in history and modern languages. We extend to him our best wishes.

C. B. Waller, of the class of '92, spent the night with his friends on his way to Union to continue his duties there as Superintendent of the graded schools. We hope to see him again commencement at the reunion of his class.

W. F. Stackhouse recently paid a flying visit to Greenville.

At the last election of the Preston Society the following officers were chosen: Geo. C. Leonard, Pres.; H. J. Shoemaker, V. Pres.; A. M. Law, Recording Sec.; C. Boyd, Cor. Sec.; Atticus H. Dagnall, 1st Corroector; John W. Daniels, 2nd Corrector; T. C. Covington, 1st Censor; Wm. Coleman, 2nd Oensor; John P. Hollis, Librarian; N. Gist Gee, Treasurer.

L. P. McGee, of the Junior class, who left in November to take charge of an important school, has joined his class again.

W. B. Evans, '96, after spending several weeks in Columbia in the State Honse, has returned to college.

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LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

H. J. SHOEMAKER,

Editor.

We Are Going too Fast.

(Monthly Oration for the Calhoun Society by Marion Tucker.)

This is the age of steam. It has become a platitude to discuss the progress of the mechanical arts during the nineteenth century. Invention has succeeded invention. Genius has directed, science has aided. Modes of transportation have been revolutionized. Wonderful changes have taken place in every department of human effort. Not one branch of industry but has felt this breath of revolution pulsating through all nature, and from it has received an impetus and an inspiration. We can scarcely realize the marvels that have been accomplished, and so great is our astonishment at the progress of invention, that to the wildest schemes propounded by genius or crank, impracticable, absurd though the idea be, we hardly dare say "nay" or smile at the originator. For the things we yesterday deemed impossible, are not only the facts of to-day, but in many instances are rapidly giving place to greater marvels and more speedy and efficient means for accomplishing the same ends.

As it is the nineteenth century that has witnessed this transformation, so America, by far the greatest wonder of that century, is always in the van of this modern tor-

nado of progress. Again, it is a platitude to glorify our country. She needs no glorification. We might term her an axiom; for are not energy and enlightenment self-evident? and do not these constitute America? Either she originates or she adopts: but America is only another name for originality.

Such is our admiration of these marvels of our day and of our country, that we are apt to overlook the enormous consumption of energy which is necessary to the accomplishment of nineteenth century ends. We need only consider America, for, as has been said, she leads the march of progress and is typical of enlightenment.

We, each of us, feel it incumbent upon us, in order to sustain our own self-respect and preserve our place in the throng of energetic followers of ambition, to constantly exert every force within us—even those powers which should be reserved for a crisis; to forget fatigue or the possibility of it, and keep our whole system on the *qui vive* of unnatural excitement. We are taxing the energies of nature to whirl us forward to some goal, real or imaginary, looming up in the realm of fancy: and, if one expostulates or seeks to dissuade, the mad answer is flung back: “The goal *must* be reached—it *must* be now! There are thousands by our side determined to outstrip us! Shall they? Acknowledge a superior in our own peculiar province?”

Our ambitions, hopes, impulses, are all in the whirl. There is little time for thought; *no* time for hesitation. But worse and more dangerous than this—there is sometimes no time for conscientious scruples. In this mad rush *they* might sometimes retard our progress. Ambition recognizes no equals save her own devotees. Is conscience ever a slave to ambition? In a race between the two, is there often any doubt as to the issue? Carried along by the crush of the crowd; fearing to allow a single faculty to slumber lest some one should push us from our place! Steam becomes too slow and antiquated for us, and we make electricity our slave, and with the impetus of this electric energy we whirl through

time; our brains the batteries, our nerves the wires; and so we rush through life.

Too fast! Too fast! Our great-grand sires, those strong, manly characters, were content to make progress more slowly. Did they enjoy life the less? Were they less patriotic, less courageous, less religious? Can we do better by having fevered brains? Does nature call for a surcease of toil? Is there philosophy in the poet's wail:

"O for a lodge in some vast wilderness;
Some boundless contiguity of shade!"

I am not now referring to any one pursuit as being especially indicative of this morbid energy. It is not confined to any single branch, but extends to almost every department of human effort. Desire of wealth, fame, power—mighty delusions, still luring on the multitudes, still guiding the many to destruction. Will-o-the-wisps, that demand our life, our all, and in return give—death!

Even in the praiseworthy race for the improvement of mind, the acquisition of knowledge, we may run too fast. The devotees of science often fall victims to great achievements: then we mourn the heroic dead:

"O what a noble heart was here undone
"When science' self destroyed her favorite son!
"So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
"No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
"Views his own feather on the fatal dart
"That winged the shaft that quivers in his heart."

"Make haste slowly." "Don't burn the candle at both ends." Of course such advice as this is sensible, but how are we to observe it when others are making haste rapidly, and bringing their life energy as if it were supplied by an indestructible apparatus?

Is there no way for our civilization to prescribe moderation in our toil? Nature's pace is orderly—no haste, no hurry. The seasons succeed each other with leisurely approach; the stars move with majestic slowness; the Lord of nature *doth not make haste*. A thousand years, and one day have with him the same measure. Merely

one epoch in geological formation requires countless ages for its completion. Nature demands eons to perfect a single type:—

‘ But man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep.’

And yet man is nature’s masterpiece. Disregarding the commands and admonitions of his mother, shall she not rebuke the wayward child?

Confronted by these truisms: certain punishment if nature’s laws are transgressed; the penalties that must surely be paid if the supply of vital energy is too rapidly exhausted—is it not strange, is it not incomprehensible, that, disregarding all, we rush into destruction in the end?

If only we would consider: so much more can be accomplished by steady, systematic effort, even if slow and laborous. Do not regard this advice as cant; it is fundamentally true and practicable, and the mere fact that it is voiced by all true philosophers who study the great problem of the burden of toil, and exemplified in the lives of all thorough workers, should alone be sufficient to convince us of its basic truth.

I have said that the stars move with majestic slowness. Considered absolutely a speed of thousands of miles in a moment of time is truly a terribly majestic pace and entirely beyond our comprehension; but when we take into consideration the infinite spaces which the stars traverse, and that their journey pressed in numbers conveys to our minds merely an idea of incomprehensible distance; then, relatively, their speed is slow as compared with our rush through life.

Nature’s year embraces four seasons. Spring is balmy; summer is hot; autumn is chill, and winter is cold; but how many seasons, or moods, do we experience during one of nature’s *days*? Spring’s cheerful good humor yields to summer’s hot anger, and winter’s indifference quickly displaces autumn’s hilarity. All this during the flight of an hour. Then how slow and deliberate and trustworthy is nature!

Two thousand years ago there flourished a wonderful city. Never in the world's history have her perfect grandeur and beauty been equalled. Never has her intellectual supremacy been questioned. She sheltered a happy people, a prosperous people; a people free and untrammelled in thought and word and deed. The work of her thinkers has not only come down to us through the ages, but is still unrivalled. Her statesmen were sagacious, her orators magnetic, her philosophers profound. And yet this city knew not steam nor electricity. Her commerce was vast, but she had no "ocean greyhounds." She had her millionaires, but no stock exchange. Her *government* has been the wonder of succeeding ages, but she possessed no complicated legal system. We might term this pagan Athens *slow*, but her work is imperishable. How much, do you think, of our nineteenth century work is destined to be permanent?

We must learn that an end accomplished at the expense of human life, is seldom worth the sacrifice it demands. It is, after all, not a *true* accomplishment.

How often this has been reiterated, and how often disregarded: "Rest is absolutely indispensable to work." To claim for yourself complete immunity from fatigue is to arrogate to your constitution something superhuman. Cervantes, with the inspiration of true genius, makes his character "Sancho" exclaim: "Blessed be the man that invented sleep!" And that, too, only means *rest*.

The Canaan of our dreams is a land of *rest*—but don't kill yourself trying to get there. Introduce a little Canaan into your present life. Systematic work, regular rest, these two will accomplish anything. True work will be permanent, not ephemeral; continual, not spasmodic. This fever of our age is destructive. It would be absurd to attempt to deny our progress, but it is the progress of the few, not of the many. We had a Morse, we have an Edison. Science progresses: yes, but what of the masses? Are *they* healthier, wealthier, happier than they were fifty years ago? Is life longer?

Are wages higher? Yes, we progress, but the majority of us are merely wearing ourselves out, and in the end accomplish nothing. How much wiser it is to realize that we have a physical man to consider, a perishable body to care for, and that by such a care we may achieve more—be of greater service to mankind.

Yes, it is satisfactory: work. There is nothing else so sweet in all the world as the sense of work accomplished. But will it not add to that satisfaction to know that in the performance of the task no unnecessary energy was expended, no faculty overtaxed, nothing injured or destroyed but merely enlarged as to capacity for work? Have you ever thought that in completing any labor we have done something more than finish a piece of work? We have enlarged our *capacity for work* by just so much, and by such an application fitted ourselves for something higher.

Too fast! Too fast! Everything voices it. The untimely end of the great and brilliant novelist Stevenson, who recently died in Samoa, is a melancholy illustration of the fever of the times. Offended nature refuses at last to aid her children, and demands a steadier pace, a slower progress. The effects of their hurried rush through life are painfully evident. The enormous increase of city population; the shortening of the average life; the strange way our great men have of dropping dead at their work, while comparatively young. The most energetic workers seem to be the last to learn that hurry is inimical to progress—that it prohibits thought and stability.

I have said that we are going too fast, and that by rushing through life we are transgressing natural laws, but no remedy for this feverish disease has been proposed. This complete solution of great national problems concerns the social scientist alone, and lies in his province. We cannot stem this flood-tide of haste; but each one, for himself, can resolve on steady, systematic effort in that department in which he labors, and by the moderate effort not only benefit himself, but aid humanity as a whole.

Stop and listen to the melodies of nature. Heed that voice in the running brooks, in the rustle of the oak leaves, in the wind among the pines that breathes eternal youth, eternal freshness, eternal joy! Why, if you should take the seven declared tones of music and with them weave the most delicate and subtle airs, ringing with sweetest cadence and most exquisite harmony, never could you excel the incomparable melody pulsating in the song of a nightingale! Nature in all her varied forms commends method and system and moderation, but *condemns* haste and hurry and rush and waste.

The time will come that will witness the inevitable reaction of this terrible strain. Save yourselves from such a disaster! *Work*, but do not rush. Teach the next generation of Americans that hurry is not compatible with true progress. And so will come

A race of men divinely strong,
 Versed in the right, inimical to wrong;
 Working the work that God has set for man,
 According to the wis- and god-like plan.

“LeMisanthrope” and its Hero.

The man aspiring to literary fame will never attain his goal, if his philosophy is false and his views artificial. Especially is this true in the Drama where truthfulness and naturalness—freedom from exaggeration and artificiality—are demanded; and in this sphere of literature it is the works of only those men whose eyes catch the natural picture and whose pens portray it in a simple, straightforward way, that live after the writers have died, and will ever enjoy popularity on account of their perennial freshness. Not a large per cent of those who have attempted to leave to posterity a picture of their time have succeeded. They neglect the importance of being ever true in their delineations of all phases of life, and Time, generally an impartial judge, deems their work worthless. Of the few that have succeeded in this line, Moliere is one of the most prominent, and, in his “LeMisanthrope”, he indeed succeeded glo-

riously, giving us in this comedy a charming as well as vigorous picture of the social life of his time and country.

“LeMisanthrope” and such dramas might appropriately be called society lyrics, for they give the innermost thoughts and feelings of the society which they paint, and as from the lyric of the poet we get the best estimate of his innerself—of what he really is—so from “LeMisanthrope” we get more genuine history of the time of Moliere, than from all the war records of this interesting period in French history. We see what is occupying the minds of the individuals; what is the basis on which French society rests. We can observe the forces at work that play such a large part in the development of French character; and finally we have splendid portraits of the men and women that such a state of society, as existed in the time of Louis Quatorze, produced. I have read comedies of other great dramatists, and while in some—notably Shakespeare’s *Midsummer’s Night Dream*—the vein of exquisite poetry and mysticism that is ever present, beguiles one into dreamland and thus affords much pleasure, in none other to me are there the ever present freshness and sparkle of wit and humor that so abound in this charming comedy. The writer never allows poetic mysticism to convey the thoughts of the reader from the France of Louis XIV. to some unearthly “Lotos” land, but it is always apparent that he is writing a true and earnest criticism of life—life as he knows it to be, and as he sees it lived.

Again, all this vivid delineation of character that we have in “LeMisanthrope” is not without a purpose, and that purpose is ever apparent, though not obnoxiously so. Moliere knew full well to what an alarming extent frivility, levity, insincerity, utter want of seriousness and scarcity of honesty (a natural result of the absence of sincerity and seriousness) were present in the society around him, and to remedy this was his earnest desire. So in this moral satire—for a satire it is, and however gentle it may seem, is very forcible and by no means wanting in vigor—he attempted to give his countrymen

a true but ridiculous picture of their degenerate time, and thus by turning their attention to their condition, to stimulate them to better it. Moliere himself had not escaped the poisonous atmosphere that was so prevalent from the decaying state of an artificial society; and a careful reading of the play does not leave the impression that it is merely the recreation of an observant mind, but rather that it is the work of a man with a profound knowledge of human nature, who has closely studied the tendencies of his time, and thoroughly convinced of their evil and disastrous trend, is earnestly striving to check them.

With true appreciation of plot management in the drama, and possessing to an unusual degree the power to apply this appreciation to his own work. Moliere grouped the characters so skillfully and artistically in this play that none suffers the loss of the closest attention, while each one serves to emphasize forcibly the dominating points in the character of some other. The plot for the most part is simple; but where it approaches complexity is well handled; and the sub-actions are so arranged that they enforce and emphasize the main action. While Alceste is the most prominent character in the play, he is not made so prominent that the other characters shall suffer the loss of interest or attention of the reader or audience. I do not think Moliere intended to center the interest exclusively around Alceste and his fortune, but rather he would have it divided among the whole troop of personages introduced, and thus attract the closest attention to the whole play. It was not his intention that we should study the character of Alceste or Celimene alone, using the other characters as mere side lights to aid in the understanding of these complicated products of a most artificial society; but he is painting a true picture of life, and to arrive at a just comprehension and appreciation of these two extreme characters, the intermediate characters also must be carefully noted and studied. So while our attention is at once attracted to Alceste from the beginning, and we willingly follow him, anxious to discover

what is the reward or punishment that the dramatists, who in the play represents Providence of true life, may see fit and just to bestow on such a life, we do not think of complaining when his courtships is interrupted and the stage given to Acaste and Clitandre. We at once see the intention of the author in introducing these characters, and while we study in them the condition of the French nobility, which, to say the least of it, was not the best, he has clothed them in such amusing egotism and such happy, "go-lucky" ease and serenity, that they not only attract our attention, but unconsciously we become interested in their fortunes. So with the other sub-actions, all of which portray some phase of French society life. We find time and patience to trace the misfortunes of the silly would-be poet Oronte; to study the tricks of the hollow-cheeked Arsinoe, and to laugh heartily at her ingenious traps to catch a lover. But while due emphasis is given to all the sub-actions, and their characters, in order that the moral that Moliere would teach may be forcibly put, Celimene, who plays an important part in them all, serves as a "link personage" to bine them to the main action, the courtships of herself and Alceste, and so the unity of the whole play is well preserved.

At first sight it may seem that in Alceste, the hero of "Le Misanthrope", the dramatist has given us a greatly exaggerated portrait of the possible fruit of any age. This is not true, however, and on close study of his character, Alceste is seen to be the legitimate child of his age, and represents one phase of its society, as truly as does Celimene. He is not a fool, although he often allows his blunders to place him in a ridiculous light; nor is he entirely wanting in those great qualities that are so splendidly apparent in some great heroes. I regard him rather as a man with a more than ordinary intellect, who has studied the condition of life around him, and having found so little that was good, and so much that was to be detested, allowed his philanthropy to be paralyzed and his very mind to become diseased by the shock of such a discovery. He is extremely sincere,

always truthful, hates a lie and despises hypocrisy. But instead of applying these virtues, and endeavoring to better the condition of his surroundings, he becomes a man with a soured disposition, whom disgust for human depravity and weakness entirely incapacitates for action, and who sees life only through a jaundiced eye.

At some period in his earlier life before we meet him in the play, with the co-operation of some other similarly disposed man, Alceste would very probably have made a powerful reformer; but finding himself alone in this abhorance of the evils that were praying so terribly on the characters of his countrymen, he gave up in despair and disgust, and became, as we find him in the play, a morbid pessimist. To a certain extent he is much like Shakespeare's Hamlet, for he was too strong a character to be moulded into the type of man that was so characteristic of his age; but also too weak to apply his principles of right and wrong as a reformer. He did not descend from his ideals and embrace society, but on the other hand, neither did he raise society to a higher level, purging it of its many impurities and purifying its very atmosphere long since tainted. As it is, he is but the creature of his environments, whereas, had he exercised to better advantage his will power, he could easily have left indelibly his impress on his time and turned to great advantage the powers of his mind.

As we find him in the play, Hamlet's words suit him only in part.

“The time is out of joint, O cursed spite!
That ever I was born to set it right.”

He is ever deploring and abusing the evils of his time, and declaring to every one their vices in wise maxims and lectures on what they ought not to do, intimating that he was far above the average and could institute a better state of affairs if he only would. But here the application stops, for Alceste never once dreams that he was put in the world to reform society, while Hamlet was continually lamenting that such was the work he himself was commanded to do. Alceste's main objection to the evils of his time is more especially in that

they affect him, and most that we hear from him is complaining that he is not treated right. And so instead of placing his wisdom and unusual ability at the disposal of the world for the betterment of mankind, as I sincerely feel poor Hamlet would have done had his life been spared him longer, he allows his disgust and contempt at the existing state of affairs to carry him into blind hatred of mankind and into pessimism.

This is no unnatural condition of man under certain influences, for we can find just such characters in real life. Such a great man as our famous Matthew Arnold allowed his whole life to be embittered and saddened and his intellect put under unnecessary disadvantages by the unpleasing picture that his keen insight showed him of the silent forces at work in nineteenth-century life; and, just as Alceste, he became disheartened, pessimistic and sarcastic.

We feel that the fate that Alceste suffered was most just. Such a character will never attain happiness, nor does he deserve it. There is some good in every one and in everything if we will but see it, and true happiness consists in seeking and admiring the good, not in merely detesting and abusing the bad. Because one drop of ink will vilify the color of a glass of milk, why, no good is done by deploring the power of the black; but sensible and practicable philosophy would say drink the milk and find it as palatable as possible. That Alceste could have done much by no means stamps as unjust his doom to unhappiness, for—

"The world which credits what is done
Is cold to all that might have been."

Indeed, it seems to me that the masterstroke of the whole play is that Alceste, the "grand, gloomy and peculiar" thinker, so great that he can conscientiously say he hates all mankind, is represented as the unsuccessful love-slave of Celimene, a worthless, flirting, fickle woman, who has no regard for truth or honor. The poor lion is caught in the meshes set for a mouse and endeavors in vain to free himself. But Moliere is not here humorously exaggerating life. Why, I know not, and

how I cannot comprehend, but everywhere in nature opposites attract, and so it is in life. A poet revelling in visions of ideal beauty is called back to the earth from which his vision has beguiled him by a coy, laughing, flirting face, and he sings its praises as willingly as he formerly did those of the angels.

W. H. W.

Personality in Poetry.

Literature in its range of subjects covers every field of thought from the lowest passion that exercises its influence over the human soul, to the highest elements that rule over the best and purest parts of our nature. Every resource of life has been tried. Outward nature has been studied from every point of view, and has furnished themes for many a poem, and has been the basis of many a poet's well-deserved fame. History in its many forms has furnished subjects of which poets even of the laureate type have sung in sweetest song, and the various departments of learning have yielded up the key to their deep treasuries of thought, and opened a way for the poet to sing and the dramatist to create. In this infinite variety of subjects, as in everything else, the human nature in us so asserts itself as to claim its favorites. The almost universal choice of mankind has been those that have in some measure to do with the soul element of man. This element has been studied from almost every standpoint. Characters have been created and governed in accordance with its laws, and we have admired them, but at the same time have felt that there was lacking that lively and soul-stirring effect that might have been added by one's revealing one's own nature. We do not decry the method of those who, like Shakespeare and his contemporaries, and others after him, dealt with the passions and sentiments and affections of the human heart embodied in characters of more or less flesh and blood, but rather prefer, in some of our moods, the sincere and passionate outburst of a human heart laden with feelings that

struggle for an outlet. The human heart is a harp of a thousand strings, and for this reason the shifting moods of the mind demand variations in the tones that are to touch it.

Shakespeare and many others are certainly impersonal in their writings; but though these have touched their harps to sing alone the universal strains which characterize them, there are others who have fingered the strings of their poetic lyres to give an outlet to their sense of the beauty, the strangeness, the pathetic mystery of the world, to unburthen their misgivings, to unite sympathy with their sorrows and hopes. The latter are most distinctly human in their subjects, and in their manner of treatment. Their beliefs, their hopes, their fears, their sorrows and their joys all find a place within their poetic writings. The human soul and the intellect are the sources of all the great productions, the soul itself being the greatest. Souls vary in the degree of truth they contain, and also in the manner in which their thoughts and emotions are given to the world. Tennyson beautifully expresses the growth of individuality, of personality, if you please, in the following lines:—

“The baby, new to earth and sky,
What time his tender palm is prest,
Against the circles of his breast,
Has never thought that this is I.

But as he grows he gathers much,
And learns the use of I and me,
And finds I am not what I see,
And other than the things I touch.

So rounds he to a separate mind,
From whence clear memory may begin,
As through the frame that binds him in,
His isolation grows defined.”

This isolation grows defined in every man, and from the personal confine that separates him from his fellow-man, comes every thought and feeling that he utters. This together with the subject in hand will determine the scope of an author's genius. The theme may come

from any field of thought, the thoughts and feelings themselves can come alone from the same that gives them birth.

Some have given themselves almost entirely to the expressions of their own personality. They have seemingly left the broad field of thought that lies around every man, and turned themselves inward upon themselves, to reveal their own soul with its sorrows and cares. And why should it not be so? Everything in nature has an interest for the human soul, but of deepest and most vital interest to that soul is the nature and habits, the changes and emotions of the human soul itself. Poets have loved and worshipped nature. This is all well and good, but if

"The meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that lie too deep for human tears,"

how great, indeed, must be the thoughts and emotions aroused by the unburthening song of a soul that invites every one to be a sympathetic listener to its plaintive grief! Nature, in her beauty, and in the freshness of her innocence and grandeur, rightly claims much of our love; but the human heart, in which lies all that is closest to us, deserves our sympathy and love far above that.

Personality in almost any phase of life lends a sweetness, a charm, a naturalness that pleases well the human heart. Mankind has an interest about it that draws everything human to it. For one to write of another exercises a pleasant influence over the soul of man; but when he turns inward upon himself and sings songs of his own heart, to reveal the feelings that lie too deep for another's eye to see, to paint in words the desires and strivings of his soul, which cannot be known to another, then it is that the sweeter charms are lent to words, and the reader's heart is most enchanted.

Some one has spoken of Holmes as reading his books out of his own brain. As aptly might one say that Byron is a tuneful singer, wearing his beautiful notes and harmonies from his inmost soul. All of his past life seems spread out before him, and bits of this he turns

into melodious strains of music, that captivated the ears and hearts of the reading world, and with their rising drove the star of another's genius beneath the Western horizon. Romantic songs of knighthood, poetic tales of chivalry and gallantry could not hold their own against the songs that had lain buried so long in a human breast. Though description and fine poetic sentiments were diffused throughout his poetry, the personal element did much to give it its popularity. He could write well of almost anything, but the noblest strains are those in which he reveals the buried secrets of his own world-weary soul. These are not the chief elements of his poetry, but they are the inspiration of, and are embodied in it. Some one has said that it was not till the blow of Lady Byron's separation struck him that the gravest chords of genius uttered a note. From that time forth in the ennobled strains of "Childe Harold," no less than in occasional lyrics the sorrow which drove him into exile, and flung him upon nature for repose and consolation, formed one of the principal topics of his purest poetry. Certainly his "Farewell" to Lady Byron is one of the most touching poems in the language of one who can feel the streams of sorrow and sadness flowing beneath the musical words. The heart is broken, the last hope faded, the bloom and freshness of life lost, and the strains of nobility and sorrow are combined and written in his own life blood. The poem and the "Lines to Augusta," his sister, show us Byron in a light different from that in which most men see him. In both his personality is woven into the words and rhythm, and adds to each an interest far exceeding the usual.

From the point of view here intended, That personality is the expression of one's soul, a more excellent poet than Byron cannot be mentioned. The feelings and passions of his heart are embodied in his verse in a manner well calculated to please the human element of nature. In some instances it may be repulsive to the intellectual, to the artistic sides, but never can it be to the soul side. When the song of the poet's soul bears its message, and thrills our own souls with the love or sor-

row which first inspired it, then it is that our natures are most deeply moved, and every fibre of our being put into sympathetic vibration with the suffering heart whence it came. Certainly if this element in poetry is not most intellectual and artistic, it is most certain of a warm reception in the hearts of the reading public.

Of course in the sense here intended there must be something more in subjective poetry than the mere expression of an emotion. There must be a permanent literary quality coupled with the sentiment expressed. The two are entirely compatible, and may be joined as well as other subjects and literary art are combined. Judged from this standpoint the personal in literature is not so glaring. It may be thus partly overshadowed by the range given to the literary qualities of the writer in dwelling upon his inward nature; and being thus placed in the background, may add to the soul-element a very high degree of the artistic and intellectual elements.

Conspicuous among those who have thus united artistic form and literary permanency in their subjective poetry are some of our best poets. Byron, when in his higher moods, he bursts forth in his more glorious strains is a good illustration. To him in such moods the feeling which he expresses is the very source and fountain-head of his inspiration. When thus moved, though highly subjective, he is not bound within the limits of his own feelings, but bursts asunder the bonds that bind him and breathes life and motion into those things that his inspiring emotion suggests.

Tennyson too may be mentioned in this connection. He reveals his personality in the expression of his love and sorrow, and the faith and hope that he has in the things of the next world. Love changed into sorrow by the death of a friend, and re-born into love is the whole cause of the "In Memoriam." We are led into the very secret chambers of his inmost soul in this poem. But though occasioned by the deep love and sorrow of his soul, besides expressing the feelings and emotions of that soul, it includes within its range as much of the universal world of life as any poem in the English lan-

guage. The feeling and emotions of his heart are there, and though his great sorrow is expressed it is so nobly interwoven with the problems contained therein, and described with so much literary art and merit, that every side of a person's nature is touched and the effect upon the reader is one of universality of thought and feeling. In this poem Tennyson has thrilled the hearts and souls of his generation and its successors with the song of the victory of the soul over the sorrows and cares of this world, and has left us a living monument of the fact that the poet's own self may be expressed in such a way that the personal element may be swept into and made a part of the purpose of a great poem.

Mrs. Browning, the noblest female poet that ever honored any land or language with her song, has been almost wholly subjective in her poems. Her life is a poem, and her poems are the embodiment of her life and thought and feeling in song. Yearning to let the world share her poetic rapture and joy, she has revealed in her "Sonnets From The Portuguese" the burning secrets of her heart, and sounded the notes of the soul-victory of womanhood in love, as Tennyson has those of manhood over life's trials and disappointments.

Passions and affections of a proper nature have the power of purifying the soul, and of making it the seat of feeling as pure and gentle as those in a female heart. Petrarch is an illustration of this refining process and has the same effect in revealing his personality as Mrs. Browning. His love for Laura acts as such a purifier in his soul, and in him we find passions and raptures as pure as in the heart of any woman. "She became the complex incarnation of his personal ideal. She was not merely love, but ambition, fame, intellectual hope." Thus his love and the object of his love were the inspiration of his song and in its purified state his soul had a right to divulge the deep passion of that love to the world, and in them the personality that was inseparable.

Thus love as well as grief may prove the inspiration of a poem, and in and through both, the personality of

a poet may be found underlying the various thoughts and ideas suggested by either. The result of this passion won for him the crown of laurels of which the brow of no poet had for so long been deemed worthy and by which he was distinguished as the most famous man of letters of that time. Hence poems which are inspired by an emotion of the soul and which express the individuality and personality of that soul, may, to say the least receive the plaudits of living men, and win the laurels wherewith the poet may weave around his head a garland of flowers as significant of the fact that, though there are many channels of thought; the one personality figures as herein illustrated may be most highly successful.

GEO. W. FOOSHE.

Literary Ethics.

Life and literature cannot be separated so as to make what is vicious and degrading in one, harmlessly delectable and uplifting in the other. "We live life to enjoy it; we make literature to enjoy it." Literature is meant to inspire us with higher and nobler ideas of living, to be in a certain measure a guide and director of our actions. We are prone to imitate what we admire; and if literature be licentious, what cannot but be the inevitable conclusion? Our enjoyment is a serious matter; for "down the centuries do we grow towards that which most delights us." It is to imaginative literature that we turn for enjoyment; and an attack upon our sensibility is more dangerous than an attack upon our mere intellectuality. It is one of nature's fundamental laws that what is good for the soul is good for the body, and vice versa. Perfect health is happiness. It is not only a necessary perquisite, but it is happiness itself. Ethics therefore, has in view a sound body and a pure mind.

Some persons seem to have a remarkable fear of didactic art; but such are not clear thinkers. All art is didactic, positively or negatively. To acquire knowledge is a most pleasurable enjoyment; and if didacticism

without detracting from our enjoyment of a work of art, is able to teach us also, what harm is done?

It has ever been the function of evil to progress by means of fascination, and this fascination is loosely and mistakenly regarded as pleasure or happiness. Ethics does not recognize the legitimacy of evil delights. The making of a poem which appeals to base sympathies, be it ever so artistically composed, is as vile an act as though it were vulgarly done in prose. The more perfect the art, the greater the evil. Some critics, apologists rather for immoral literature, seem proud of the phrase "artistic conscience." Such a conception robs the creative act of every connection with the source of true conscience, and sets artistic results apart as excrescences on the substance of life. The Greeks called the Muses "the lamps of the earth;" and this is the key-note of Greek art, the note of open illumination.

But the question comes up, where will unbridled "art for art's sake" lead the young? "A clear mind can clearly contemplate evil;" but can a clear mind be delectated with what is unclean? To the innocent there is no pleasure in gazing upon scenes and pictures of vice. Youth is the period of happiness and desire, and to youth art makes its most moving appeal. Take the novel, the most popular form of art, and you note that it is the young especially who read and are swayed by powerful fiction. It is curiosity that first impels youth to find out what is contained between the scarlet backs of a cheap novel; after the first acquaintance, the fascination consequent thereupon. A high ethical conception cannot license art to generate such curiosity and then feed it.

But no ethical law can recognize the distinction by which the adult is liberated to delectate himself with evil. If art is a factor in the conduct of life, our conception of it must be that it symbolizes an act of the collective human body and expresses an aspiration. Even the crudest observation and the most rudimentary experience of life convince us that we must grow like what we contemplate; intellectual associations give

color to the soul. There are no more intimate and subtle intellectual associations than those effected through literature.

The key to art is taste, and taste is the finest secret of conduct. Behind taste lies moral bias, from which the initial impulse of every art movement springs. Now, the deepest reach of art is to engender a right bias, so that good taste shall become hereditary. Speaking of false critics, John Dryden said: "All that is dull, insipid, languishing, and without sinews in a poem, they call an imitation of nature." In our day these false critics correspond to the so-called "realists." The realists boast of holding up a mirror to nature, but they always take good care to give preference to ignoble nature. These modern realists utter the cry of our civilization's lowest and most belated element; and they call it the cry of modern science. But science has nothing to do with it.

Science never disports itself in the baleful light of mere coarseness. In its true sphere science aims to lift us above mysteries. The same may be said of all the great masters of art; they lift us above the mire of degrading things. The custom of critics is in charity to refer the obscenities of old writers to the moral taste of the time. Shall we credit our own civilization with an appetency for realism? Have we moved no farther than this during all these centuries of Christianity? Our associations in art should not be lower than our associations in life. In life we aim at the higher life; why not in art after the higher life?

But how is ethical heaven to work in literary art? The one feasible scheme of ethical reform is education. And the most potent factor in this scheme must be sound criticism. Criticism is the measuring of conduct—the conduct of life, the conduct of art. "Viewed broadly, it is the fine residuum of sound morals left over after the solution of ethical problems." One man is not a critic; it is the intelligent majority. The secret of any book's popularity lies in its touching the nerve of average taste. Is there any one in the world who believes that any person ever read a novel or a poem for

the stark purpose of moral reform? What cant is worse than that of the artist who entertains you at the table of vice with the avowed purpose of sweetening your life? "Naturally, the soul repeats to itself all that is beautiful or all that seems so." The writer writes what he likes; the reader reads what is to his taste. Ah, taste! There is the foundation.

It is time for the key-note of our civilization to sound; it is time for genius to speak in the true, in the highest terms of our civilization. "Well," says some practical soul, "when, where, and to what purpose?" I answer: When we make for genius the true Christian atmosphere will he thrive; not in the dust of dogma; not in the twilight of cathedrals; not yet in the cramped sanctuary of tradition. He shall inhale the rich air, which is buoyant with the significance of our era, and his purpose shall be the good of the brotherhood of man.

B. W. WAIT.

Wyclif and the New Movement in Religion.

As soon as the intellectual culture of a people affords reasonable hope that there will be a reading public, a work of literature appears. In more common, everyday affairs we speak of the law of supply and demand. This same law is seen to operate, if possible, in a still more influential degree in the world of literature and thought. William Shakespeare could never have been the great dramatist that we know had it not been for the sympathetic audiences that greeted him in the London theatres. Edmund Burke's name would not have been written in history as, perhaps, the greatest of England's political thinkers had it not been for the principles which he represented and which were impressed upon him by the conditions predominant at that time. Mr. Calhoun's name conveys a much more definite idea to the American people than that of either of his compeers, Mr. Webster, or Mr. Clay, the explanation of which is very easy. Mr. Calhoun was the rep-

resentation of an idea, a principle that will live in history, and his name will be associated with this principle. The same law which influenced Shakespeare, Burke and Calhoun is seen to have an important bearing upon the life which is to be sketched in these lines.

In any book, one cares less about the subject than about the manner in which it is treated. So in the study of any character you care less about the character itself than you do about that which the character has given to the world. Nevertheless, the life of Wyclif has a great deal of interest in it. Clustering about it is an unbroken chain of events that almost stimulates the imaginative faculties and renders one susceptible to the least intense spiritual influences. With an intellect rapid, active, powerful, struggling to impress itself upon the spiritual development of humanity, he has "that indefinable something" which Mr. Carlyle chooses to call "genius." It is the genius that comes from an immense capacity for work.

To understand properly any life it must be studied in its relations to other lives. You cannot separate a man from his age, and appreciate in the highest sense of the term his work. "It is but one of the many fibers that form a strange and complex web, tangled by destiny, separated only by death." Wyclif's surroundings, at first, must have been of the most pleasant kind. But parts of his life were "hard." The cruel severity of the Draconian laws caused Demades to say of them that "they were written, not in ink, but in blood." Some parts of the life-history of Wyclif could be written in tears, so sad was it. But, if it is true that the test of rank in nature is to endure all things, he, undoubtedly, occupied the right place. He has been fitly called "the Morning Star of the Reformation," "the first personal embodiment of the evangelical reformer," and "one of the four founders of English Literature." The period in which he lived was one of great intellectual activity. It was the age of Chaucer, Mandeville, Langland and himself. It covers more than that time between the

great epoch of Edward III's reign—Crecy being fought in 1346—and the downfall in 1399 of the unfortunate Richard II.

The true test of greatness is not numbers. If the reverse of this were true, the England of this period was but a small land. The total number of the inhabitants of England at the time of the accession of King Richard II, was only about two millions and a half. It was then a "Far West Island." You may say an outlying and provincial annex of civilization, yet the age in which these men lived embraces a political epoch distinguished by the growth and consolidation of the great English constitution, and the completion of those gigantic forces which have made England so great in national disputes and home life.

The nation spent several centuries in preparing for this age. All great literatures have a long period, uneventful in literary productions, before the appearance of any great work. "People must make history before they can sing it; even when the song is of far-off history their own heroic living has prepared them to discover the power of the distant drama and to kindle into enthusiasm while they rehearse it to themselves," says Dr. Wheeler, and this is peculiarly true of the English people. There are few readers who have not heard of Robin Hood, the hero of the people, the character of the Homeric age in our literature. Every nation has had such heroes. The primeval forests and sacred mountains of all lands, with a disconnected mythical history, have sheltered fugitives, and added interest to the polish of the literary artist. Most school boys are familiar with the sinewy figure of Spartacus. Some see him rising upon the mountain, making his way gallantly through the Roman legions, and winning a name in history equal to that of the most daring Roman of his time. In French musical drama the father of Victor Hugo has climbed the same mountain after the Roman heroes, and the Fra Diavallo has been committed to immortality. These periods have stored away within them "golden tales and glimmering thoughts, passions in the

rough and smooth, and fancies rich bejewelled." The poet, dreaming of "far-off things and battles long ago," moved by some intelligent curiosity and tender feeling for the sorrows and joys of mythical characters, begins to feel within himself a consciousness of artistic fancy and creative powers. Going back some centuries before the time of Wyclif we come to this same age in English literature. Many and wide are the vacant spaces in our knowledge concerning it; but when we come to consider the age in which Wyclif lived, we are not confused with all kinds of stories about dragons and giants. It was essentially an age of thought. A noted English author says that in at least four directions English genius was invited to enterprise: "In art, in discovery, in reform, in popular regeneration." They found expression in poetry, travel, religious reform and the beginning of political science. Chaucer was the literary artist; Mandeville, the practical thinker; Wyclif, the religious reformer; Langland, the political student.

I said in the beginning of this paper that you cannot properly understand one's life unless it is studied in its relations to other lives. We now come to consider how these four characters affected each other. It is only recently that the notion that one writer shapes the literary work of his contemporaries has gained any ground. The honor of being the "Founder of English Literature" has been usually accorded to Chaucer. Render unto him the things that are his, but give due credit to his contemporaries. If the honors are due to any one man, I think that man is Wyclif. Certainly, Chaucer had no opinions, so far as I have been able to find out, for which he would have died. On the other hand, Wyclif did have strong opinions, "seeing things to dissolve them, thinking thoughts to tell them, struggling to attain perfect expression; because he thought it the best way to reach the truth, to convince or enlighten." A distinguished writer has this to say about the two: "In his own field, Wyclif is as eminent for the genius of expression as the great poet is in his. The Gospel of St. John is the most wonderful piece of English produced in

that age; nothing in the Canterbury Tales approaches it in merit." The four could not have influenced each other very much. For years each one had his own field and readers. They did, however, in one way affect each other. All four of them were working for progress, preparing the English soil for a harvest of independent thinking. Mr. Arnold is disposed to criticise Mandeville more severely than any one of them. He says that "Mandeville had as great opportunities as Herodotus, and made such poor use of them as to discredit modern intelligence by contrast with ancient Greek." I do not know that Mr. Arnold thought of it at the time; but it seems to me that England was, at the time Mandeville lived, not prepared for a modern Herodotus. It was only at that time, on English soil of a small population, that the writer of the "Vision concerning Pier's Plowman" could have gathered the representations into one open field, and conversed with them as did Mandeville. Chaucer could at no other time, have painted a picture, showing, though not perfectly, the chief national character-types.

Wyclif espoused the cause of freedom against temporal and spiritual despotism. He had intense convictions on the right side, and made them count for something in critical times. The real purpose of a writer and the test of his ability to perform that purpose is, perhaps, but learned from the effect which he produced on the minds of his readers. The purpose of Wyclif's life was to set in motion a religious reformation which would overbear the French and Italian character in English life, and turn Romanism into a Protestant current. The Latin idea of religion had a powerful following in England. All the while there was developing a gulf between the Latin and English races. The fact is that England was Protestant in belief before Wyclif was born. He did not create the difference. He revealed it. It was a natural race difference. He has made a wonderful impression upon the spiritual development of humanity, yet there are some critics who have shown a preference to underrate the reformer simply because he

was intensely spiritual in his work. Mr. Arnold looks at Milton in the same way. When studied from this light, literature is simply an art; vehemence is a merit until it is suspected of sincerity, but becomes a fault so soon as it appears to spring from moral earnestness; and unfortunately for his standing with these critics, Wyclif was vehement, and in blood earnest about it, too. One may as well say that Mr. Gladstone's interest in the classics takes away from his life work, his real interest in State affairs.

A Catholic Priest writing about Wyclif has this to say: "He was not, as is commonly believed, a Protestant. He not only lived and died a priest in the Roman Catholic church; he did not so much conceive of any other church as possible." The Roman Catholic church of that age must have been different from what it is now. Wyclif undertook to correct abuses, and began by putting the Bible into English. "In his treatise called "Objections to Friars," he maintained that the Gospel, in its freedom, without error of man, is the sole rule of religion." In these lines he uttered "the keynote in the noble music of his life."

At this time the church and the State were in a continual struggle for the ascendancy. The State finally gained the supremacy. Wyclif remained in the church: but in open warfare against the Pope. The leaders at the great university condemned him in no uncertain tones; but a national feeling was arising in its might, eagerly waiting to overthrow the oppression of years of misrule and clerical corruption. The encroachments of the church of Rome on the liberties of the nation were exciting the people, and it was evident that the elements of a great revolution were collecting. The people saw that the representatives of the church of Rome, most of whom were Italians and Frenchmen, besides holding a large part of the possessions of the nation, were appointed to most of the high offices. This state of affairs could not long remain unchanged. The people were ripe for any measure that would check the growth of this corrupt system. It may be said that the whole

country was in a transition period. The people wanted an independent church, not one governed by a man at Rome. The time came for an advocate of liberal ideas, and Wyclif was called out as the man. About the year 1366, during Edward III's reign, the Pope called for a payment of some one hundred thousand marks imposed on King John over a century before, but which the English had rejected to pay. Wyclif was called as a member of parliament to decide this question; one involving the dignity, self-respect and independence of the distant little island; also the right of the Pope to make such a call. Wyclif held that King John had no right to place the country under subjection to the Pope in promising this amount; that it was opposed to the "Word of God" and to the rights of the English people. He wrote many strong papers in which he supported the independence and sovereignty of the people in their relation to the Roman Catholic church. He denied that a thing was right simply because the Pope did it. He believed that the highest officer in the church was bound to exemplify Christian virtues in his own life. All England seemed to be in a terribly depressed condition. The Pope visited the island, travelling about over the country in great splendor, collecting dues from the clergy and the people. Wyclif censured those collections, and uttered these memorable words which was to become the first idea of the reformation:—"That Holy Scripture is for Christians, the rule and standard of truth." The fact that the English parliament laid a heavy tax upon the property of the church shows, beyond a doubt, that the people were getting tired of the old form. Wyclif had done a great deal to bring about this change, and had incurred upon him the hatred of the Pope and that corrupt system of religion at which he was the head. The dark and lurid cloud, which was soon to burst over his head, had gathered drops of envy colored with priestly hatred. He knew what it meant to be censured by a Romanish court, but he boldly and defiantly met it.

At length he was summoned to a convention of clergymen to answer to the charge of heresy. He obeyed,

and, accompanied by Lord Percy, Grand Marshall of England, and the Duke of Lancaster, he went to St. Paul's, London. Nothing came from this first assembly to try him. Wyclif's friends acted very insolently to the bishops, and the body adjourned in confusion. Although somewhat discouraged by the friends of the reformer, the leaders in the Church of Rome did not abandon their purpose to destroy him. They were almost confident that he could not escape, but time only served to weaken his enemies and strengthen his own cause. Parliament met shortly afterwards. In the meantime King Edward had died. How Wyclif's cause had grown is seen from the fact that the new parliament asked him "to draw up an opinion for the boy, King Richard II, and his great council, with respect to the competency of the English kingdom by law to restrain the treasure of the land from being carried off to foreign parts, although the Pope should demand its export in virtue of the obedience due to him and under the threat of church censures." As a matter of fact Wyclif did not want a better opportunity to prove that England was able to take care of herself, without any assistance from the Pope. Wyclif was brought up several times after this, but at no time could anything be done with him. From this time until his death he spent his time writing pamphlets and instructing itinerant preachers. His end came on the last day of December, 1384, when paralysis affected his mind. Many years after his death, a council of the Catholic church ordered that his remains be burned. Accordingly they were taken from under Littewoth church, the bones were burnt to ashes, and were cast into the swift river.

"Once more the church is seized with sudden fear,
 And at her call is Wycliffe disinhumed;
 Yea; his dry bones to ashes are consumed,
 And flung into the brook that travels near;
 Forthwith that ancient voice which streams can hear,
 Thus spake, (that voice which walks upon the wind,
 Though seldom heard by busy human kind,)
 As thou these ashes little brook! wilt bear
 Into the Aven, Avon to the tide

Of Severn, Severn to the narrow seas,
 Into the main ocean they, this deed accurst
 An emblem yields to fiends and enemies
 How the bold teacher's doctrine, sanctified
 By truth shall spread throughout the world dispersed.

A. S. HYDRICK, JR.

To Wofford College.

Vale atque Ave.

Thou mighty power! Strong lever in God's hand
 To work his plan! Great and illustrious is thy Past—
 Thy Present nobler still! Conscious of manly pride we stand
 And point to thee whose undimmed fame shall last
 While Good is godly and while Truth is true.

Thy future, roseate tinted, big with hope,
 Dawns on our hearts a day of perfect peace
 When Erudition holds yet wider scope
 And Learning bids the insatiate's longing cease.

Hasten new day—dead epoch fond adieu!

January 26, 1895.

--F. LAMBER. '95



Wofford College Journal.

A LITERARY JOURNAL, Published monthly by the Calhoun and Preston Literary Societies.

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WOFFORD COLLEGE, FEBRUARY, 1895.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT:

GEO. C. LEONARD, - - - - - Editor.

Application.

No student can attain the highest degree of success without the power to apply himself fully to whatever work he has before him. This faculty seems to be inherent in some students. They can sit down and bury themselves in their books, becoming oblivious to all that is passing about them without the least effort, while others will see and hear everything that happens near them. We almost envy these men their happy faculty, when we too could have it by the exercise of a sufficient amount of will power. Application is almost synonymous to self-control, and may be attained by any man, who puts the proper restraints upon himself.

With this faculty, a very slow and common place man can accomplish much more than a very bright man, who allows his powers to run riot without any attempt to control them. Gen. T. J. Jackson furnishes us a splendid example of what a slow commonplace student may accomplish by close application. When he went to West

Point he was not only slow, but behind in his studies as well; but he determined to do his work even if it took him twice as long as it did the other boys. Afterwards this boy, who was looked upon as a slow dull plodder. "took the wind out of all the other boys' sails", as Gen. Geo. B. McCland expressed it.

Sometimes we grow dreadfully tired of certain branches of our work. We are thoroughly disgusted with Mathematics, or we have no taste for Greek or Latin, or English essays are a perfect bore to us. That is the very reason that we ought to apply ourselves the more closely to that particular branch of our studies. That side of our intellectual nature is the one that is most in need of discipline and cultivation. And by close hard work, we not only master that particular study, but, what is still more important, we master ourselves and that, after all, is the chief object to be attained by study. No man is truly educated until he can control his faculties and bring them into operation at the very time and upon the very thing he wishes to.

But we may argue that we will never have any use for this or that study. We do not know just now what we will have a use for. Some of the most distinguished educators of our country have made their reputation in after life by teaching the very branches that they, as students, disliked most and would have dropped had they been allowed. But even if this were not true, it is the training that we get from this work that strengthens us and does us good. We may forget all our Greek and Latin, but the training gotten from them will not be lost.

Handsome Donations.

Columbia College has recently received three handsome donations amounting in all to about a million dollars. The first was a gift from Messrs. Cornelius, William K., Frederick W., and Geo. W. Vanderbuilt of \$350,000 for the erection of two additional buildings to

the Vanderbilt Clinic. The second was a gift from Mrs. J. W. Sloan, who was a Vanderbilt, and her husband of \$100,000 for the erection of an addition to the Sloan Maternity Hospital. The third gift of half a million comes from two unknown gentlemen for the purpose of erecting two new buildings of Columbia College on Riverside Heights. Mr. and Mrs. Sloan will also fully equip the new addition to Maternity Hospital, besides Mrs. Sloan has guaranteed to meet, during her life-time, all expenses exceeding the present endowment.

It is a pity that some philanthropist would not lend a helping hand to some of our poor colleges of the South.

Decline in Newspaper Publication.

According to one of our exchanges, the number of newspapers printed in the United States today is ten per cent. less than in 1893. During that year 273 newspapers suspended in New York state alone, while, during 1894 not less than 350 others ceased to be issued. It is hard to say whether this is to be regretted or not. Of course it depends entirely upon the character of the paper in question. We could give up a good many of our so-called newspapers at the South and yet suffer no loss, and the same is doubtless true of the North. Many if not most of our newspapers are run entirely in the interest of some political faction and instead of enlightening the masses and building up the tone of society, which should be the aim of every newspaper, they tend to scatter seeds of discord and ill-feeling, thus doing untold harm. No thoughtful, honest man would regret to see such papers suspend indefinitely at any time.

A Very Old Coin.

Among a lot of pennies received at the treasury department for redemption sometime ago, was one that was rejected. One of the clerks redeemed it and gave it to Congressman Johnson of North Dakota. Mr. John-

son sent it to the Smithsonian Institute for identification. Afterwards he learned that it was coined in 284 A. D., and was in circulation during the time of Emperor Diocletian, so what was considered "not worth a cent" has proved to be a valuable relic, worth many times its weight in gold.

The largest telescope in the world, it is said, will be the principal feature at the Paris Exposition. According to M. Mantois as announced at the "Societe Astronomique de France," the instrument will be 200 feet long with an objective of four feet diameter.

Needed Reform.

For some time there has been a great deal said and written about reform in State and National politics, but little attention has been given to reform in municipal government either in our large cities or small towns. The late movement in New York set on foot by Dr. Parkhurst, is a turn in the right direction. "It is both sensational and practical" and has drawn the attention of the citizens in other large cities to the abuses and corruption in their own municipal governments. The convention which met in Mineapolis in December had representatives from many of the largest cities in the United States—earnest wideawake men, who are determined to put forth every effort possible for the promotion of good city government and social reform. A convention, which was held in Buffalo, N. Y., in the latter part of November at which thirty cities were represented, had for its specific object the evangelization of the large cities.

Since that time the work of investigation has gone steadily forward in New York under the Lexow Committee, and the same work has been taken up by other large cities.

"All this is in the interest of good government not only in New York" and other large cities, "but for the whole country." The cities are the centers of civilization and

the points from which radiate the greater part of the social and political ideas of our people, and this being the case, if the cities are corrupt they will naturally infect the masses with corrupt ideas. If reform begins in the cities, purifying city morals and politics, the influence will not stop there, but will permeate the masses who control the ballot box and good government in state and nation will be the result.

It is gratifying to see that the best papers and periodicals of the country are standing firmly by the movement. "There is need in political organization and in church work to strike hard blows for righteousness in men and good government in the cities of the United States," and the press can, perhaps, strike hardest by voicing the sentiments of the men who are making this fight for right and purity.

"Brevity the Soul of Wit."

The literary department of a college magazine should be filled with a number of short, interesting articles rather than with just a few long ones. A college journal generally has a certain number of pages to fill with literary matter each month, and it *must* be filled. Therefore the editor cannot always be as choice in what goes into that department as he would like. But whenever he can select between putting in a variety of short pieces and two or three long ones, he should by all means put in short pieces; provided they are fit to publish. A really good article very often loses in its interest to the reader because of its length. The ordinary reader becomes tired the time he sees that it is so long, and consequently it is not read.

It may appear that the WOFFORD JOURNAL does not practice what it preaches. Well, it does not because it cannot. It cannot because the students do not contribute enough short pieces to make the publication of long ones unnecessary.

Then, students, write more for your JOURNAL. Write shorter pieces—vary its literary bill of fare. "Variety is the spice of life;" let it also be applied to your JOURNAL.

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EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

J. ARTHUR WIGGINS, - - Editor.

Wofford's Fitting School Journal.

Colleges and schools are daily growing more progressive and the motto "Higher Education" is no longer a meaningless phrase of advertisement for the colleges of our country. The common people have caught the true spirit of the expression and have given it a definition more appropriate and legitimate than the real derivation of the words. "Higher Education" means progression of thought, the training of trained intellects, and the evolution of revolutions in the sciences of learning and teaching.

The young Bachelors of Art are telling to the uneducated people the wonderful secret of a trained mind and the broadness of Christian hearts is being felt by the world in the process of development and education of its ambitious students. The work will never grow old. Its plans and workings may fall upon the dull ears of thousands of ignorant beings, but in the mingling and commingling of those thousands rest assured that some will catch the sweet music of the charming tradition and warble the complex notes of the increasing and intensifying scale until every community has a full page in the romance of life. Such has been the outcome of the economic labor of our Bamberg Professors. A Fitting School in its infancy, sowing and reaping the products of a new soil and giving to our college registers the names of students properly prepared to solve the problems of "Higher Education." Trained intellects must have outlets and the great fondness of individual power and effort must surely be a high aim in the aspirations of the rising collegian. If this marks the great trans-

itory medium of scholars, then we are not surprised to find upon our Exchange table "*The Carlisle Fitting School Journal*," almost entirely under the supervision of students. This is a most creditable issue, one that deserves the entire support of friends and students.

But upon rapidly turning over the pages of the January issue we came across the signature of Prof. Riley at the head of the editorial department. How sad it was to realize that these editorials were the last marks of his pen while here on earth. He has been suddenly taken to his home above, but he has left us the example worthy of a brother Alumnus. A Godly young man he was, pure in heart and most wonderful in character. Let us study this impressive example of a life cut down in early manhood, and if we follow the narrow path he has walked in life, we will, like him, wake up in glory.

Ten times welcome young "fighters," we are glad to send you in exchange our many congratulations and the
 WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL.

Our Monthly is a welcome visitor to our reading department. The January number presents many creditable improvements over previous issues. The *Monthly* is not specially literary, but it has the most suitable manner of method for pleasing orphan children. It is certainly a magazine of Christian thought, devoted to the interest of those dear little ones whom misfortune with gloom and want mysteriously visited and deprived them of some worldly pleasures and privileges which are most dear to life and happiness. But the Thornwell Orphanage is a home for them, in the broadest sense of the word. Such an institution is indeed a strong arm of God's church and most worthy of its support. It stands out in history as a glorious monument of the charitable hearts of our State. May it continue to do its noble work and may the Christian people of South Carolina freely and unselfishly continue to give to its support and advancement. The *Monthly* contains good wholesome food for its many readers and its connection with the Orphanage is a pleasant association. Come again *Monthly*, we enjoy your interesting pages and regular visits.

The poem "Fort Moultrie," composed for the WOFFORD JOURNAL by one of our Juniors, has received some very complimentary criticisms. We are glad to see the author so far has met no serious rebuff in his poetical ambition. Some contemporaries even declare that a sufficient quantity with such excellent quality would go far towards singing the traditional glory of our beautiful Southland. We hope to see more of this poetic spirit in the future hopes of our rhymers.

The following is a prize poem on Wordsworth, written for *The Observer* by Mr. B. M. Drake, Vanderbilt University. Since the writer has made a break into the realms of true poetical taste we take pleasure in quoting, hoping thereby to attract the eye of thoughtless rambling imitators:

"Wordsworth! How often thy simple lay
 Doth free my soul from earthly care,
 Or break the chains of dead convention,
 And bring me near to Nature's heart!
 A soul too often clogged and bounded
 By deadening doubt and commonplace,
 How often dost thou open to view
 What else were hid, the deeper meaning
 And high import of meanest things!
 As mysteries of wooded dell,
 Or fleecy spring cloud floating by,
 Give joy and calm into my soul
 By care harrassed, so doth thy page,
 O, Bard of Nature, born to tell
 Her beauties sweet that hidden lay
 And veiled from duller ken than thine."

The students of the University of Georgia manage to publish a small weekly paper which seems to have the peculiar mission of reviving athletics and defending the morality of the University matriculants. The repeated attacks made by Georgia newspapers upon the University boys are very unkind and we hope the editors of *The Red and Black* will continue to stand up to what they deem right and just to the large body of students which they represent.

As to the literary phase of this little weekly, we would

suggest that the editors occasionally surprise us by publishing some good essay, or anything else besides athletic happenings. They have talked about the grid-iron and the diamond so much until their columns have become real muddy. If *The Red and Black* was from beginning instituted for this special kind of work, then we might retract what we have said and hereafter call its name with more reverence—"The Little Red and Black."

The Tiltonian, of New Hampshire, sends to its exchange readers a beautiful holiday number, containing some unusually interesting selections and contributions.

"The Need of a Gymnasium" was discussed at length with some spirit, and pointed out the genuine need of physical culture. This long neglected feature has suddenly become the immediate work and burdensome duty of every college heretofore deprived of the modern equipments necessary for physical comfort and moral refinement. The young student is extremely modern in every step of his college life. The gymnasium has become a great proviso with him in selecting his would be Alma Mater. "America, Battlefield of Truth," is strikingly literary as well as historical. President Lincoln's speech, delivered at Gettysburg in 1863, when a part of the renowned battlefield was set aside as the "National Soldier's Cemetery," was frequently referred to by the writer. How glorious it is to know that we have many staunch defenders of truth and how inspiring it is to the lovers of liberty to see this great spirit of patriotism pervading the homes of the American people when the signs of danger appear in our national circles. This subject gives to *The Tiltonian* several bright pages, but taken as a whole, *The Tiltonian* is very good. Like many other good periodicals, it is minus an exchange column. There are other deficiencies that can be remedied.

The editors of *The Converse Concept* continue to give the reading public the brightest and most interesting pages that can possibly result from the efforts put forth

by its diligent and zealous managers. The *Concept* invariably presents some new feature or phase with each issue, and to be called progressive, it has the peculiar boast of adding a "new department" to its volume when other things of more importance are not in order. We are not prepared to say what department will next be added to its usual brilliant table of contents, but we almost venture to suggest to the *Concept* editors, that a suspension of invention, for the time being, will greatly improve their journal and perhaps give them more time to build up the many departments they have already instituted. We notice too that the editorials and locals are about to claim closer affinity. In fact, it would be difficult to distinguish them were it not for proper headings. Nevertheless, the *Concept* compares favorably with institutions of her kind and we can suffer the agreeable anticipation and look for nothing short of a model monthly. We hope to see these host of departments successfully developed and more carefully edited in subsequent issues. Contributors would do well to sign their names or initials to productions coming from their hands.

The motto of *The Central Collegian* is, "*Vita sine literis Mortua est.*" We are glad to see that *The Collegian* has adopted such an applicable method of judging the merits and defects of college journals. But the contents of its classical pages show that the editors have the true meaning of the expression in view and have issued accordingly a most excellent periodical. "English Literature of the Victorian Age," "A New Era in the United States," "Comparison of the Poetry of Pope and Wordsworth," and "Lake School Poets," constitute quite a number of valuable pages in the literary department. "A New Era in the United States" shows that the writer is familiar with international laws and intelligently depicts national methods of party dissension most invariably practiced by scheming politicians and greedy monopolists. Extreme legislation for party preserva-

tion receives a hard but just blow. It is a sad fact, that our country has begun to be frequently alarmed and often greatly disturbed by the rash legislation of our national law-making bodies. The author conditionally pictures a brighter future for us though, and makes the youth ruler over all. His conclusions are more suggestive than real. Although, a boast of Southern pride seldom forfeits its just right to live. This much is real and most evident, since history, though written with prejudice, reluctantly confirms this brilliant thought. The Alumni department embraces a long discussion of "The Greek Drama." It is not only commendable for its successive steps of historic development, but the composition of expression gives delight to its readers. The Exchange department could more profitably take up the space set aside for so many dry and meaningless jokes. Take care *Collegian*, you may eventually violate your exquisite motto.

The holiday number of *The Elon Monthly* is a delightful one, and carries the spirit of the holiday season through its pages. Glancing over the ably edited pages of this deservedly popular monthly, we find a most creditable selection of enthusiastic, living questions most forcibly written. It is charming to one's soul to read "The Origin and History of Christmas." It gives special value to the small space which it occupies. The history of the birth of our Savior is well known, but the writer succeeded in most profitably conveying the moral phase to its just position in the minds of thoughtful students. This special number is a fitting crown for a profitable year in the history of this popular Monthly. The editorial and exchange departments should be proportionately cared for.

The Athenaeum Exponent, of Weatherford, Texas, is made worthy of due praise by the one article, "The Prison Life of Jefferson Davis." Other characteristics of *The Athenaeum* are strictly those of the most ambi-

tious students. "Little Corners," suggested by the following simple verse, takes up more than one corner of our yearning minds and proves that big people sometimes fail to intelligently occupy little corners. But to quote:

"In the world is darkness,
So we must shine;
You in your little corner,
And I in mine "



ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

B. H. HENDERSON, - - Editor.

Prof. Jno. J. Riley, A. M

On the 19th of January, surrounded by those who loved him very fondly of both family and friends, Prof. Riley quietly, calmly, sweetly, trustingly crossed over to be with his Lord and Savior. With the last sigh that escaped his suffering form, the hopes of a noble earthly career were forever blighted. Whispering in the end, "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing," and "I can die on that, I die like a soldier," he passed to receive his crown. Perhaps only those who were closely associated with Prof. Riley knew fully of the greatness of his mind and heart, the purity of his thought, and the brilliancy of his intellect. Characteristic of great hearts, he possessed a deep love for nature and especially as nature expressed herself about his country home. He loved to commune with his Creator through the open field, the wooded hill, the flowing stream, and the growing ripening grain; but none of such things expressed to him God's goodness and love so forcibly as those about his rural birthplace. There it was the birds sang sweeter to him, there the streams possessed a sweeter smile and a cheerier laughter as they rippled past his boyish feet; there the harmony of hill and dale expressed a truer idea of beauty. Though duty called him elsewhere, whenever an opportunity was offered, he would return to that spot sacred to his mind and heart, and "as thirsting men drink water" he would drink in purity and sweetness which home and nature

there furnished him so lavishly. As every great soul must be, he was loyal to the call of duty. The powerful ambition which he possessed would have led him into the profession of law. He often pictured himself on some deep question of law which would call forth all the powers of voice and mind and body, in which he could display himself at best in a work which he felt he was best fitted to do. As the years of his college course rolled by, the desire to enter this field of thought increased and he could not refrain from a visit to hear the oratory of anyone in reach who could handle a masterly subject in the court room.

But ere his college course is finished, ere he cuts himself loose from those halls which he ever loved, then comes a test of the magnanimity of his character. His ambition says, "enter the law and you shall soon be famous;" his natural endowments seem to say, "enter the law and you shall be a master in your chosen field;" his friends say, "enter, and success will wreath garlands for your every effort," but lo! a voice from within now says: "I have other work for you. As much as you love to take the part of the oppressed of earthly crimes and to plead their case before men, you must give that ambition up and follow me into another field." "You must," says the voice within, "plead the cause of Heaven; you must take the part of those whose souls are under sentence of guilt, and point them the way to Heaven, to God." He yielded, but not without a struggle. From the hour he made that decision till his death he had no other ambition than to glorify the name of Him who had separated him to his work.

In speech Prof. Riley was often eloquent. As he became wrought up under his subject by the thought which rolled heavily upon his mind, he seemed almost to be in touch with the source of all knowledge and to be catching his words fresh from the lips of inspiration. He was never so eloquent as when pleading for the education of the young and for the development of mind and character. He plead for a nobler manhood and womanhood and powerfully presented the claims of

Christian education as the highest exponent of the development of that manhood and womanhood. It is the portion of great souls to be misunderstood and misrepresented; but such comes generally from those who are not brought into sympathy with their purposes and who do not feel an interest in the great truths which enkindle the fire on the altars of their hearts. Some, of course, could not be brought into sympathy with the motives that thrilled his unselfish heart. He was severely criticised by those; but no criticism could change the purposes of his heart.

Such was his courage when he felt he was right, that an enraged world would not have moved him or caused him to desist from performing his duty and presenting the truth as he felt it and knew it. He possessed, in a pre-eminent degree, the courage of his convictions. Here his true greatness manifested itself. He was pure in thought. No idle or tinged thought passed his lips. He was pure in speech and if impure language was used in his presence, the speaker could not fail to see manifested the non-sympathetic spirit and would feel by his presence a rebuke.

Rev. W. S. Rone, of the class of '73, is a member of the North Carolina Conference. He is a Presiding Elder, and is one of the foremost members of his Conference.

E. K. Hardin, M. D., graduated with the class of '73, and for several years was engaged in teaching. He won for himself an enviable reputation as a successful educator. He afterwards graduated in medicine and for several years has ranked high as a physician at Batesburg, S. C.

Rev. M. L. Carlisle graduated with the class of '83. After teaching for a short while, he entered the ministry and has been a member of the South Carolina Conference for several years. He is one of the most promising

young members of the body. He is stationed this year at Chester, S. C.

Rev. W. R. Richardson, '77, is in his third year as pastor of Trinity Church, Charleston, S. C.

Rev. A. J. Cauthen, '91, is in his third year as pastor of Edisto circuit.

Rev. J. M. Rogers, '87, has been very ill for some time. Though still very low, we are glad to learn that there has been a change for the better.

R. C. Boulware, '92, was among those who were admitted to the Conference at its last session held at Laurens.

W. L. Glaze, '76, and D. O. Herbert, '78, are now practicing law at Orangeburg, S. C.

Dr. L. W. Nettles graduated in '75, and soon afterwards took up the study of medicine. For several years he practiced in the West and gained considerable experience in his chosen field of surgery. He returned to his native State and is now the leading practical physician at Foreston, S. C. The malaria of the low country will find able treatment in such men as Dr. Nettles.

Mr. J. F. Fooshe now supplies the deficiency made by the death of Prof. Riley. We feel safe in saying that he is equal to the position, and predict him a bright future in his work at the Carlisle Fitting School.

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LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

S. H. MCGHEE, - - - Editor.

At February's frosty cell
And winter's chilly, seething blast,
Come thoughts and feelings to us all
Contrasting joys and pleasures past.
But when the golden sun appears
And rips the curtains of the sky,
The star-lit dreams of youthful years
Charm back the tide of raptures high

The Rayhill Race.

On account of the exceeding inclemency of the weather Prof. Rayhill was unable to have his contest in declamation and club-swinging on Friday night, the time appointed for it to take place. But Saturday cleared off fair, and the night of Jan. 19th saw assembled in the opera house a goodly crowd of friends and students to test the ability of the young men as orators. The young ladies of Converse College were out in full force, together with the teachers of that institution, and formed a formidable, though inspiring, phalanx just in front of the rostrum.

Eight of the best speakers had been appointed by a previous preliminary contest to represent the class on this occasion. The first speaker was Mr. J. A. Sullivan, of Anderson, who spoke well. Then followed Messrs. Hollis, Dagnall, Evans, Henderson, Coleman and Gaines, who did the same thing. Messrs. Hydrick, D., Blake, G., and Roper, Chreitzberg, Dibble, E. C., Humbert and Ellerbe displayed remarkable grace in club-swinging and afforded much amusement and an abstraction from the deep and over-powering thoughts that had fallen from the speakers. After the speaking, the committee, con-

sisting of Hon. Stanyarne Wilson, President Wilson, of Converse College, Mr. Brodie and Misses Masson and Valliant, retired and after a suspense of a few minutes returned a verdict of "guilty" in the case of Mr. B. H. Henderson, of the Senior class. Mr. Henderson's subject was "There is no Death," and his voice on this occasion was remarkably clear. He was awarded for his efficiency a beautiful gold medal. Several of the speakers did very well indeed and showed that they had gone through a great deal of training and pains-taking. Improvement was noticeably present in all and the evening was spent very pleasantly and by no means worthlessly. Mr. Dempsy Hydrick carried off a beautiful pair of clubs as a prize for greatest grace among the competitors in the athletic department of the exercises. While it is generally conceded that Mr. Hydrick manipulated the clubs with most ease and composure, some think that Mr. Roper ought to have had the prize for greatest excellency. He furnished much amusement to the audience and was encored with vehement applause.

Prof. Rayhill, by his courtesy and happy manner, has won many friends at Wofford and at Spartanburg and has given satisfaction to those to whom he has given instruction. Doubtless next year he will have a larger class than ever.

The Y. M. C. A.

We earnestly though somewhat reluctantly call the attention of the students to the Young Men's Christian Association. It has always been a source of great benefit to the students and is a priceless legacy to us. At present it is not in as good condition as usual or rather as it ought to be. It is a worthy and godly institution and has been the means of accomplishing much good to many. There is no reason why there should not be a flourishing association at every college. Cities have not the same advantages that a college offers for this work. It is the duty of us all to attend the meetings and assist in the exercises, if nothing more than sit and sing. We

do not mean at all to insinuate that the Y. M. C. A. is in a very bad condition. By no means. Many manly members have been connected with this association and it still contains loyal and upright men. We only want to urge all to bestir themselves and aid this much important work. It is a splendid investment, this Y. M. C. A. business. It gives more than it receives and one receives from it more than he gives to it. The meetings are held every Sunday morning at ten o'clock and Wednesday afternoons at three, the latter being devoted to literary subjects.

The room will be kept comfortably warm and meetings made as enjoyable and wholesome as possible. The new administration has recently taken charge of the responsibilities allotted to them. The officers are: O. D. Wannamaker, Pres.; N. G. Gee, V. Pres.; Robt. Treusdale, Sec.; G. T. Pugh, Treas., and J. R. Walker, Cor. Sec. They beg the students to enable them to make the association as helpful and influential as circumstances allow. Prominent and good men from outside the college will be invited to lead the Wednesday meetings and make them sources of large profit. Mr. Wannamaker and Mr. Treusdale have been elected delegates to Aiken to the State Convention. It is to be hoped that the students will take hold of this matter and realize that it is of inestimable value to themselves. It may be possible that we all can derive very much good out of it. We can, if we will. Think of these things and see if they and more also are not so.

John Jacob Riley.

Only a few short weeks ago it was our pleasing privilege to record in these columns a passing notice of a much valued visit to us from our friend, John J. Riley. Who of us would have then thought that the mystic future held in store such a task as this? Who of us then dreamed that the ways of providence would end so fatally to a flower so young and hopeful? He was the first of that large and brilliant class to be called to a

higher reward. His sad death has been elsewhere chronicled and published throughout the State. It does not fall within our sphere to speak of him here. His death caused universal sorrow from the students. A few of us still remain who remember him when he was with us. His good example has been engraven in our hearts. We shall ever recall our happy and helpful association with him, and now after he has gone we can but weave around his memory a chaplet of love-sprinkled grief—and stand and wonder. Truly

“God moves in a mysterious way.”

Tribute of Respect.

WOFFORD COLLEGE, Spartanburg, S. C.,
January 21, '95.

Whereas, God in his inscrutable wisdom and mysterious but unquestionable Providence has seen fit to remove from the scenes of his earthly work, Prof. John J. Riley, and

Whereas, we, the members of the Calhoun Literary Society deeply deplore the death of our Alumnus Brother and the sad affliction which has thereby befallen his family, the Church of which he was a young but faithful and promising servant, and the Bamberg Fitting School, in which he was a zealous, successful and beloved instructor, therefore be it

Resolved, 1. That while we, the members of the Calhoun Literary Society, submit to the decrees of Him who doeth all things well, we feel that the death of our Alumnus Brother has been the cause of a sad loss to us, and one that only God's hand can repair.

2d, That our deepest sympathy and condolence be extended to the bereaved families.

3d, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the families of the deceased and to the *Bamberg Herald*, the *St. Matthews Herald*, the WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL and the *Southern Christian Advocate*, and also that a page in our minute book be dedicated to his memory.

WILLIAM H. WANNAMAKER,
GEORGE W. FOOSHE,
JOHN B. HUMBERT, } Committee.

During the period of time intervening between the resignation of Prof. Jno. J. Kilgo and the appointment of Prof. Chas. B. Smith, the duties of financial agent were performed by Prof. J. A. Gamewell. The Professor went about this work with that industry and perseverance with which he used to instil in our minds the "ut" clauses, the hexameter of Virgil and the "greater and lesser asclepiads" of Horace. He did not leave the city, or address the Methodists of the State in behalf of Wofford, but in addition to his work here kept up correspondences rehashed old notes and by much tact succeeded in collecting through the mail over a thousand dollars for the college. This certainly speaks remarkably well considering the short time, the financial stringency and embarrassing circumstances of the country, and shows that the friends of Wofford are always active and alive to her interests, when she is brought before them. With an energetic agent, a fine corps of professors and an earnest and eager body of students—and a gymnasium—the future of any college will be bright with the actualities of materialized hopes.

At the last election of officers in the Calhoun Society Mr. A. Mason DuPre was chosen President; J. Arthur Wiggins, V. Pres.; Sam'l. J. McCoy, 1st Critic; Aug. M. Chreitzberg, 2d Critic; F. E. Dibble, 3d Critic; Wm. A. Cannon, Rec. Sec.; A. S. Hydrick, Cor. Sec.; Fred M. Cummings, Treas; W. R. Crum, Librarian, and Percy Inabuit, Censor Morum.

On the night of Feb. 9th many of the students took advantage of the rare opportunity offered and heard the celebrated Miss Yaw sing at Converse College. In making the highest notes which a human voice has yet reached, her voice was singularly flexible and musical. Some rank the violinist, Mr. Dick, with Remenyi but another has beautifully drawn the illustration, that of two stars shining in the sky we cannot tell which is further removed.

The quartette is furnishing good music these days.

Prof. Snyder has a very beneficial and pleasant plan of now and then dispensing with the regular recitation and have one or two of his senior English class to fill the hour by lecturing on a previously assigned topic to the balance of the class. Several of the gentlemen have already profitably employed the hour and several more booked for future occasions. In this way the members can get a more comprehensive view of the subjects and also become better acquainted with the intellectual growth of their class-mates and at the same time obtain a relative idea of their own deficiencies.

Prof. Smith has moved his family to the city. They are now occupying the house of the late Mrs. Thomas on north Church street, next door to the Alumni Hall. We extend to Mrs. Smith and family a most cordial welcome and wish them a happy stay in the Piedmont region.

Chief Marshall A. E. Holler has appointed for his reception committee the following gentlemen: Mr. N. G. Gee, Chairman Messrs. Wolfe, Connor and Wilson from the Calhoun Society, and Simpson, Twitty and Stuckey from the Preston. We hope these gentlemen will at least attempt—however vain may seem their efforts—to get an invitation proportionally beautiful as the men for whose interest they are given. Mr. Holler was wise in the choice of these men.

Mr. Henry J. Cauthen spent several days in January with his father and delighted his friends on the campus with frequent visits to them. He was formerly Local Editor of THE JOURNAL and is now a member of the S. C. Conference. He has gone to Vanderbilt to further prepare himself for the responsibilities of an expounder of the gospel. May success greet him.

It gives us much pleasure to see published in the Literary Department of THE JOURNAL a poem, entitled "To Wofford," by the genial and genuinely inspired poet, Frank M. Lander. Mr. Lander, just last year, filled a

most efficient term as Editor of this department and his association is yet fresh in our memories. We are glad that in the laboratories of the Charleston Medical College, among skulls, dry bones and hard names, he still has a gleaming of time to turn his thoughts back to Wofford and reap inspiration from the dreams of a distant loved spot and of friendly faces far away removed.

Mr. Ches Lucas, who dropped out of the class of '94 at the end of his Sophomore year, has taken up his abode in Spartanburg.

Rev. Mr. Wait, who is now stationed at Donald's, recently paid his son Benjamin Wofford a visit.

Mr. Davis, of the Junior class, has seen fit to leave Wofford and go to the South Carolina College. He carried his dog Bishop with him. We hate to lose both of these gentlemen.

At a meeting of the Senior class, Mr. Wm. Hane Wannamaker, of Orangeburg, was elected to officiate as class prophet on next Commencement occasion. Mr. Wannamaker will have a difficult task, but will doubtless prove equal to the emergency.

The two literary societies are now doing fine, and both are in a prosperous condition. On Friday night, Feb. 16th, the Prestons will have a moot court, Judge J. Wright Nash presiding, and several of the student-lawyers taking part. Particulars will be given in the next issue. On Friday night, March 1st., the Calhouns will give their annual open session. The regular program, though condensed, will be carried out and there will be no departure from the weekly routine of business. The members of the societies are permitted to invite their friends to their respective meetings.

Mr. Pierre H. Fike, of the Sophomore class, has left college and returned to his home in Laurens. He has our best wishes.

Mr. Cocke, of Asheville, has also gone home, but hopes to return after a season.

We take great pleasure in welcoming the new students who have lately joined our ranks. We truly hope that they will find Wofford and Spartanburg sources of infinite congeniality and accessions of good.

Our old class-mate, Croswell, was in the city a few days ago and looks as well and pleasant as when of old he used to sit with us. He finds traveling agreeable and seems pleased with his work.

Prof. Smith went to Bamberg and preached there on Sunday, 10th instant.

The Sophomore class has had its election of speakers and marshalls for the Soph. Ex occasion with the following result: Speakers, Messrs. Culler, Inabuit and Walker, Treusdale, Brooks and Pugh; Marshalls, Dean, H. J., Chief, Poole, Twitty and Epps, Raysor, Hudgens and McLaughlin, as assistants. This is some of the best and most handsome material in this class and we wait in expectancy for a good entertainment.

Some of the students were disappointed at Mrs. Blake's failure to arrive and deliver her address on "Woman's Rights" not long ago.

The Glee Club of the University of North Carolina is billed for Spartanburg on the 14th instant. A very pleasant way to pass St. Valentine's eve.

The Converse young ladies will give an entertainment on the evening before Washington's birthday. Not worried with the thought of a day's unfilled task, we all can be enabled to attend.

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MARCH, 1895.

No. 6

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JOURNAL.



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VOL. VI. }

MARCH, 1895.

{ No. 6.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

H. J. SHOEMAKER,

Editor.

Uncle Tom's Cabin.

One who attacks any institution of long standing must bear much harsh and unjust criticism from its adherents and defenders. So when Mrs. Stowe produced the strongest argument ever written against the institution of domestic slavery in the South, she was stated to be one of those hateful Yankees whose every idea concerning this righteous institution was the offspring of ignorance and malice and who were trying to sever those gentle and endearing ties which bound the slave with his master. Innumerable writers confuted her arguments and disproved her statements and one of them concluded by saying that all her abuse would come to naught, for "truth is mighty and will prevail." He was correct, for the sad story of Uncle Tom has since been told in many tongues, while his critics together with their books have been long forgotten.

This novel was produced at a time when the discussion over slavery was hottest and so perhaps it has been too harshly criticised by the South and unduly praised at the North. But the very fact of its enduring success proves that it contains some merit. "It is far from faultless in development of plot, delineation of character

or literary style, but it strongly seizes a significant theme and treats it with originality and effect."

Mrs. Stowe possessed in a high degree the power of word painting. She has preserved for us a picture of the negro cabins, the ante-bellum farm life, the rice plantations and the slave pens. Although we are of the new South, we can study through this book the social conditions of that Old South which our fathers so bravely but vainly defended. The book will remain a vivid panorama of people and scene in a bygone time that must ever be historic and can never be repeated.

Her characters are lacking in individuality. They represent the type rather than the individual. St. Clare is the ideal aristocrat of the South. All the good she had ever noticed in slaveholders was centered in him. Of Eva we will only repeat: "So wise, so young they say do never live long." Uncle Tom is the possessor of all the good traits which it is possible for a man to have. Not a single fault is to be found in him, while Legree is the embodiment of all conceivable evil. This tendency makes her characters appear as only embodied qualities and of course takes away all naturalness. One good quality in Legree would have made him seem human, but it is not there and he is the devil incarnate. One weakness in Tom would have made him a noble man; but now he is a saint for whose kind and gentle spirit there was a more fit abode than this earthly habitation.

The Latin race desires in its literature the beauty and delicacy which appeal to the artistic senses, but the Teutonic Utilitarian requires that beneath every book there shall be a deep, underlying, moral purpose. This accounts for the popularity of Dicken's novels with the English people. But we cannot suppose that Nicholas Nickleby was appreciated by the school masters of Dicken's time or that Little Dorrit was received with applause by the defenders of the law which imprisoned persons for debt. Doubtless the novels mentioned were looked upon by those attacked very much as Uncle Tom's Cabin was by the slave holders of the South.

The purpose of the book was to assist in the abolition of human slavery and it has accomplished its purpose. Some charge that Mrs. Stowe has made false statements in this book. Perhaps she unintentionally did so, but we are compelled to believe that she intended to be just, for she has painted the better side of slavery as well as the worse. But is a better side possible when a law presumes that property interest is sufficient to protect slaves? Laws for the prevention of cruelty to animals are now in force. We see that property interest is not enough to protect the horse and so guard him further by law. But this interest was the only protection of the unhappy slave.

Mrs. Stowe did not attack any individual or section of the South. Neither did she assail any particular abuse of slavery. It was the principle, the law of slavery which she rightly condemned. Here is a short quotation from the book:

“Talk of the abuses of slavery. It's humbug. The *thing* itself is the essence of all abuse. And the only reason why the South doesn't sink under it like Sodom and Gomorrah is because it is *used* in a way infinitely better than it is. For pity's sake, because they are men born of women and not savage beasts, many of them do not and would *scorn* to use the full power which this law places in their hands. And he who goes farthest and does the worst, only uses within limits the power which the law gives him.”

She has boldly approached her subject and boldly painted the good and the evil as she saw them. Perhaps, she was unjust at times, at times prejudiced, but ever sincere.

She believed with Whittier—

“The sky of thy South may be brighter than ours,
And greener thy landscapes, and fairer thy flowers,
But dearer, the blast 'round our mountain which raves,
Than the sweet summer zephyr which breathes over slaves.”

W. F. Stackhouse.

The Greek Drama

“The principle of imitation is inherent in human nature; painting, sculpture, and the drama must be coeval with society and has been practiced in some form by almost every nation.” The South sea islanders had a rude form of it; in China, it dates from the remotest ages; and even among the Africans and the Indians we see the rude form of drama as they advance upon the enemy with their terrible war songs and dances. This is of course only the first outburst of a people’s feeling, and could hardly be called drama in the present acceptance of the term, indeed we can hardly call the great masterpieces of the Greeks, drama in the modern meaning of that term.

The Greeks looked upon their deities as men and women but endowed with more than human power, they were also subject to the same feelings of joy and sorrow, favor and jealousy. If a Greek was truly religious he entered into sympathy with the pleasures and affections of the gods. Especially was it the case with Dionysus, the god of wine, the giver of all physical joy, all excitement, and the destroyer of all that in any way opposed the vital spirit in man. It is but natural that the people should worship this giver of temporal enjoyments with especial evidences of their submission, so at certain seasons of the year the people would come together at the appointed place to offer their small sacrifice and and to hear the rustic singers tell in a hymn of some of his well-known adventures. The story said that Dionysus was in all of his wanderings attended by certain woodland creatures called satyrs, with long ears, snub noses, and goat’s tails. That the songs might the better please the god, the chorus, as we shall call the singers, were arrayed as near as possible to represent the satyrs.

This was not sufficiently vivid for the simple people, so the leader of the chorus would represent Dionysus and would relate some heroic exploit of the god. When he completed his narrative, the chorus would express in song the feeling that had been awakened by the recital

The songs in honor of Dionysus on these occasions were called dithyrambs. The two distinct branches of the drama, tragedy and comedy, sprang from the dithyramb.

Tragedy arose from the graver songs called the "goat songs" which were sung just before the goat was sacrificed. Comedy originated from the lighter and more farcial songs called the the "village songs."

In its primitive state the drama had no actors at all but consisted merely in the motions and songs by the chorus. To Arion, 600, B. C., is given the credit of first giving the dithyramb a regular lyric form. But with the improvement of the chorus was very soon to come the addition of another very important feature, the hypocrites, or answerer, was to answer the questions of the coryphaeus, or chorus-leader. This improvement is attributed to Thespis, 536, B. C. The number of actors was afterward increased to three, which was the classical number.

On account of its origin, the drama always retained a religious character and nearly always some god or goddess was involved in it. It is thought that the main idea in most of the old plays is that of "divine jealousy," where the gods being roused to jealousy by the great success of a hero, or the wealth and popularity of some citizen, would cause by some underhand means the poor man to be disgraced or brought to poverty. Sometimes the drama was used as an instrument, in the hand of some good actor, to criticise the action of the government or some public man or even at times a private citizen.

The general effect of a Greek tragedy was very different from anything that we see on the modern stage. It depended chiefly on two things; first, the story represented was one which the whole audience knew in its general outline and which was regarded as sacred since the persons were the gods or the heroes of the race; secondly, there was little or no animated movement on the stage, the two or three actors stood there more like statues than like human beings and if anything of animated na-

ture was in the play it would happen behind the scenes and be announced by a herald.

The tragic actor must appear larger than an ordinary man so he wore a wig with as much hair on it as it could hold and also had very thick soled boots called buskins, and in addition to this he wore a striped robe falling in folds to his feet and sometimes with a long train. This costume might be varied to suit the condition of the particular person.

The comedy was very much like the tragedy as to representation on the stage except that a sock or a very thin slipper was used instead of the buskin. The substance was altogether different. Politics and society, statesmen and private persons were criticised with unsparing freedom. Athens knew no respect for private life when the good of the state was at stake.

There are four leading persons in the Greek drama, around whom clusters the main interest of its whole history; Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides and Aristophanes. These, of course, were only four towering high above those on the lower plane. Let us look for a short while at each separately.

Of the severity tragedies of Aeschylus we now have only seven left. To him we attribute the form from which we get our modern drama. He removed the chorus into the back-ground and used it only as an auxiliary; banishing the rude Bacchanalian features, he supplied its place with the elements of pure tragedy. "Prometheus Bound" is one of his best plays, "one of the boldest and most original dramas," Ranke declares, "that has ever been written."

As a dramatic poet, Sophocles surpasses Aeschylus "by a noble grace and a sweet majesty." From his boyhood he had sung the poem that was a prelude to his wonderful career at the center of all arts. There were no less than twenty prizes given to him. "He excels in delineating the great primary emotions of our nature"; his dramas are perfect works of art.

When fifteen years later Euripides came before the public we saw the greatest trio of purely tragical artists

the world has ever produced. He was of a more sober and thoughtful disposition than was either of his predecessors, so as a matter of fact he was not as popular as the others. When we look at the three together we see that Aeschylus was the creator of the fanciful and Sophocles and Euripides of the refined and cultivated.

The tragedies of Aeschylus were dark and gloomy, and had the sense of all that was powerful and terrible plainly stamped on the surface.

Sophocles pictures to us the ideals of humanity; while Euripides gives us a striking likeness to the common man which is seen every day. Only one name which ranks with the tragic trio in their line comes down to us in comedy. This distinction may be made between tragedy and comedy, the former deals with things appertaining to the gods, while comedy deals with the affairs of men.

“As tragedy descended from the contemplation of divine affairs to depict human woes, it gradually lost its grandeur. So, also, as comedy divested itself of its direct influence upon men and things, and from a statesman became a philosopher, it lost its pith and power.”

But Aristophanes did not represent the decline or the fall of comedy but when it was in its zenith of power. For nearly forty years he held the highest position in comedy and was a severe critic of Athenian life, both public and private.

There is still another feature of interest in the drama, the theatre.

It will be hard for us with our modern ideas of a theatre and its conveniences to put ourselves in a position to appreciate their performances.

The first choruses performed on large wooden platforms but after several very severe accidents with this kind of structure the people thought that Bacchus was worthy of a more beautiful and costly theatre.

We may say, according to paintings and the discoveries of some of these theatres, that there are three parts to the theatre, the seats for the spectators which were generally in a semi-circular form and were cut out of solid

rock, one row being elevated above the other; down in front near the orchestra were elegant chairs hewn out of marble and placed there for the use of the officers of the city: the entrance to this part was at a door near the stage. It is almost impossible to imagine semi-circular seats seating 50,700 people, as the one at Ephesus did. As a matter of fact this was not covered and very often the spectators enjoyed disagreeable weather as well as an artistic production of Aeschylus or Sophocles. The other two parts may be taken together, the orchestra or place for the chorus and the stage or place for actors. It is certain that the orchestra was a complete circle in classical times just a little lower than the lowest tier of seats and probably had an altar in the center of it. The stage was a stone platform just beyond the orchestra about twelve by eight feet, and just behind this was a high wall. The stage must have been covered, although there is no certainty about it, however, for even in our extant plays the chorus goes up among the actors and at the end of the play the chorus and actors march out of the theatre in a procession.

Whether there was a stage or not, evidently there was scenery, but this was very simple. The back of the place where the actors performed was a representation of a large house with three doors, in front of which was stretched the canvas scenery of the play, leaving free only as many doors as were of use in that particular play. The place of the play was made known by a sign-board with the name of the city on it, hung up where everyone could see it; at each side entrance was a tall revolving prism which contained two scenes, one a country and the other a city scene. These might be changed at will, simply by revolving the prism.

All the utterances coming from heaven or the appearance of any of their gods were accomplished from above, the god being let down on a small platform and drawn up when his purpose was accomplished. Ghosts were represented as coming up from Hades by a hidden staircase and a trap door. Sometimes the plays occupied the whole day and the citizens patiently watched the

whole course of them. An admission of six cents per day was charged for each person, all seats being the same price.

The government paid the poet and the actors, but the chorus was taken in charge by rich men called choregi appointed by the people to train and equip it for the performance. There was always great rivalry among the choregi and when one did extraordinarily well he was presented with an ivy crown and in several instances a monument in the capitol erected to him.

GIST GEE.

A Dream.

Once upon a time, a dreamer, believing that cleanliness was next to Godliness, sat upon a soap box smoking a corn-cob pipe, which can give more genuine comfort to a man than all the wives of Solomon. The smoke arose in festive curls from the mouth of the dreamer, and in these wreathes, he saw a vision which assumed a more definite proportion and form than a mere phantom begotten of nothing, pertaining to nothing, and amounting to nothing.

“Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear;
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.”

Thoughts, as thoughts may do, went across the ocean more quickly than a sub-marine cable carries a message, and extracted from the Latin Quarter of Paris an incarnation of ideas which, for convenience sake, we may call Trilby. Now Trilby, in this dream, has both a genuine and a specific sense, and must not be confused.

Following the tide of immigration, Trilby landed in New York, Anno Domini, 1894. He was an immense mastiff, showing the kindly, generous eye which denotes a consciousness of strength, and a resoluteness of purpose to employ this strength to noble ends. But as

is usual when a strange dog comes to town, especially if it is a big dog, every little straight-tailed, box-ankled, bench-legged, lantern-jawed cur raised a howl. The dreamer, being a man of peace for the very obvious reason that peacemakers stand well with high authorities, called these scions of the canine genus unto him to let each one state his case, so that acting as arbiter, he might settle the row without any more cat concerts. Giving the weakest the first chance, he heard the complaint of the cur.

“Bow wow,” says Mr. Cur, “that grand rascal is trying to corrupt the manners and morals of myself, wife, sons, daughters—finally all my kith and kin. He also tries to teach evolution *a la* Darwin, and any one knows that such a creature as myself cannot come from Marsupials by way of monkey-town. Let me at him! I will bark his shins, and show him how feels the steel of a Billy Barlow knife.”

“Don’t talk about ‘scrapping,’” says the dreamer, “for your kind fight by trying to kick the earth at your enemy. If that is your case, I will hear the big dog.”

The mastiff inflated his lungs, and thus began:—“My story is of a young girl who was a creature of her environments, which were not good. In the social intercourse of man, men who turn their backs on their wild oat crops, are received back into society on the same footing as if they had never fallen. But with women it is different. One false step, is forever damned in this world, although it is not too fantastic a play of the imagination to think that an all merciful God forgives the one with as an impartial hand as the other; conceiving this to be good theory even if it were not practiced, I took for my heroine a girl born to the slums of Paris. A more abject mortal cannot be imagined. Born without any intuitive knowledge or inherited tendency as to what shame is, she is gradually made to realize that she is a creation of a divine purpose and not a mere puppet to pass by successive stages from saucy childhood, to dissolute womanhood, to premature haggery, an object of scorn and derision of men both good and

bad. A counterpart of her struggles has been graphically pictured in a certain allegorical work of Bunyan. The spirit conquers the flesh through the intervention of the divine passion—love. Suffice it to say that she stands forth a woman, emancipated from the yoke which birth had placed her under, so much the more strong for having conquered weakness.

Now most girls' heads may be compared to acorns, if we recollect that from the position of the centre of gravity, one hangs downward while the other hangs upward. Such representatives of the female flock may be termed as weak, and my advice to them is not to come in contact with Trilby. They cannot be made better by Trilby, and the latter would suffer by the association. Ye dancers, beware of Trilby, for it is sure to elevate your sense of morality, and might give your much abused consciences a twinge; or you might receive a wholesome lesson from a girl who, in your estimation, is much beneath you.

As to the cry in regard to evolution, why I see no harm in it. It is a much grander conception to think that we are created with a definite purpose, rather than dashed out of a dice cup by haphazard chance. This is in tangible form even in Mr. Darwin, for he has to recognize a supreme guiding hand."

When the Mastiff had finished, he wiped the perspiration from his brow and took a pinch of snuff. The dreamer rendered the following decision:

"Mr. Cur, I admire your bravery much, your cheek more. You have made a martyr of yourself so that your kind might be warned ere they entered the quicksands. However, I would like to ask your Curship a few questions concerning certain characters found in the books of authors whose names are inscribed high in the roll of fame, and to whom no motive of pollution is ascribed. Is Trilby any worse than any of the following: The conjugal relations of Colonel William Sykes and Miss Nancy? How about Madame Rebecca Crawley *nee* Sharp? What of George Eliot's own life, and life as she portrays it in Adam Bede? Where place you

Jane Porter? Is it meet that you should read of Edward IV as Bulver presents him to us? Certain of Victor Hugo's sentences, can they be read in company with the least shade of decency? And so on indefinitely. Or to see if the novel is retrograding, let us go back to the source. What have we in Richardson, Fielding, Sterne and Smollett? Of course leaving out the disgusting realism of the last named authors, no novel can be a live, moving factor in the affairs of mankind, which does not grapple with the intense passions which sway the human soul.

But excuse the digression. I pledge you my word, Mr. Cur, that after your demise, there shall be placed at your head an empty cocoanut shell, emblematic of the organ with which you reason. Trilby, continue your good work, but as an especial favor to me, don't get into the cranium of a weak-headed person, for you are sure to cause said cranium to crack."

Then said the dreamer, slowly knocking the ashes from his dear old pipe, "Court's adjourned *sine die*."

M. C. WOODS.

Horace.

Horace, the most original poet of Rome, was born at or near Venusia, on the borders of Lucania and Apulia on December the 8th, 65, B. C. His father was a tax-gatherer or perhaps a collector of payments at auctions. At any rate he saved enough to purchase a small farm where the poet spent his childhood days. At the age of twelve he was brought to Rome and placed under the guardianship of the celebrated Orbilius Pupilius. Horace loved his father dearly, as is shown on all occasions in his verses. And his father loved him none the less, for fearing lest his boy should fall into the corruptions of the day, he would accompany him to school each day and then personally turned him over to the care of the teacher. From the shrewd counsels of his father, and by his strict example, Horace imbibed that habit of keen ob-

servation and that genial view of life which distinguished him above all the other satirists.

After completing his education so far in the capital, he went for a time, as was the custom, to study philosophy at Athens. While he was there Cæsar's death took place and he, then twenty-two years of age, accepted an offer of command which Brutus gave him and apparently suffered some very hard service. Meanwhile his father died, and he, being thrown upon his own resources, obtained permission to come to Rome and there secured the position of notary. Poverty drove him to verse-making, but of what kind we do not know certainly. It is probable that epodes and satires were the first-fruits, but some think that his odes was his first attempt. About this time he made the acquaintance of Virgil, and Virgil introduced him to Mæcenas. Horace and Mæcenas at once became great friends and we soon find them travelling together to Brundisium. By thus being an associate of Mæcenas, Horace made some enemies; but his character was not one to conciliate less fortunate rivals. He was choleric and sensitive, prompt to resent an insult, though quite free from malice or vindictiveness. "He had not yet reached that high sense of his position when he could afford to treat the envious crowd with contempt," says Mr. Cruttwell, "but he records in his satires the attempts of the outsiders to obtain from him an introduction to Mæcenas, or some of that political information of which he was supposed to be the confidant." At this period of his career he lived a good deal with his friend, both in Rome and at his "Teburnine Villa." However, about 31, B. C. he was put in possession of what he had always desired, a small estate of his own. This was the Sabine property in the valley of Ustica, not far from Tivoli, given him by Mæcenas and the subject of many beautiful allusions, and the cause of his warmest gratitude. Here he resided during some part of each year in the engagement of that independence which was to him the greatest good; and during the seven years following he wrote and published the first three books of his odes.

Virgil's death happened while Horace was forty-six years of age. He now resided more frequently at Rome and was often to be seen at the palace. He tells us in some of his epistles how he performed the duty of the courtier. Although he was greatly attached to the country he grew quite fond of the court, and found both interest and profit in the intercourse with the great.

In the year 17, B. C., Augustus showed his value and appreciation of Horace. The secular games which were celebrated in that year included a hymn to Appollo and Diana to be sung by a chorus of 27 boys and 27 girls. The writing of this hymn was intrusted to Horace, much to his own pride and to our instruction and pleasure. "For not only is it a poem of high intrinsic value," says one of the critics, "but it is the only considerable extant specimen of the lyrical part of Roman worship." Augustus was highly pleased with the poet's success and ordered him to celebrate the victory of his step-sons over the Rhaeti and Vendetiei. This circumstance turned his attention once more to lyric poetry, which for the past six years he had quite discontinued. It is thought by many critics that Horace wrote all of the odes of the 4th book at this period; some appear to have been written earlier, but the majority show signs of his later years and present us the fruit of his matured judgment and taste. Horace's attention was, during the last few years of his life, given chiefly to literary subjects. The Treatise on Poetry and the Ode to Augustus were probably written only 2 years before his death. In the autumn of 8, B. C., Maecenas who had long been himself a sufferer, succumbed to the effects of his devoted and arduous service. His last message confided Horace to the Emperor's care. "*Horatii Flaci ut mei esto memor.*" But the legacy was not long a burden. Within a month of Maecenas' death, Horace was borne to his rest, and his ashes were laid beside those of his dear friend on November 29, 8, B. C.

A. M. LAW.

Why Study The Classics ?

During recent years it has been the purpose of some would-be reformers, it seems, who express great anxiety for a change in the course of studies now given in our colleges, to replace the classics by the sciences on the ground that while the former are expedient for a scholarly life they are wholly unnecessary for an active and practical life. It shall be one object of this paper to advance some points, meager though they be, to show that of all the branches taught in our colleges few are so indispensable to the highest achievements, even in a practical life, as the languages ; and that the time which has been devoted to these studies from ages past has by no means been lost, but has tended directly to carry out the chief object of a college training, which is not, as some suppose, the memorizing of rules and collection of facts stuffed into memory, but an edifying and enlargement of the mind, a development, a growth into a grander, nobler self.

It must be conceded, however, that since the main design of a college education is for intellectual development, mental expansion, and the disclosure of hidden possibilities, the superior merits of any branch of study in the curriculum depend upon the degree in which it conduces to this end. I hold, then, that there are no greater incentives to a thorough training of all the mental faculties than the *proper* study of the languages. But most assuredly this study is pursued at the present time in a manner most inappropriate, and its main object is defeated by the unrestricted use of translations. We may say in parenthesis, though, that this objection against the classical study is not strictly valid since it has reference rather to the abuse of the study than to the use of it, and since other studies are liable to the same misuse. However, the spirit of a poem cannot be transfused into any translation which is, at best, the mere "shadow of the original," and anyone who makes the mistake not only loses the spirit and essence of the study, but he defeats its principal objects and robs his own intellect by

the prosecution of it in this inappropriate, misconceived way. This should not be. The relations which exist between the language and the thought should not thus be severed by an attempt to beat the two elements apart. The words and the thought are not things of interchangeable value, and to know the one without the other, and *vice versa*, are characteristics of a worthless student and a superficial thinker. Would that these were studied from a conscientious point of view, as containing imperishable thought in a stately language, for in the words of another: "The language is the key, the one master key, to unlock the thought."

It has been claimed by some (a feeble claim, it seems) that there is a wide field in the sciences for an exercise of the memory. In refutation of this we only ask: Is this essential to intellectual development? And is this the purpose of a liberal education? Are not the facts and principles connected with these studies sufficient to give any memory all the exercise needful? Will not the variegated transactions in life, in which memory is required, enhance its cultivation and prevent its becoming enfeebled and dull? Locke says that the cultivation of the memory is not only unnecessary, but impossible. The purpose of an education, then, is not so much to augment and strengthen the memory as to develop the judgment and the thinking powers. For this purpose the pre-eminence of the use of the classics for so long a time, and by so many different nations, clearly proves that nothing within the realm of human knowledge is superior to them in cultivating the intellect.

Among the first advantages derived from the study of Latin and Greek is a thorough understanding of the foundation principles of our own language. Strange though it may seem, there are principles of syntax in our own language (it being derived principally from these two sources) which are so indefinite and obscure that a proper conception of them can only be attained by a careful study of similar constructions in the languages from which they are derived. As conspicuous defects we may mention the use and application of the subjunct-

ive mood, the employment of prepositions and the indefiniteness characteristic of our dependent clauses in indirect narration, all of which are brought out with exactness and excellence by the Latin and the Greek, being especially pre-eminent in the latter. Consequently it must be an indisputable fact that a knowledge of these languages on the part of our educated classes, the use of which determines our own language, is of no trifling importance since such a knowledge will tend continually, though unconsciously, perhaps, to bring the English to a higher standard of perfection. And thus, if we admit the need of a knowledge of our own language, even in a practical business life, we are constrained to admit also the utility of the study of the classics as they contribute so essentially to this knowledge.

Another claim which may be made, and, in fact, it has been advanced by some, is that in the sciences one may work out his own conclusions and find the causes of those facts which he learns while this is impracticable in the classics. It is self-evident that Nature reveals many facts to us about which we are entirely ignorant, and the relations of which we can in no wise comprehend, and when we recall the phrase, "There is no explanation for it," often heard in the teaching of the sciences, those few things in language for which no apparent cause can be assigned should, at least, be accepted as facts.

No one who has ever studied these languages can fail to emphasize the immediately practical advantages which one receives from them in giving him a wonderfully increased vocabulary. It is, indeed, more than a conjecture that three-fourths of the words in the English language are derived from the Latin and Greek. These, too, are from a comparatively small number of root-ideas and stems, by the mastery of which the student obtains a key to a multifarious number of English words derived therefrom, and thus in the translation of almost any Greek or Latin sentence, by reference from his text to the Lexicon for the meaning of a word and by a critical examination of the list of English equivalents affixed thereto,

the student acquires an extensive vocabulary of synonyms and receives constant drill in this respect. The importance of an ample vocabulary to any one need not here be emphasized. Nor can we estimate the assistance which these studies render students in helping them to understand and apply the meaning of polysyllabic words particularly technical and scientific terms. Their service in this respect alone is almost sufficient to give them a claim to a place in a college curriculum. One can readily tell the meaning of words which he has never before seen and easily understand many which present a somewhat stern aspect when he knows the few simple primitives of which they are composed.

This disapproval has been principally of the study of Greek and for reasons which, so far as we can see, are altogether insufficient to overthrow this study, which for ages has held such a firm grasp upon the minds of all educators and students. The one apparent cause for this objection it seems is the popular impression that Greek is a dead language; that it is of the past, useless, worn-out, and that the study of it is only for mental training, consisting merely in grinding out roots and delving for the very occult thoughts of some old classic lore. We hope this opinion is held only by those who have not given an earnest attention to this subject and we deem it a privilege to add with equal emphasis that the Greek is not practically a dead language, that it compares very favorably with any of the modern languages, and that it is preserved not only in the volumes of ancient Grecian writers, but with even less change than our own tongue, in the living speech. The verity of this assertion is easily proved by reference to the speech of thousands of living Greeks and to the papers which are being daily published in Athens from which it is evident that the same words which were used by Xenophon, Homer and Demosthenes are still in vogue, and with their original accent, meaning and rhythm would not now fail to attract the attention of a refined audience. As has been said, this study is not for learning the meaning of so many words and for memorizing so many rules of the

grammar. Far from it. Yet this is necessary for the sake of what is beyond and that further search may be more substantial in its results. One's chief aim should be to learn about the manners, the customs and the lives of those who once spoke it and to realize more fully the practical benefits which can be obtained from a knowledge of the excellent thought and the undying truths which it contains. Where are the authors of this age who can rival a Cicero, a Sophocles, a Demosthenes or a Lysias? Where are the historians who can equal Livy and Thucydides? And where are those who can excel in beauty a Pindar, a Virgil or a Homer? Some of these have exerted incalculable influences on the literature and religion of the Hellenic race. These have been models for numbers of their successors; the lofty themes, the pure systems of morals, and the elevating philosophy of these prepared the world to receive with extended arms one thousand years later the religion of Christ; and these were they whose teachings, and whose systems of thought will never cease to attract and influence the best minds of every country. In the words of another: "To study a people's language will be to study them and to study them at best advantage. In all of our studies and especially in the classics we seek after thoughts in which we find truth and life and thus broaden our thinking powers which is the truly valuable element in education."

The following quotation from a character in the *Vicar of Wakefield* expresses the attitude of mind with which Greek is wiedly regarded: "You see me, young man. I never learned Greek and don't find that I've ever missed it. I have a doctor's cap and gown without Greek; I have 10,000 florins a year without Greek; I eat heartily without Greek; and, in short, as I don't know Greek, I do not believe there is any good in it." This author, as many of today, had very erroneous ideas of the primal and highest end of education. Such people detest Greek simply because they can't convert their knowledge of it directly into so many dollars and cents, into so much bread and meat, and so long as they can derive

pecuniary advantages for themselves they are satisfied for their thinking to be done by others. Thus if we substitute something else for the study of Greek, we deprive ourselves, in a measure, of freedom of thought, we satisfy ourselves with intellectual livelihood and not intellectual life, and we fail to rid our minds of all that is local and provincial.

The craze for specialization which seems to be pervading the world today is in many respects an inevitable evil. When we conceive of a world of specialists in which each one's labor is concentrated on some microscopic point in the broad field of human activity we at once dispel the idea of political and social organism. These disintegrating tendencies must surely be checked if we are to have the broadest conception of life and of the world. It should be our highest purpose, then, to foster to the utmost that philosophic breadth and largeness of view that rests on moral no less than on intellectual sympathy and to obtain a thoroughness pertaining not to pedantry but to an enlargement of mind which does not lose itself in generalities. We should rule our knowledge and not be ruled by it, thus making it a means of defence. We should strive to reach the hidden truths contained in a book of this kind, and not confine ourselves to the majestic phraseology, the skillful arrangement of thought, and the flexibility of the idioms.

When we take into consideration the readiness with which we can review the foundation principles of all the arts and sciences and gain larger conceptions of the rational basis of conduct; and when we see how vividly the Greeks expressed the laws of unity between thought and deed, word and action, wisdom and heroism, there seems no room to doubt that this study is indispensable in any college curriculum which designs to ascertain the effects of individual thought, which constitutes the shrine at which all intelligence bows in adoration. Every invention and discovery which has ever been made and every theory which has ever been advanced is but the result of the thoughts of some one which have been turned in that direction and the resulting machinery and theory are only the embodiment of that thought.

Turn where you will and you find that the entire super-structure rests upon the thought which it expresses; that through thought alone can one become great and serve humanity to the best advantage; that the study of the classics is by no means least conducive to this ideal attainment; and that in the pursuit of these studies one is actuated most by a keen sense of responsibility to a higher than himself.

S. J. McCoy.

The Status of Women—An Index of Civilization.

Throughout all ages of the world's history, we find the general status of woman an index of civilization. Woman, owing to the numerous ways in which her influence, both directly and indirectly, may be exerted, naturally affects civilization. Woman's influence as a mother, is chiefly felt in this most important function of the whole. A mother once asked a celebrated instructor at what age to begin the training of her child, an infant of a few years. He told her she was just the age of her child too late in commencing. In the words of an old writer:

“A pebble in the streamlets cast,
Has turned the course of many a river.
The dew-drop on the baby plant,
Has warped the giant oak forever.”

The condition of women from the beginning has been a dependent one. In olden times she was a slave, and at present among all savage tribes, her condition is one of subjection. The Indian squaw of America is in a worse state than that of servitude, for her rulers are not men but beasts in the form of men, dominated by their animal nature and void of human feelings.

Formerly in our own country woman had no right to hold property, and when married it passed into the hands of her husband. In Roman law she could hold no civil or public office. In Rome, however, it was not the wife and mother but the courtesan who was most popular with man and was held up in admiration. She, a prostitute, was idolized by men of all classes.

Yet this was in accordance with the times, and such evil propensities were tolerated by the most powerful and influential in Rome. The old Latin poets sung their praises to loose women; all the grandeur of their imaginative genius was displayed in their odes to her. Poetry could give no place to the wife and mother, viewed as they were by all with contempt. It was ultimately this corruption brought in by luxury and excess which caused the fall of Rome. Their very deities were debased and dissolute, indulging in lust of the worst kind. What must have been its effect upon Roman civilization! The old iron virtues of purity and honor fell when luxury became the standard. Chambering and wantonness, wine and women has caused the degeneration of mankind. In the language of another:

“What mighty ills have not been done by woman!

Who was it betrayed the Capitol?—A woman!

Who lost Mark Antony the world?—A woman!

Who was the cause of a long ten year’s war,

And laid at last old Troy in ashes?—Woman!

Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman!”

In the age of chivalry the condition of women became more elevated; she was loved and honored to adoration. Euripides’ saying, “where women fail, men should not try,” is correct in the sense of uprightness, for having the stronger tendencies to virtue, if she failed in this, the purpose for which she was created, man’s exertion would be useless.

Greece had her statesmen and her sophists, Sparta showed to the world how to die for the right at Thermopylæ, Rome grew famous for her mighty warriors, England boasted of her Cromwell, but never were the qualities essential for a born leader and ruler of nations better united in any man than in our undaunted George Washington, the Father of our country. To whom was the glory of his success due? Was it not to his mother? Did he not admit he owed everything to her, and to her precepts? Mary Washington was a true mother and she disciplined her son by her wonderful maternal powers. She instilled into him, when a boy, certain political and

precise views, causing him in time to undertake the leadership of a few unorganized colonies, form a government, and place it on a solid political basis. We see today what his efforts have accomplished, for he has been an incentive to his followers. They, inspired by his numerous undertakings and matchless fortitude have carried on this work of organization until at present it nears perfection. And may prosperity ever attend this young republic so full of vigor.

The mothers and sisters of the Revolution leaned to the virtuous side in all things, and at that time the sentiment of infidelity was prevalent in France. Volumes were written on the subject. In America the religious sentiment was strong, and infidelity made no inroads of any consequence—a sequel to our country's progress. Yet in all this progress, at the present day we see around us obstacles which, if not removed, may beset our country's advancement. These things trivial as they may now be, if allowed to grow, if the current is not checked, the channel will widen and deepen until our government is submerged.

Our political arena presents a horrible spectacle. What base corruption! Our leaders, by the seduction of their promises, are elected to office, and the whole is done for motives of personal aggrandizement. Every statesman mindful of public trust should ever keep before him as his beacon light those noble sentiments uttered by South Carolina's most illustrious son who in silent, though stately sublimity keeps his vigil over the old Palmetto State:

“The very essence of free government consists in considering offices as public trusts, bestowed for the good of the country, and not for the benefit of an individual or party.”

Our chief danger now is scorn of government. This has been exhibited in all its different forms—agrarianism, anarchy, the recent strikes, and the incessant strife between labor and capital. It all denotes dissatisfaction of the laboring classes. At present so desperate are they, that all means are restored to, for the execution of their

disgraceful schemes. Dynamite explosions are of frequent occurrence. Yet these blood thirsty villians cry for liberty. They claim that they are oppressed. "O Liberty! Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!" The United States should increase her standing army, and amend her immigration laws. Our country is now burdened with the scum of other nations, and we know that in Europe the women anarchists are more desperate than men.

The alien element is estranged, and not in sympathy with any of our country's laws or institutions. During the recent strikes in Chicago, it is lamentable, but we see women constituting in many places the larger part of the mob. Not satisfied with the devastation wrought by men they incited them to further dastardly deeds. This is horrifying in the extreme.

The strife between labor and capital must cease. We here calls on all sides from the indolent for division of property. Why, recently an army of paupers headed by an erratic fool marched up to the very steps of our Capitol, and the rash simpleton in the lead attempted to make an anarchist speech demanding a division of property and fired his threats against the capitol represented in that grand old seat of our American Government.

We must unite and be one people in all things. The mothers of our country exercising their maternal influence upon children can alone remedy these evils. Home must needs be the center of all good. What America would have today is true womanhood. Wordsworth tells us,

"The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warm, to comfort and command."

The wives and mothers of the next generation must sway the destiny of this commwealth.

Woman realizes the condition of things and has gallantly responded to man's summons, but in the wrong way. In trying to do she will overdo. Man needs her co-operation, but she has adopted the wrong method to

remedy the matter. She steps into his sphere, and voluntarily assumes the responsibilities of an advancing civilization. She, weak and fickle, with her circumscribed views and limited knowledge of the affairs which by their very nature come under the supervision of man, offers an insult to his mental fitness and capabilities, by striving alike with him for the mastery in politics, and she would attempt to solve with him the great problems now before us.

Man's progress is impeded by female competition even in the common vocations of life. Women, in every department, are coming to the front. Let her be sure that she perfects her own sphere before attempting that for which she is totally unfit.

Man's objection only incurs the more woman's enmity and kindles afresh her zeal in her cause.

Woman's Suffrage is now being carried for virulence sake, to defy man. The movement is one of the latest fads of the day. Suffrage threatens the dissolution of woman's influence and of the home. The state is no place for her. At once she loses the respect of man and that high regard in which she is accustomed to be held. She knoweth not what she doeth. Every woman, as one well versed expresses it, "should have a voter." The example set before him and all others with whom he comes in contact should be that, and that alone, which tends to uplift man, to bring out the better elements of his nature until they shine in lustre, and to give him nobler and purer aspirations. With this in view, woman could soon refine and divest the ballot of all its lewdness. Men who are *gentlemen* would be our representatives in Senate and Congress, and not debauched blackguards to disgrace and reflect on the people who trusted them and lower the moral tone of our nation in the eyes of the world. The course women are now pursuing can tend only to drag politics deeper in the mire. Suffrage is in its every phrase impracticable. The negro women and illiterate whites would flock to the polls by the thousands, endeavoring to control politics while few *ladies* would care to be seen at such cesspools of wickedness.

Now as to divorce. The law of most states regarding divorce comes directly in conflict with all Biblical teaching, as we have the law laid down for our observance. Man should not interfere nor attempt to change it, for in doing so he makes the law more complicated. In separate states we find divorce granted for different causes, but in no two are divorce laws alike. Divorce as it now exists is worse than mormonism, for let a man marry a dozen wives, but let them be his own, and stop this barbaric custom of intermingling. It is appalling when practiced by a nation which boasts of its high state of civilization. In South Carolina divorce is granted for no cause. It is the only state in the Union where such is the case.

The lives and deeds of our grand, old warriors and statesmen seem to be forgotten. Our politics are sinking to a lower level, but South Carolina can well be proud of her record for morality, and it would be well for the Union to follow her example. Woman in South Carolina from colonial days until the present has been highminded and generous, kind and loving, with all the rights requisite to her happiness. From this we do not wonder that South Carolina enjoys such an enviable reputation for her high standard of morals. The suffrage movement is centered in the North-west. The Southern woman is an ornament to Southern civilization. During the gloomy days of '61-5 her courage was tested severely, but in every respect she proved a true mother. When the Confederate States of America were no longer, and our heroes returned destitute to their homes, the Southern woman extending to man her deepest sympathy, and feeling like him the pangs of defeat, showed her patriotism by cheering and encouraging him in those, his darkest days. He tried to forget the past, went vigorously to work, and after thirty years of the hardest toil the old survivors of the lost cause now rejoice to see this grand, old South land again on her feet, and on the road to prosperity.

The Southern woman has a place assured her in the highest respect of man, in feeble acknowledgment of his

debt of gratitude. Is there any tribute we could pay her that would overestimate her lovely character? None. We can only quote an eminent versifier in his inspired moments:

"O woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man; we had been brutes without you.
Angels are painted fair, to look like you;
There's in you all that we believe of heaven,—
Amazing brightness, purity and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love."

W. M. CONNOR, JR.



Wofford College Journal.

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WOFFORD COLLEGE, MARCH, 1895.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

GEO. C. LEONARD, - - - - - Editor.

The Southern University Magazine.

Within the past few years the rapid growth of Southern colleges and universities has become a matter of considerable sectional pride, but in the midst of this gratifying prosperity there is a noticeable lack of organization. So meagre is the knowledge of the splendid work being done by our leading colleges and universities that the college man is scarcely identified as such and it is only incidentally that college training is ascribed as the real cause of success in after life. Every enthusiastic college man, whether student or alumnus, feels that we need some live organ to represent our colleges and bring the work that is being done by them before the public. To meet this need the Southern University Magazine has been organized to be published at Atlanta, Ga., with Mr. John Young Garlington as Editor in Chief, Mr. Samuel Nesbitt Evins as Managing Editor and Mr. Chas. L. Elyea as Business Manager. The magazine will be issued monthly during the college year, subscription price one dollar. In the North journals of

this kind have met with great success and have accomplished much good.

Mr. Garlington and Mr. Evins are both from South Carolina, Mr. Evins hailing from Spartanburg. We extend to these gentlemen our full sympathy and best wishes in the work they have undertaken and trust that they will receive that co-operation from the college men of the South which is necessary for the success of their magazine.

College Men vs. Non-College Men.

There is a widely prevailing prejudice today against college graduates as candidates for business positions. A great many persons have an idea that college training unfits a man for such work. Business, they say, is an art and must be learned in its most minute details by actual practice and, according to their theory, college men are not willing to begin at the bottom and work up. But this is not true. Every man who has gone to college knows that the drudge work must be done before he can come up higher. Any worthy son of a worthy *alma mater* is willing to do any work, however menial, that is necessary to a thorough knowledge of his calling.

College men are not only willing to learn the meanest and most minute details of their work, but they are able to learn them in a much shorter time than the man who has not had the advantage of such training. It has been fully demonstrated by observation in hundreds of mills and shops that the college graduate will thoroughly master the details of his work in at least half the time that it will take the non-graduate to do the same. The reason is clear enough: "The college man has been taught to see, to think, to judge. It is the question of the trained athlete against untrained strength, of the disciplined soldier against raw bravery." Of course it would be too much to say that the want of college training was a sure sign of failure. College training is only an element of equipment. The man, who has succeeded

without this training, could certainly have done much more with it. "The college is not designed to train merchants or manufacturers, but to train men, who becoming merchants or manufacturers, will be better merchants and manufacturers" because of their training.

Modern commercial methods are consolidation and combination, consequently judgment forms a much larger and luck a much smaller factor in their management than in the early history of our country. So the successful business man must have knowledge which is accurate and comprehensive, wisdom of detail yet not pretty, and aggressiveness without being rash. And nothing is better fitted for developing these faculties than a thorough course of college study.

But not only in commercial enterprise does the college man have the advantage of the non-college man, but still more so in the professions. Prof. C. F. Thwing, President of the Western Reserve University, has gone to considerable trouble to tabulate statistics from "Appleton's Cyclopædia of American Biography," which are both instructive and interesting. Of the 15,142 names, which represent the most noted Americans, 5,306 are graduates from some college, besides nearly 1,000 who have had an academical education of a high order. The total number of graduates from American colleges, he says, does not exceed two hundred thousand. According to this about one man in every forty, more accurately, perhaps, a much larger ratio than this, has distinguished himself sufficiently to give him a more or less permanent reputation, while the ratio of non-graduates, who have distinguished themselves, is one in ten thousand. Forty-six per cent. of the physicians noted in this book are college men. Physicians, as a rule, do not go to college—the estimate being one in twenty, or five per cent., yet nearly half of those deserving well are graduates. Of the lawyers and ministers mentioned about fifty per cent. of each are graduates of colleges.

Now these are very significant figures and show that the college man has greatly the advantage of the non-graduate, other things being equal. Any young man

who contemplates entering business or a profession before his college course is finished, should stop and count well the cost. "College is simply another name for opportunity: opportunity widest, deepest, highest, richest," and the man who enjoys such an opportunity and slights it, will doubtless pay the penalty of his folly to the uttermost farthing.

The Constitutional Convention.

The Constitutional Convention seems to be the one absorbing question of the day in the political circles of our state. It is indeed a very important matter and calls for earnest thought and wise action. There are doubtless many needed changes to be made in the Constitution. It was drafted during the Republican domination of the state and was of course specially adapted to such principles as that party advocated. But to intrust the changing or redrafting of this document, upon which so many interests political, social and industrial hang, to a body of men with unlimited power is a very serious matter. In this convention we should have the very best talent of our state. It is unfortunate for the welfare of the people that the white population of the state is split into two political factions, each contending bitterly for the supremacy. But it is gratifying to see that the leaders of both factions are endeavoring to so far throw down factional feeling as to give both sides a share in this important work. This is nothing but just and every true man, no matter what his political views are, should do all in his power to effect this plan. Why should brothers contend and fight over a matter which is of equal interest to both? There are doubtless as good and as true men in one party as in the other—men who have the best interest of the state equally at heart. Of course they see some questions in a different light, but this is a question that should be viewed from one side only—the best interest of the people of the whole state. The convention should represent no political fac-

tion, but should be composed of the wisest, safest and best men of the state—statesmen and not politicians—regardless of factional affiliation. The work of changing the constitution of a state is of too vital importance to be undertaken for party success or partisan advantage. A spirit of judicial fairness should control the convention in all its working so that when it is finished it will meet the approbation of every good citizen of the state.

Mexico and Guatemala have decided to leave the settlement of their difficulties to peaceful diplomacy. It is one of the signs of the times that so many questions are being settled between nations of late by arbitration. China would have been much better off today than she is had she and Japan have intrusted the settlement of their quarrel to arbitration instead of going into a bloody and destructive war.

A half million citizens of the United States have signed the Polyglot Petition asking that the liquor and opium traffic for the purpose of beverages and stimulants be prohibited. It has in all seven million and a half adherents either by signature, endorsement or attestation from fifty different nations.

A new gas called argon by its discoverers, Lord Rayleigh and Prof. Ramsay, has been discovered in the atmosphere.

For some time the question of intercollegiate foot ball games has been a matter of deep concern to the most thoughtful college men both of faculties and the student body. Many seeing the barbarousness of many of the games have been lead to think that the effect of such games was demoralizing and hurtful to the participants and that the game should be either reformed or abolished. The faculty of Harvard led by President Eliot, however, have been the first to take action by voting for the abolition of the game.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

J. ARTHUR WIGGINS, - - Editor.

Since our last issue, we have received quite a number of excellent journals which would require more space than we have been allotted, if we were to take them up in literary order, but to avoid a total disfranchisement of the meritorious, we have selected for criticism a few of the best arriving on time. Many have changed editors and have begun to make marked improvements, especially in the quality of pieces published.

All Exchanges receiving the WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL are respectfully asked to see that we get a copy of each of their issues in return. We are sorry to say that some editors have overlooked this courtesy.

“College patriotism—how may it be heightened?

By the glee club.

By college songs.

By unity among students.

By encouraging athletics.

By celebrating Field day.

By wholesome competition.

By due regard for teachers.

By booming literary societies.

By holding frequent socials.

By supporting the college paper.

By coming up to the requirements.

By keeping abreast with the times.

By a moderate degree of class spirit.”—Ex.

The *Mephistophelean*, by the conspicuous ability of its contributors, its bold and vigorous reformatory impulses

have made its pages popular and interesting. The idea of being practical in journalistic work, is the apparent aim of this periodical. Every literary page serves as a part of the necessary means for bringing about a pleasant and profitable end. The *Mephistophelean* has probably learned by experience that college students grossly detest the inexcusable methods some college editors have of making the outside world see their great merit. The comical sheet does not belong to the college volume. Of course, we do not object to liveliness and original wit, which indeed has a great pacifying power over grumbling contributors and subscribers, but the habit of persistently appearing "funny," when the world expects a display of good common sense, is strictly sentimental and unappreciable. An editor is doing an injustice to the body of students which he represents when he exercises the authority of his position in creating a nonsensical sensation through the columns of a magazine intrusted to him for a more ideal purpose.

"The American Senate," by Prof. Mosley, is a continued discussion on the origin and power of this law-making and confirming body. The special line of argument touching the great precedent of history, which has made the principles of political science rest in two separate bodies instead of one, is beautifully illustrated. How little we know of our government, is regretfully impressive after reading such a brilliant paper. "Chaucers view of Senior Class," is indeed old English and perhaps historical, but it is far from being the best method of expression. Probably though the Seniors for whom it was written can more liberally criticise.

The *An-X*, of Texas, is the journal of the fair and most assuredly it can be called the fairest when compared with magazines from other female colleges in the South. The *An-X* holds a standing position among the most literary exchanges that come to our table. "His praise is lost who waits till all commend," is an appropriate motto inlaid with golden letters. This suggests neatness, in

which quality this journal carries off the palm. Such a journal speaks highly for the University girls and shows that they think less of the unpardonable indulgence of "expression" and the new "arts," which invariably characterize the modern female school or college. A single glance at the *An-X* shows that these young ladies cultivate their brains first and "art" and "expression" when the requirements of the noblest purposes are met and intelligently dispensed with. "Sixteen and Death," is a beautiful piece of composition on the execution of "Lady Jane Grey." The descriptive power intensified through pathos gives the reader a sense of inward reverence while reading these pages. The manner of expression is inspiring, a more pleasing style and a better selection of words is seldom met with. "The Great Englishman," "Social Shams," and "Air Castles" complete the literary department. The Exchange editor feels refreshed after carefully reading and impartially criticising this journal. The editorial, local and exchange departments are well edited. The February edition was gotten out by a new staff, their work reflects duty well done.

The Arkadelphia Methodist College publishes a neat and varied Journal. Co-education is running under a full head of steam within its walls. The experiment must be a delightful one, and to be generous with our ideas of the harmony that must exist in Arkadelphia, we cite the public to the pleasant association of the editors as a sufficient proof. On the Journal directory we find the names of "Mr. Leroy" and "Miss Mattie" inclosed with brackets, with a counterpart, "Mr. Logan" and "Miss Sallie" similarly associated. This proves clearly and perhaps to the delight of the Arkadelphians that co-education is the movement of the age and that within college class-rooms the problem has been solved. Each sex have their literary societies, but they meet in the class-room together, associate in journalism and frequently count "love forty" on the tennis grounds.

We notice too that the girls write oftener and better pieces for their Journal than the boys. In the February number Miss Annie Morrison gives us an excellent paper on "The Ministry of Angels," perhaps leading to perfection, if we were to accept an article on the same subject from one of the male students. The situation of affairs at Arkadelphia is glorious and we send many congratulations to the Arkansas students, holding in reserve the envy of our own position. Wofford to be or not to be, is the question.

Since the foot-ball season has come and gone, carrying with it the gloom of defeat and the joy of victories won, *The College Rambler* has again taken its former position of trust and excellence among college organs. We do not mean to flatter this organ by the above sentence, but rather to show its editors how much more a good effort at journalism is appreciated by contemporaries. "Parkhurst and Municipal Reform" has suddenly become an editorial heading for thousands of newspapers, and the college editors to be in sympathy with the progressive movements of reform, have given through their columns some forcible comments. *The Rambler* contains an oration delivered at an open session of the Illinois College societies which is very enthusiastically written. Corrupt government, becoming more and more alarming without effectual attempts being made to suppress it, is largely dwelt upon by the author. Scanty editorials, no exchange, a full personal column and an abundance of locals invariably characterize *The Rambler*, but in its literary presentiments we find redeeming qualities.

The best comment on *The Palladium* of South Carolina is based upon the many short, interesting articles that appeared in its last issue. *The Palladium* has but recently sprung into existence. We hope though, to find *The Palladium* in a maturer age, far above its first effort

and never below it. To be in its infancy, it is very good. Clinton must have a real "funny" atmosphere, if we rightly construe the clash of wit between Professor and student as published in the locals. This is our only objection to this Monthly, and truthfully speaking, the greater part of its locals are less than valueless when compared with the matter in preceding departments. This is only a criticism and our ideas of journalism may not be popular. How early infants learn the fashion of the world!

The Randolph-Macon Monthly, for February, is a delightful issue, full to overflowing with well assorted matter, a Journal of comprehensive information about many new subjects. This magazine is distinctively progressive and wields a weighty influence in stimulating patriotism and promoting harmony among college magazines. A typical Southern Journal, with a notable list of contributors. Sparkling and thrilling are many of its pages with carefully written narratives which often compare in beauty and art with many of the self-sustaining short stories coming from more productive pens. "Just A Beginning," might be cited as a fit article to be measured by the above criticism. "Open Stand the Gates," is an oration of a Sophomoric style, but not too much so when taken in connection with the expression and arrangement of sentences. "The Poet's Poet," referring to Shelly, is an ideal paper. The editorials are scarce, but all space is taken up by good, sensible reading.

The Monthly is unusually large this month. In fact there is a great change in its publication. "In unity there is strength," and to verify this old adage, *Randolph-Macon* and Randolph-Macon Woman's College have combined forces. Thus the necessitated change, which has given the old Journal a new life.

A varied table of contents should characterize all popular Journals. Short stories are splendid material for

breaking monotony. *The McMicken Review* has this plan on trial and the change promises to prove quite beneficial. "Clovernook and Round About" is romantic and often approaches the swing and rythm of measured beats. It is hard to be romantic though, without going through some neighboring cemetery and studying genealogy in connection with the history of sleeping posterity. But the writer is well acquainted with his theme and to be sure of success he followed the old rut of greater men:

"Here lieth one, who shouldered his gun
When the news was brought from Lexington
And laid it down when peace was won,"

"is a quaint and self-made epitaph." *The Review* is too burdensome with locals or personals. The absence of good editorials and a neglected exchange places this Journal far below the laudable stand which could be easily obtained by its managers.



ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

B. H. HENRERSON, - - Editor.

Wofford's Clerical Alumni.

More than once has this writer been asked if all the students at Wofford College were not studying for the ministry. In fact, it is generally understood and considered as the preacher's college for Methodism in South Carolina. Many of our Methodists even are ignorant in this one particular, and look upon Wofford College as the chief promoter of their creed. This we do not deny, but we would not be misunderstood and furthermore ask for more than is due us, in having our institution known as a Ministerial College. Many will be surprised to know that Wofford College has no Theological Department. One thing, however, may be safely asserted, that Wofford College labors for the development of mind and character and strives always to present the claims of Christian education as the chiefest exponent of that development. It is true that a good per cent. of her Alumni have entered the ministry, but her highest end has been to give to the world men whose sterling character would prove an uplifting force in the betterment of humanity. Men who will represent these laudable ends in the community blessed by their presence. However, the more especial object of this writing is to show the influence of our Alumni in the ministry as members of the South Carolina Conference by tracing their work since their departure from College. Wofford's ministerial sons, like those in other callings, rank in order of degree from lowest to highest. To attempt to write the history of the men in any calling one suffers under two extreme difficulties. Some have accomplished so much that for want of facts we fail to give them justice; while

others have accomplished so little that still fewer facts can be had. One thing is certain, the College has steadily raised the standard of education among the preachers of the South Carolina Conference. There was a time, I may say, when unlearned men, comparatively speaking, found easy entrance there; but now it is almost useless for such ones to apply. Of the thirteen admitted at the last session, nine held diplomas from Wofford College. Not quite twenty-four per cent. of the three hundred and ninety-nine Alumni have entered the ministry. Of her ninety-five ministerial sons, one is an Episcopalian, P. D. Trapier, '69; one is a Presbyterian, J. W. Roseborough, '73.

Four are Baptists—E. W. Peebles, '69; Z. T. Whiteside, '77; E. E. Bomar, '79; P. V. Bomar, '82.

W. W. Duncan, '58, is a Bishop. Each one of us confidently expects the future to add to this list.

Rev. G. F. Round, '61, is stationed somewhere in North Carolina. R. D. Smart, '68, has gained much prominence. After serving the best appointments in his own Conference, he was transferred to Little Rock, Arkansas, where he preached three years. He was recently placed in charge of First Church, Memphis, Tenn., which is said to be the second highest in the Southern Methodism.

P. C. Bryce, '69, is a member of one of the Texas Conferences. A. E. Partridge, '71, is a prominent member of the South Alabama Conference. A. Coke Smith, D. D., '72, is pastor of Granby Street Church, Norfolk, Va. As a pastor he is much sought after.

H. F. Chreitzberg, '73, has gained much prominence. He served many important charges in his own Conference and was then placed in charge of the leading church of Asheville, N. C. W. S. Rone, '73, is presiding elder of Wilmington District, North Carolina Conference. He was a member of the recent General Conference.

J. W. Wolling, '73, is a member of the Brazil Conference. Sam'l. Keener, '76, is preaching in Louisiana. J. W. Tarbourx, '77, and J. Mc'P. Lander, '79, are in Brazil.

J. R. King, '79, belongs to the North Georgia Conference. R. Riddick, '82, is in Virginia. J. L. Weber, '82, was recently admitted to the Holston Conference and stationed in Knoxville, Tenn.

J. R. Goodloe, '89, is in Tennessee. G. G. Harley, '89, is in North Carolina. E. D. Mouzon, '89, is in Texas.

Seven of the ministerial Alumni are dead: J. E. Watson, '61; E. G. Gage, '64; C. Thomason, '64; J. P. Pritchard, '74; M. O. Ligon, '91, and J. J. Riley, '92.

Fifty-five are members of the South Carolina Conference. There are many others in the Conference who have attended the College one or more terms.

J. W. Humbert, '59, graduated with honors. He has been sixteen years on stations and nineteen on circuits. He is now at Fort Mill. A. J. Stafford, '59, is an earnest pastor, and his sermons are carefully prepared. He has been three years on missions, six on circuits and twenty-two on stations. At present he is at Kershaw. A. J. Stokes, '59, is at Newberry. He is chairman of the trustees of the Columbia Female College. He has been eight years on circuits, nineteen on stations and eight on districts.

S. A. Weber, '59, is one of the best read men in the Conference. He is a frequent contributor to his church papers. He has twice been a member of the General Conference. He has been five years on circuits, seventeen on stations and was editor of the Advocate for ten years. The degree of D. D. was conferred upon him by Emory College in 1892. He is one of the trustees of Wofford. His work is now at Yorkville. G. W. Walker, '69, has served on circuits two years, on stations nine and for the past ten years has been president of Paine Institute, Augusta, Ga. He is a trustee of Wofford.

W. D. Kirkland, '70, has been three years on circuits, nine on stations, three on districts, and nine as editor of the Advocate. He is a trustee of Wofford, and

also a member of the General Board of Missions. Emory College, a few years ago, conferred upon him the degree of D. D. He has represented his conference three times in General Conference, and at the recent one he was elected Sunday School editor. His work in this field has already called forth much favorable comment.

E. L. Archer, '71, located after having served four years on circuits. He was readmitted eleven years thereafter. In 1889 he took a supernumerary relation, which he still holds. He was the originator of the Alumni Hall, and started the subscription with \$500. R. W. Barber, '71, has been thirteen years on circuits: one on station and six as supernumerary. His sermons show special preparation. He is now at Little Rock.

W. L. Wait, '71, practiced law until 1887, when he was admitted to the Conference. He has been on missions one year and on circuits six. He is now at Donalds.

J. W. Dickson, '72, is the best toast-maker among the Alumni. He has been on circuits six years, on stations four, on districts eight, and Professor in Columbia Female College four. He is a trustee of Wofford. He is now on the Columbia District. He says he likes to be presiding elder.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



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Prof. Ford.

Friday night, March 11th, found in the opera house a goodly crowd of students and friends assembled to hear a recital by Prof. Ford under the auspices of the Calhoun and Preston Societies. The audience was not quite as large as it might have been, only a few being present besides the Converse students and those connected with Wofford. However, a larger crowd was expected on Saturday night, and we have reasons to believe that such would have been the case had not circumstances intervened and prohibited the Professor from appearing and the public from enjoying his delightful entertainment. Prof. Ford was suffering with a severe cold and his throat was in such a condition that it was impossible for him to fill his engagement. We were very sorry that this unfavorable condition prevented us from hearing him a second time, for he was *e pluribus unus* that has the power to give such universal satisfaction and so much real pleasure to those who attended.

On the stage the Professor is at home and was master of the situation. His manner is graceful and easy and free from affectation. In appearance he is strikingly handsome and pleasing. His voice is splendid, well cultivated and typical of the fine physique with which he is gifted. It would be hard to tell in which special branch he excelled. At times his selections were pathetic and his rendering of them very touching, while again humor predominated and he seemed inimitable. In every way he came up to the high testimonials with which he was recommended. The selections were tastily chosen and suited to the southern audience. His enunciation of the old negro dialect was greatly enjoyed and

partook of that strange combination of humor and pathos which is so salient in the old negro character. All of the pieces would deserve mention, but above all, the beautiful poetry, taken from Mark Twain's Literary Nightmare and the very embodiment of music, was given most touchingly. There still runs in our memory the lines:

"Punch, punch, punch with care
Punch in the presence of the passengaire "

Miss Julia's singing and the preaching by a modern minister were also very good, and are but slight exaggerations of what dangers and punishments we all must shun. The students seem delighted with the evening's digression and reaped much merriment and gained great profit. We hope we can hear Prof. Ford again. We also hope next time the audience will be even larger and composed of more varieties of people.

The Open Session.

The regular annual open session of the Calhoun Society was held at the usual time, the first Friday in March, which fell this year on the 1st, and from a strictly judicial standpoint was very good. The weather was bad and prevented a good many from attending, but despite this fact the hall was full. There were on duty four essayists, four declaimers and six debaters. These gentlemen performed their duty creditably well and the audience listened in the same manner, only the virtue of patience was present with them. The monthly orator was also on hand and spoke his speech, and told us about the vanity of human existence and interspersed his oration with some characteristic and well taken humor. Everything passed off well. The session was successful, though on account of its nature it had its dangers. Some of the pieces showed the qualities of strength and also of length, while others had the former without the latter, and *vice versa*. In the main a conservative verdict is that it was a good meeting and the

hours well spent, and at the same time laying bare the possibility of improvement which probably could be made in various ways.

The Foot-Ball Situation.

At a recent meeting of the Athletic Association Mr. W. Rae Dendy, of the Sophomore class, was elected Captain of the foot-ball team; and the other officers duly chosen. The new captain has our congratulations and shall have our support and sympathy whenever needed. Of course the methods of the coming team must be moderate and even, else foot-ball here would fall flat as any sport, derogatory to the reputation and dignity of the College. We have little faith in foot-ball if its only end is emulation, its purpose low and its effects degrading. We have still less patience in this invigorating sport, if it is perverted into a profession or used as a mere advertisement for a college. Any institution sinks to a shameful level when it allows its athletic association to hire men with no recommendation save that of brute strength and still less occupation, and has them matriculate for the specific purpose of enlisting their names on the students' roll. Such men rarely see within a classroom, for their aim is low, their avowed purpose is to play foot-ball and their recognized duty is to come intimately in contact with the corrupting influence of the spoil system and learn from fact what they would falsely do. Such a condition is deplorable and demoralizing beyond degree. We cannot see where the student's part comes in, unless it is to find a mathematical line between an institution of learning and a gambling house. At Wofford there is little to be feared in this direction. Possibly no one even dreams of her ever becoming in any way a mother to such an ill-fated child. We prefer to let it be for fund's sake rather than foot-fall for foot-ball's sake.

The game has its manifold opportunities of good, even more so than of evil. We hope next season it will be re-

vived with renewed energy and determination. The games should be arranged during the spring and in every way the team should bestir themselves. Capt. Dendy will go into his duties with zeal and will doubtless serve an efficient term. Interest has been the hardest element of success to obtain of late years, and it was through the enthusiasm of the retiring members and the many efforts of Captain Humbert that any success at all was attained last fall. This last named gentleman certainly deserves the thanks of the students and the college in appreciation for his valuable services in doing much to revive a slowly and surely dying cause. He has done so, and foot-ball is here, and, we believe, to stay.

Now for a good and lively base-ball team to while away the hours of fatigue in loving remembrance to the blow pipes and hard lessons which disturb our morning dreams.

The Kennedy Library.

One of the pleasantest places in the city which it is our privilege to visit is the Kennedy Library. This is indeed an elevating place to loaf. Mrs. Evins, the courteous Librarian, is exceedingly kind to the students and seems to take great pleasure in showing and pointing to them the books contained in the library. She is not only well acquainted with the position of the many volumes, but seems conversant with almost every imaginable piece of literature, whether in or out of the library. She makes a visit to this place most agreeable and profitable. There are many valuable books down there which cannot be found in either of our college libraries and it would be well for the students to take advantage of the opportunity and ramble among and read more of that class of books which can be found only in a public library. The South Carolina collection is especially valuable and would greatly aid any one in becoming acquainted with the history and literature of his native state. These books are rare and such an occasion should be embraced

and a visit would surely be enjoyed. It is with serious regret that we learn Mrs. Evins will soon leave the city to reside in Alabama.

Prof. DuPre recently gave a very interesting talk to the Senior class on the first chapter of Genesis. The class has been studying historical geology and was greatly interested in the creation of the earth and especially of man. The Professor's lecture was purely informal and was much enjoyed, proving that it was not altogether unreasonable to reconcile the history of creation as told by Moses and as revealed by science.

Mr. Olin D. Wannamaker and Robt. J. Treusdale represented the Wofford College Y. M. C. A. at the state convention lately held at Aiken. These gentlemen report a delightful time and are very much pleased with the outgrowth of their visit. Mr. Wannamaker came back by Orangeburg and stopped over for a day or two at his home in St. Matthews.

Geo. C. Leonard, the Editor-in Chief of the JOURNAL, recently paid a visit to his home at Inman.

Some days ago a phonographic exhibition was held in the college chapel. Some of the pieces were taken very well, while others not so good. The Quartette, or at least part of it, sang a song, the music of which as well as the discords they made were of their own manufacture, and the instrument took it better than it was sung. Professor Easter quoted a German passage in it and the phonograph took this and gave it very clearly. We had a few visitors. The entertainment was well worth the price, though something very similar was given some time ago.

The Junior class will soon begin the study of a history of mathematics. This class has figured very largely in its history at Wofford.

Messrs. Lyon and Crossland paid a flying trip to the country not long since.

Prof Easter has very kindly consented to give his Senior French class an extra hour in pronunciation. They are doing good work for these windy days.

At the last election of officers of the Preston society, the following gentlemen were chosen: Wm. Coleman, President; J. C. Daniel, Vice President; H. J. Shoemaker, 1st Corrector; W. J. Gains, 2d Corrector; H. C. McKelvey, Recording Secretary; P. H. Stoll, Corresponding Secretary; F. W. Sessions, Treasurer; Robt. Treusdale, Librarian; C. F. Brooks, 1st Censor; W. G. Ward, 2d Censor.

On Tuesday March 13, Mr. M. W. Adams, of the Freshman class, fell from the third to the second story of the Alumni Hall. A physician was summoned immediately and he now has all the aid that medical attention can give. The extent of his injuries is not yet known, but there are reasons to hope that he will soon be up. At this writing he is resting easier and is getting on as well as could be expected. His father is here and will remain till his son is better.

The commencement sermon will be preached next June by Rev. Dr. Tillet, of Vanderbilt. Mr. Bryan, of Charleston, has accepted the invitation of the Preston Society and will deliver the literary address before the two societies.

During the past week Mr. W. W. Watson, Literary Editor of the JOURNAL last year, delighted his friends with a stay in the city of a few hours. Mr. Watson is now connected with *The State*.

Prof. Ford will again give a recital at the opera house some time in April. He is attracting much attention throughout the state.

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LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

H. J. SHOEMAKER, - - - Editor.

The Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner.

Evolution shows life in continual progress. Nature, too, teaches us the same daily. It may take days for the sap to rise in a tree and for the tiny bud to show itself and swell in bud-like splendor, but at almost one spring the full bloom bursts into fullness and beauty. Moreover, there is a culminating point in all things—in the history of an age, of a nation, of an individual. More than this there is a characteristic product of each that is within itself an embodiment of the representative features of each. Especially is this the case with the last, the individual, and most especially so if that individual be a poet. All the forces of genius, somehow seem to concentrate themselves into one grand effort for the purpose of giving birth to some poem or series of poems that embody the *credo*, and the very life and being of the poet within themselves, and establish at one leap the fame that all single efforts have not succeeded in establishing. There is a deep principle of truth underlying Byron's statement, that he awoke one morning and found himself famous. 'Tis the experience of all poets who are so fortunate as to have that amount of genius and poetic power that warrants their becoming

famous at all. It is to *The Ancient Mariner*, *Christabel*, and *Kubla Khan*, produced in rapid succession, that Coleridge owed the joys and pleasures of this peculiar experience of Byron, but especially to the first.

A lover of ancient legends, and a student of that literature known as the literature of the middle ages, that treasure-house of subjects that has furnished material for so many fabrics of poetic art, and of the ballad poetry of all ages, it was a subject such as this that was most peculiarly fitted for calling into play all the imaginativeness, dreaminess, melody, harmony, and pictorial power, that so characterize his other poems. And though it may not be exactly correct to say that all the elements of Coleridge's poetic genius find expression in this one poem, yet it is the one that we must choose, above all others, if we would get any insight into his powers. It is one thing to produce divine fragments as did the poetess, Sappho, to make noble beginnings in which imagination and a tone of soft delicacy are pre-eminent as did Coleridge in *Christabel* and *Kubla Khan*, and quite another to weave these same elements into a complete and rounded whole that will prove that that genius which could rise to such supreme heights of song in fragments, could soar to heights quite as supreme in a song that combines sustained strength and vigor and melody with unity and harmony.

Art must always have an effect in view and every artist must choose his material with regard to the effect to be produced. "Words are to the poet what lines and colors are to the painter," and the same artistic taste that dictates the choice of those lines and colors that may most nearly approach the harmony then of the ideal picture of the painter, dictates the choice of those words and combination of words that by their music and meaning and the associations they call to mind, most nearly approach that rhythm and ideal music that must always ring in the soul of the true poet. There is no greater evidence of poetic genius than that of the choice

of words and, coincidentally, that of metre. Milton displayed his in the choice of those great, rolling, musical words and epithets and those stately, marching measures of the heroic pentameter, that cast a mantle of dignity about that sustained and elevated song,

"That with no middle flight intends to soar,
Above the Ionian Mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme."

It is to the words and the metre that he chose that is due the music like that of the deep notes of a pipe organ. Coleridge displays his no less in the Ancient Mariner. He wished to ring out both soft and sweet, the melodious notes and cadences of the lyrical ballad, and to cast over the whole a glamour of romance and weirdness, and chose those very words and the very metre that most easily allow themselves to be set to music, and that are at the same time most conducive to the producing of the effect of weirdness. If each of us listens "like a three-year's child" it is because it is told in the simple, manly, unpretentious words in which children shape their thoughts, and in which their minds give expression with childlike artlessness to the sights seen in dream-land, and because the music is somewhat like that which the musicians of fairy- and dream-land sometimes let fall upon our childish ears.

Though the poem is almost wholly a product of a fertile imagination, and though there is about the whole a glamour of romance and weirdness, there is yet a strict adherence to the truth of nature, and to those sentiments and feelings that would be felt if the events were real. After having shot the Albatross, the Mariner says:

"And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe,
For all av-rred I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah! wretch, said they, the bird to slay,
That made the wind to blow."

The above was said upon the supposition that the breeze that was blowing would cease. But it does not, and in addition the phenomena of nature change in certain pleasing respects, and the following lines occur:

“Nor d m nor red like G d’s own hand,
 The gloriou sun upri-t.
 Then all averred I had killed a bird
 That brought the fog and mist;
 ’Twas right said they, such birds to slay,
 That bring the fog and mis’.”

The portrayal of the changeability of the human mind as influenced by outward phenomena upon which opinion is based is as strong and as true as any of the higher dramatists have ever reached.

As already said, the shaping force of the opinion was imagination. But it was an imagination that had not the creative force alone, but one that was able to give to the poem those varying and modifying colors and tones that are found as permanent and enriching qualities in all the fine arts. Coleridge doubtless studied the effect of the combination of certain colors and sounds in this poem, or else had in himself that poetic art-instinct that always chooses that which will produce the highest effect. An illustration of this point with respect to color is to be found in the picture of the woman of the spectre-bark, and a few other lines that follow, all of which must be looked at from the standpoint of producing weirdness.

“Her lips were red, her looks were free
 Her skin was as white as leprosy,
 The Night-mare Life-in-Death was she
 Who thicks man’s blood with cold.”

And again,

“About, about, in reel and rout,
 The death fires danced at night,
 The water, like a witch’s oil,
 Burnt green and blue and white.”

Not less noticeable is the effect of moonlight. The moon plays an important part in all romantic poetry,

and especially in Coleridge's. If one can fancy for a moment the feelings with which one read for the first time the description in the "Fall of the House of Usher" of the waves of moonlight falling through a rent in the old moss- and vine-clad wall upon the lake of tarn beneath, one can form some conception of its purpose and effect in this poem. Darkness is not so weird, nor can it be, as is darkness tinged with beams of moonlight falling upon the sea through the fog and mists of night. The waters themselves reflect it and give to the reader an effect of weirdness that words cannot represent. The lines,

"Whiles a'l the night, through fog-smoke white
Glimmered the white moonshinc,' and
'Her beams lensocked the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread,
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
A still and awful red,"

serve to illustrate this point.

The sounds, too, of this poem are peculiarly Coleridgean. Accustomed from youth to day-dreaming, his nature and admiration seem to have come under the influence of soft and gentle sounds. Only rarely is there in this poem the crash of genuine noise. All the rest is either the stillness and quiet of silence or the soft, easy sounds affecting the reader like the sighing of pines near a grave yard on a dark and gently-breathing night. There is one that is strikingly beautiful:—

"It ceased, yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook,
In the leafy month of June;
That to the sleeping woods all night
Sings a quiet tune."

It is sounds such as these that fall upon the ear with piercing and deafening pain—

"Like echoes in sepulchral halls,
As drop by drop the water falls."

No one can begin to calculate the effect of such sounds in this poem. Loud noises of the busy, bustling world could never affect us thus. 'Tis only such as these corresponding to the last breathings of the dying or the moans and whispers of the ghosts of the dead, that can surround us with an atmosphere of weirdness and romanticism.

The word-pictures are truly grand in their simplicity and seeming artlessness, and strike us with as fresh and original beauty as the word-music. The power of words to produce pictorial effect is nowhere equal to the power displayed here. There passes before us in a succession of beauty, successive, separate pictures bound together into one complete whole by the "adamantine chain of dreamland." There is not a single superfluous word in a single one of them. There is a perfection of economy here attained that would gratify the most frugal word-economist. Each succeeding the other with the swiftness possible to imagination, and to the mind in dream, are a few strokes of the brush of the skillful word-painter.

"All in a hot and copper sky
 The bloody sun at noon
 Right up above the mast did stand
 No bigger than the moon."
 "The sun's rim dips, the stars rush out,
 At one stride comes the dark,
 With far off whistlers o'er the sea,
 Off shot the spectre-bark."

This is the offspring of an imagination that is both graphic and picturesque, and of a mind that is bold in conception and execution. And yet with the happiness and fitness of the pictures there is never a sacrifice of word music. Word-painting and word-music are not at the expense of one another, but both seem to coerce and intermingle in just such a manner as brightens the effect of both and, at the same time, carries the weirdness into the highest degree of perfection. All of this goes to prove that Coleridge in this poem had an artistic

grasp upon his subject; such that while the pictures are appealing to the sense of beauty, the music is gliding into the soul like gentle sleep from Heaven.

Music and painting and poetry are not made to teach except indirectly. One will never realize any material gain from either of the three. There is a higher and a nobler purpose running through them that makes them of incalculable benefit to the human race. Through the eye or ear, they exert a most refining sense upon the mind and heart and soul, and render us capable of the highest and keenest intellectual enjoyment. They are in answer to a God-given element of our intellectual nature, and for this reason they will ever be in demand, and for this same reason the "Ancient Mariner" will always be read. Combining, as it does, something of the element of painting and music with the first essential of poetry, imagination, it has the peculiar power of appealing to these higher intellectual qualities in a supreme degree. Moreover, it has the power of lifting us for the time being out of ourselves, of removing us from the engrossing cares of life, and of helping us to "most gloriously forget ourselves and plunge soul-forward, headlong" into the fancies and phantasies of enchanted lands. We pass through it all under the sounds of harmonious music, and in the enjoyment of those pictorial treasures prepared for us by one whose strong power was imagination and whose most peculiar colors and sounds and shades of moon and star-light all mingled and melted into effect both weird and strange while at the same time it is most highly artistic. The cadence and rhythm and melody fall upon the ear with the softness of the softest sounds introduced, and into our souls

"Like music on the heart."

There is scarcely a false note struck in the whole poem. All the words seem to have been breathed into their happy and musical association by a long and continued breath of inspiration that never stopped until it was finished and

harmony of parts prevailed. Each word has its idea and its setting, and I daresay not a single one in the poem could be changed without detriment. The harmony would be in some sense broken, and the magic charm would be lost. The whole is a noble poem of its kind, nobly conceived, nobly planned, and nobly executed. Plain in its ornaments, yet most richly ornamented, prosaic in its words, yet most peculiarly musical, it stands as one of the brightest and most enduring successes of the romantic movement, and will ever endure so long as music hath charms to soothe, and so long as those higher instincts of man for the enjoyment of the fine arts are still undiminished in the human soul.

GEO. W. FOOSHE.

The Influence of Greece on Roman Literature.

The originality of Greek literature is supreme. This constitutes one of its many charms and is the source of its immortality. The Greeks created by instinct, and refined their creations with that great acuteness of perception which characterized their genius. They gave literary forms to all succeeding literatures and prescribed canons of art and taste for all time. The influence of this brilliant people was felt throughout the known world, but while the fame of Greek literature must have reached Rome, yet its decided influence was not felt until Athens was beginning to decline and Rome was ready to assume her place as Patroness, if not Mother, of Arts and Eloquence.

It has been asserted that all the vast range of classic Latin literature could boast but one original genius—Lucretius. Without concurring in this probably exaggerated opinion, there is no doubt in the mind of a student of the Greek and Latin literatures that to a very great extent Roman literatures were indebted for both thought and form to the Greeks.

This is apparent to the most superficial reader, and becomes more and more evident as the investigator acquaints himself more thoroughly with the claims of each of the two peoples, until he finds that a great and permanent literature can claim even the doubtful invention of but one literary form—the satire. Without attempting to trace each stream of Roman inspiration to its source and account for every Hellenism in Latin literature, it may be possible in a few pages to demonstrate, at least partially, how far the Roman literati were indebted to Greece.

In the fourth century, B. C., Athens still reigned the literary mistress of the world, undisputed, supreme. Already her powers were failing, her strength decaying, but the gleam of her past glory, the light of her incomparable literary achievements cast a glamor over her weakness until the final crash, when the scepter passed from her, and Alexandria gathered to herself the intellect of the world.

We have now three pictures: Athens, deprived of her supremacy, but still fascinating and beautiful in her decay; Alexandria, the flourishing center of culture and literary genius; Rome, fast becoming the supreme political power, but just beginning to foster an intellectual development. All things are ripe for a change. The books of one great literature are being closed, but another great literature is about to spring into existence. One great people is degenerating, but another, grander and more imposing, is maturing into the governing race of the world. Athens, and with her Attic literature, has risen, matured and is beginning to decay. Her most brilliant period of intellectual growth was contemporary with her greatest political power. But she has done her work—given to the world a rich literature, wielded an enormous and far-reaching influence, and is now yielding to another great city exercising, as she herself had once done, political authority, but without great intellectual life or any signs of a literature. Let us now con-

sider some of the events preceding and leading up to the birth of Roman literature.

The capture of Tarentum in 272 B. C., inaugurated a new era in Roman intellectual life. This great people of Rome, with its invincible military spirit, its irresistible energy, its high standard of morality which it maintained until the Golden Age of literature, had, up to the time of Fabius' signal victory, amid its vast schemes of conquest, little opportunity for the growth of an extensive literature. The Roman mind was absorbed in waging and directing wars for the increase of territory, and the literary talent which must have existed lay dormant, hampered by unfavorable circumstances. But from the founding of the Latin city, though all her centuries of ambitious growth, there was maturing a literary spirit, whose genius, when the growth was consummated, flowered into classic Latin literature.

Hundreds of years before the Punic wars, there had settled in the south of Italy bands of Greeks from their native country. Colonies were formed, and, in process of time, great states arose, whose wealth and power gave all that section the name of Magna Graecia.

Among the many prosperous cities of the new Hellas, Tarentum was the most conspicuous for its wealth, size and intellectual activity. Her direct and long-continued intercourse with Greece shed the lustre of great literary genius over her. She adopted the literature of the mother country and originated a school of her own. So that when this flourishing city was brought under Roman sway, like an electric shock, the new literary impulse thrilled the Roman intellect. From these semi-Greeks of Southern Italy first came the impetus that awoke Rome's dormant genius. We do not mean to say that a complete literature was all ready to spring into existence at Rome. As in Greece, so here there was a gradual development, but one far more rapid than had been the growth of Hellenic literature. Rome had no

literary forms to create—Greece had done her work. The work of Rome was to adapt these forms and adapt them to a totally different people, a different climate and different surroundings. And all this she did, but more than this—no! Rome lacked creative force, but had she possessed it her labor was anticipated—the glory of literary discovery could never be hers. This does not detract from the grandeur, merit and beauty of her literature. This paper is no attempt to show that the literary genius of Rome was entirely imitative. Great literateurs do not imitate—they adopt. To extract from any literary work thought, or to employ its form, and place that thought in a new setting, or fill that form with new material suited to the spirit of another people than that to which it was originally addressed—this is not imitation, but *adaptation*. Had the spirit of Rome's literature been merely imitative, it could never have so vastly influenced modern literatures. Had it not embodied high genius it could never have endured. Modern English literature has been influenced by the Roman far more than is generally supposed, yet the originality of our own literature is unquestionable.

After Athens lost her supremacy the center of literary culture was transferred to Alexandria. Here the Greek classics were cherished and Greek thought and Greek traits were predominant. But when Alexandria was subjugated to Rome, with her freedom, she yielded her supremacy in literature, and her culture and literary wealth were appropriated by another. Through her Rome gained the Greek classics, and from her, in turn, received a great intellectual impetus. Alexandria's scholars and sages flocked to the new capital, bringing their wealth of learning to enrich Rome's intellectual store.

In Sicily, as in Magna Graecia, poetry and the arts enjoyed a long and brilliant life. The literary culture was similar to that of Greece, and the Greek classics were preserved and imitated, as in other great centers of

Hellenic influence. Here Theocritus was still singing his exquisite pastorals, when Sicily came under the mighty sway of Rome. So when Greece was finally subjugated and her vast accumulation of literary wealth lay open to Roman genius, the circumstances favoring the development of a Latin literature were complete. From these four sources: Alexandria, Sicily, Magna Graecia, and finally from Greece herself, Rome drew her inspiration. After all these combined forces acted upon Rome, and she felt the complete sway of the Greek genius, Roman education fell entirely into foreign hands, and the native intellect came under the ascendancy of the Greek. Philosophers, artists and even physicians of the conquered race ruled supreme. With all these circumstances surrounding and all these influences permeating and transforming the intellect of the Romans, is it strange that their literature demonstrates this contact with the Greeks?

For the remarkable hold which this new culture took upon the Roman intellect, and made its effects visible in a new life and literature, we have only to search the characteristics of the two races. Greece had early felt the need and importance of a literature, and being never wholly engaged in war or commerce, had been developing that literature for almost a thousand years. The nature of this sensitive and art-loving people demanded expression in literature and art. They created as naturally as they breathed, and no amount of war or ordinary business could hamper or restrict their genius. But, as has been said, Rome, engaged in her continual warfare, was absolutely without any literary tendency until brought in contact with Greek civilization. Roman development, in every other line, reached its maturity at this period. Probably the Latin literature, when at length it came into being, was all the more vigorous and brilliant for its late birth, but it is doubtful that Rome would ever have produced a great literature, had she not become thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Greece.

If this influence had not been exerted, it is possible that a literature might have slowly developed, but its character would have been of an entirely different type. The Romans had founded a city which became the capital of a powerful nation. Their stern, invincible spirit, conquered the obstacles opposing the growth of such a government. Their virtue and patriotism have become proverbial. And so amid such a race were developed all those traits which stamped the whole people with force and originality. But although Rome had risen to such eminence and was aspiring to still greater power, she had not felt the need of the strictly intellectual life. If the early Romans found a primitive culture existing in Latium, they satisfied themselves with that necessarily rude state of mental cultivation, and made no attempt toward a higher development. The ancient ballads, of which there are a few fragments extant, constitute all the evidence we have of this early stage.

There were various elements in Roman civilization which were speedily evolved as soon as the Greek influence was brought to bear upon them. Among the results of this ascendancy in literature were the dramatic performances. The Roman drama drew its life from the Greek. Its highest genius was exhibited in comedy and its best exponents are Plautus, Stadius and Terence. But as this was the earliest, so it was the least polished of the Latin literary forms, and from an artistic standpoint has little merit as compared with its great original, beyond its illustrating the "signs of the times."

We have tried to show some of the causes which produced the great tidal-wave of Greek thought and culture and its overwhelming effect on the intellectual life of Rome. It may be well to trace the growth and extent of this influence as shown by the works of a few of the masters of Latin literature.

Soon after the capture of Tarentum, Livius Andronicus came to Rome. He was an educated Greek slave. After having gained a place in Rome's intellectual

galaxy, he succeeded in presenting, during the public festivals, a regular drama from the Greek. He translated the *Odyssey*, and gradually familiarized the Romans with Greek literature. This marks the first stage in the literary growth of Rome. One draught from the refreshing well-spring of that older literature, one taste of its classics, and no other stimulus was needed. The Latin genius gradually, but surely assimilated the spirit of Hellenic creations; found their literary forms capable of adaptation to another language and people, and so when acquaintance was once made, imitation, or adaptation, was both natural and profitable. From this time a knowledge of Greek literature became a part of Roman education, and the greater the knowledge, the greater the admiration, and the more palpable and potent were the results in the intellectual life of Rome.

Following Andronicus came the poet Naevius, who adopted tragedies and comedies from the Greek. It was he who first shaped that legend which was afterwards embodied in the "*Aeneid*." Contemporary with Naevius was the more celebrated Ennius, the great moulding force in early Latin literature. Although imbued, as Naevius, with the Greek spirit, he is yet said to have invented the "*saturnus*," the only original Latin literary form. It is not improbable, however that this form was used by the Greek poet Archilochus, whom his countrymen ranked with Homer and Hesiod as one of the great original forces of their literature.

The great comedian Terence followed. He was thoroughly Grecian, and "his relation to the Greek authors whom he copied is that of a fine engraver to the great painters of another age and time." He refined and humanized the manners of Rome, and paved the way for the advance of that brilliant group of the Golden Age—Caesar, Cicero, Sallust and Lucretius. With the exception of Cato and Plautus, from the time of Terence to that of Cicero, there was no great forward movement in literature. Latin prose, though crude and unpolished,

found its first formative force in Cato, but it was Cicero who gave his language so brilliant and pure a setting as to gain for himself the first place in his native literature. Cicero was a finished Greek scholar, and as an orator, statesman and man-of-letters, he became the most consummate specimen of Roman character under the influence of Greek culture.

Lucretius merely expounds the tenets of the Greek philosophers. His model was the philosophic poem of Empedocles, written in hexameter verse. The study of Homer and Euripides influenced him, but his treatment is entirely original.

In the Augustan age the tendency of literature was to run to verse. The poets sought to make the art and poetry of Greece live a new artistic life. Virgil had a broad and thorough sympathy with the whole range of Greek poetry from Homer and Hesiod to Theocritus and the Alexandrines. He was filled with the thought and learning of Greece. His *Bucolics* are close imitations, and in many cases merely translations of the *Idyls* of Theocritus. Hesiod's "Works and Days" was his avowed model for the *Georgics*, and the *Odyssey* served the "Aeneid" in a like capacity.

Ovid was thoroughly Grecian, and did much toward influencing contemporary thought. He imitated the Alexandrine poets in his "Metamorphoses," and "Heroides." Horace closely followed Archilochus in his "Epodes," imitated, and often merely translated Alcaeus in his Odes.

I have cited these concrete examples to better show the very apparent, deep and direct influence of Greece upon the literary productions of Rome. Roman literature was almost as Greek as its original, but merely adapted to an entirely different people. The effects of Rome's contact with the Greeks were disastrous; the manners and morals of the capital became corrupted from association with the now effeminate and enervated Greeks, but that very contact gave to the world a great

literature, which in breadth and brilliancy, if not in depth, almost rivalled its greater model. But although Latin literature has had a more direct and apparent effect than the Greeks on modern literatures, still "if the influence is traced to its spring, any broad stream of it will carry us back to a Greek source."

MARION TUCKER.

The Aesthetics of Science.

"Truth is beauty and beauty is truth;" each the other's excuse for being. This principle is the basis of both science and poetry. Truth and beauty, in the last reduction, are the equivalent terms, and beauty is the unveiled, shining countenance of truth.

"Rich, from life-long search
Of 'ruth, within thy Academic porch
Thou sittest now, lord of a realm of fact;
Thy servitors 'he sciences exact;
Still listening, with thv hand on Nature's keys,
To hear the samian s spherical harmonies
And rhythm of law."

Thus a poet to a scientist, formerly a fellow-poet. Science is material, but it also has a spiritual element; were this not so men would no longer become its votaries. Order is Heaven's first law. The fascination of science is the poetry it contains. Nature is the domain in which both poet and scientist labor. Heretofore the poet has depicted Nature as it seemed, not as it was known to be; the investigator gave the scientific facts. "The poet's other and higher function is the exercise of an insight which pierces to spiritual actualities; to the meaning of phenomena, and to the relations of all this scientific knowledge."

The underlying principle of all our modern thought is the doctrine of the universality of law, and of that orderly progression or development within the domain and under the influence of law which we call evolution.

Above all, the harmonious inter-relation of the laws of Nature, their "essential oneness," and the idea of evolution have become established facts which must be appreciated. "So far from being unfriendly to the poetic imagination, science will *breathe* into it a higher exultation." Our time has been marked by a stress of scientific iconoclasm, and its beauty upon poetry, through antagonism to the traditional basis of poetic diction, imagery and thought, is continually harped on by would-be literateurs. But the fact is not by any means to be deplored, for however numerous the traditions and folklore legends of "ye olden times" that yield to the advances of knowledge, there is no such inherent antagonism between science and poetry.

Science, now-a-days, is a word on the lips of everyone; it seems to pervade every phase of thought and literature. In common parlance, however, the word is very loosely used, and is a synonym for materialism, deeply imbued with passionistic tendencies. This is fanaticism, opposed equally by advanced scientists and literati. The true scientific spirit is at war, not with poetical feeling, the best in literature, beautiful in nature, or noble and uplifting in life, but with the ancient foibles and follies of expression cherished by these sentiments. We now begin to discern that poetry herself is struggling to be free from the old and to enter upon the new, to cast off a weight of precedent and phenomenal imagery and avail herself of the more profound suggestion and more resplendent beauty of discovered truth. Those who are in the foremost ranks of scientific thought and inquiry must not be held accountable for the degradation of science due to a few extremists and cranks, who are capable of predicting that poetry will be neither read nor cared for fifty years hence.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy." Some poet has said that when a boy he thought the tree-tops touched the skies, but when he learned better, that

heaven seemed to recede far away. But you cannot take the mystery out of life; propose one question to nature and her answer involves a hundred more subtle. We latterly find our bards alive to scientific revelations. Science offers to poetry fresh discovery as the terrace from which to essay new flights. It is a fundamental fact that the conquest of mystery leads to greater mystery; the more we know the greater the material for the imagination. A significant feature of our times is the fact that when great strides are being made in scientific progress the emotions do not keep pace. Science may convince us that our knowledge is antiquated and deficient, but it cannot alter our feelings. Once adopted they are not easily changed; and we are prone to forget that evolution is always upward.

Bold, logical, majestic, a bare record of fact and law, yet withal steadily advancing towards certain victory over beauty, emotion and imagination; thus may the common idea of science be characterized. Any effort to suppress the imagination is in direct opposition to the advancement of thought. The sovereign of the arts is the imagination, by whose aid man makes every leap forward. Psychology tells us that the imagination is limited by and to experience; but experience is only the basis, the limit. Logical analysis discovers nothing; thought is but the verification of the portents of the imagination. "So in human progress, first the ethereal fantasy of the poet, then discovery by experience and induction, bringing us to what is deemed scientific, prosaic knowledge of objects and their laws. The investigator, if he would attain still greater discoveries, must have the poetic insight and imagination—be, in a sense, a poet himself. Mr. Stedman says: "Far beyond the phantasmal look of things and full scientific attainment there is a universal coherence—there are infinite meanings—which the poet has the gift to see, and by the revelation and prophecy of which he illumines whatever is cognizable." Insight and spiritual feeling will ever

continue to precede discovery. In their footprints the investigator must advance for his next truth, and at the moment of his advance become one with the poet. Science drives spectre after spectre from its path, but the rule still holds, and a vaster unknown, a more impressive vogue, still deepens and looms before.

The progress of science during the past half century has been so rapid and continuous that the intellect has gotten a long way ahead of the feelings, and the world is over-weighted by a large mass of unemotionalized knowledge. Some one has well said that the factory and railroad have by no means disfigured our landscape, and that we think so only because our bards have not yet hallowed and consecrated them in song. Wordsworth, with prophetic vision, saw in dim futurity the missions of both poet and scientist harmonious and united. The imagination is manifold and various. Among its offices, though often not considered as the most poetic, must be counted invention and construction. The new learning has, of itself, been so absorbingly attractive that its aesthetical side has been neglected, and as a consequence it is yet the property of the brain only, not of the heart. This is the real meaning of our present predicament in thought, and of the widespread discontent.

We have seen that with the poet imagination is the essential key to expression. But,

"O, many are the poets that are sown
By Nature ! men endowed with highest gifts,
The vision and the faculty divin^e ;
Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse."

Logical thought and a knowledge of facts, however potent, have a limit ; while imagination is the only key by which the gates of cold scholasticism may be unlocked, and a vista opened to the ravished soul-eye, in which may be discerned thoughts more poetic, discoveries more marvelous than those which have heretofore been known. Each extension of our knowledge paves

the way to greater things—protects the view adown the vista of imagination, and reveals new interpretations of Nature's laws. Cultured imagination is still before us. "The people fancy they hate poetry, and they are all poets and mystics."

The great progress of science has made itself evident in many ways. The poet with his fine ear attuned to the thoughts and imagery of all that is best in his predecessors is the interpreter. Science has taken away all our antique myths and fancies; disturbed and disarranged our emotions. We cannot and must not, however, say that it has taken the beautiful out of life; the eternal freshness of Nature yields not to the invasions of man. With the modern desire for, and search after law, can a false conception of Nature be as beautiful as an accurate knowledge of the harmony and majesty of her laws?

"For who would keep an ancient form
Thro' which the spirit breathe no more?"

There are discoveries made by science of the workings of nature to me far more beautiful than any ancient conception of them. The mistakes they made in olden times, while beautiful still, border, sometimes, almost on the ridiculous. Modern poetry must be not only beautiful and artistic, but pregnant with thought.

"For I believed the poets; it is they
Who utter wisdom from the central deep,
And, listening to the inner flow of things,
Speak 'o the ages out of eternity."

Evolution, as sublime to the reason as the science of the stars, as overflowing to the imagination, has thrown the universe into a fresh perspective, and given the human mind a new dimension. It is a method of looking upon Nature. The different departments of science are beginning to discover their mutual interrelation, and in place of accentuating their contrasts, are magnifying their infinite harmonies. The poet and the scientist, seemingly opposed to each other for cen-

turies, the one revelling amid myths and fancies, the other devoting himself to the discovery of laws, and both the interpreters of Nature, suddenly came together, for they had each discovered a law—they whispered its name. It was Evolution. Poetry felt but never knew that the universe was one; it was reserved for evolution to make the final revelation of the unity of the world, to comprehend everything under one generalization, to explain everything by one great end. "Henceforth," says Prof. Drummond, "their work was one, science was one, and mind, which discovered the oneness, was one." "When science is learned in love, and its powers are wielded by love, then will they appear the supplements and continuations of the material creation."

B. W. WAIT.

Chaucer's Knight's Tale.

I have no doubt that the Knight had an attentive audience when it came his time to relate the story required of him by his fellow travellers. He himself was a gallant Knight, and, at that period of the world's history, few men were held in more honor and esteem by all classes of society than the Knight.

Knight errantry was a noble institution in its purpose to protect the weak and innocent from the brutal violence of the Dark Ages, and there is no wonder that the Knight errants were a highly respected set of men.

Furthermore, the Knight in the story had travelled over a greater portion of the known world and, of course, he had many a tale of foreign adventure with which to entertain and amuse his companions. His companions were in sympathy first with him and then with his theme.

Chaucer's Knight's Tale has a congenial setting in the history of the age, and was in accord with the sentiment of his listeners. Chaucer lived at the Court, kept daily company with the nobles, and he well understood what

sort of story would please and entertain them. The courteous Knight told his tale of chivalry and love with an overflowing heart to those eager to catch every word from his lips.

Chaucer told this story from the Italian literature, but he has smelted it in the glowing heat of his own genius and given it to us from an English mould.

The greatest poet of an era is he who seizes the leading and supreme idea of that time and puts it in song. Seeing the main ideal sentiment of a people makes its national poet.

A noble chivalry and the love of woman are two leading sentiments that underlie the turmoil and strife of the Middle Ages. These, noble in themselves, were brought to the verge of folly; the one shades off into brutal force, the other degenerates into foolishness and, worse still, into animal lust.

In reading the poem, we must guard ourselves, or we are horrified with its bloody ferocity, and disgusted with its sickening love foolery. But by one stroke the poet has so arranged it that those atrocious and disgusting elements are entirely hidden. He takes the brutal force and love of woman back to prehistoric times and embodies them in mythical characters. This acts like a charm. It intensifies the ideas, and banishes that which would otherwise spoil the entire tale, because men then were simpler and more childish, and were in a proper condition for these leading ideas to take hold upon them in the degree given in the poem. Arcite and Palamon would be ridiculous characters in modern times. The time, place, and surrounding circumstances must be continually kept in mind, or the whole affair will be a monstrous exaggeration and affectation, even more so than the sublime exploits of Don Quixote de la Mancha.

Imagine, if you can, two princes of Chaucer's time, groaning, sighing, tearing out great handfuls of their hair, and bellowing at each other like two mad bulls,

because of rival love for a girl no better than a thousand others of her sex.

But place before us these true Greek children in this condition, and the affair has no touch of exaggeration, but at once becomes an ideal picture. We are now prepared to look at the poem and its characters.

The grand simplicity of the leading characters is charming; there is an artlessness about them that I have never seen in any other characters of fiction. An air of youthfulness pervades the men and women, and the freshness of a May morning permeates every glimpse of natural scenery, and forms a beautiful background for the poem. I can think of no piece of writing that compares with this poem in perennial spring time. We are a thousand miles from Dryden, Pope, and many other poets of the highest rank.

It is the green world of which Wordsworth sung:

“There was a time when meadow, grove and stream,
The earth and every common sight
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and freshness of a dream.”

We are in a world of sentiment without the shadow of reason and common sense anywhere to be found. Chaucer leads us to a grand show of tournament, and shows us the palaces and temples all of which re-echo the central ideas—chivalry and love.

The horror of blood and murder is made attractive through the master passion—love; love is the highest of all law. The brutal force in the poem is buried beneath the wild growth of this passion.

The bearing of the Knights towards each other is marked by a lofty courtesy; there is no envy lurking in their hearts, nor is there any sneaking villainy undermining any one. They deal with each other in open frankness which redeems their ferocity. Brutal force is a repulsive thing, but when two men fall to breaking each

others ribs as did Arcite and Palamon we cannot help feeling admiration for them, and especially so when we stand at a good safe distance from them.

The poems ends beautifully. After so many hardships undergone, so many pains suffered, and after getting a sound beating, Palamon gets Emily and becomes King of Thebes.

"Amor vincit omnia."

L. P. MCGEE.

How Shakespeare Presents Types of Characters.

A study of the leading characters in a play makes one of the most interesting elements in dramatic criticism. It includes not only a great many varieties of human nature, but also a large number of items of human experience, adding very largely to our power of interpreting the lives that are lived through the several scenes of the play, enabling one to draw from the most involved and varied details a conception which we call a character. Such characters are often obvious; at other times they take intelligible form only when seen from a particular point of view. Every person has a direct knowledge of himself, but of others there can be no accurate knowledge except that which is gathered from their attributes as are expressed and implied in action. It is the external properties more than the internal that assist us in forming ideas, and to comprehend these outward expressions we must be familiar with the circumstances and forces over which the actor has perhaps but a very limited control and which most frequently are very imperfectly understood and appreciated. So that the more familiar one becomes with the incidents and details that bear upon a special character the more nearly does that one approach that particular point of view from which the character can be intelligently comprehended and properly appreciated, and the more pleasant

is it to trace in this personage the ideas that are common to the whole play.

This is especially obvious when the characters are represented in action. They are then seen in the light of their surroundings; for they are living persons speaking and doing for themselves, having no comments and assistance from the author. They can not be understood as being brought out by abstract discussion and description. They are represented concretely. In a novel, or story intended to be read only, the writer may make the heroine an heiress with eyes and wit that are dazzling in the extreme. Her features may be described as being remarkably free from any tendency to irregularity. Her morals may be represented as good; her intellect simply superb; she has all the means needed to make one contented; she leads in society and has the privilege and pleasure of refusing any and all offers, or accepting the best; she may be represented as wearing the most beautiful jewels; she may be said to be remarkably splendid at repartee, brilliant in conversation; or, on the other hand, she may be said to be as ugly as a rough stone wall; she is not an heiress; she is deficient in intellect; she is wanting in social ranks and means; she may not be able to dance like a kind of fairy, that thinks she is kind to the world and the world is indebted very largely to her for being in it. Such characters may be described in a story. The reader sees traces here and there that there are some real affairs back of it, consoling him because it reminds him that the world of life is still going on outside. Such can not be done in drama. It is not description. It is action; it is life itself. It is objective in a measure, as distinguished from subjective. The characters act for themselves, and to comprehend them clearly one must take in all that is presented. The author can not give paragraphs to discussing their boldness, their idiosyncrasies, their excellent position and superior wealth. All of this must be learned from their various doings and connections. Drawing a conception

from these acts is what literary critics term *character-interpretation*.

Thus in King Richard, Shakespeare does not tell us that he is an ideal villain. We learn that from the man himself. How does he present it? Richard seems to pursue an evil course simply for the sake of crime. It is not his purpose to uncover certain human lots and to see how they are woven and interwoven. Richard has no idea in view. Most usually Shakespeare reaches clear in and deals with the most secret and the most profound forces that impel human action. Few writers are as scientific and exact in the treatment of character. He sees the motions for their acts, and recognizes them as means to an end, instead of merely an end. He most invariably shows that no emotion or passion takes root in the human heart without some cause. If one loves a person it is because that person has good qualities. No one blames the Prince of Morocco and the Prince of Aragon for loving Portia. You love her yourself. If one positively hates a man, it is because of some injury that man has done him. You do not blame Othello for hating at the very last moment Iago. You hate him yourself because he has offended your sense of right. You pity one. Why? Because there is in that one some distress of body or mind. But Shakespeare seems to have lost sight of this in the treatment of Richard. He does it because he wants to make of him the greatest villain. Richard has the highest moral responsibility resting upon him, and this of itself should hold him off from crime. We would least expect it from a man so prominent in public affairs. This also adds to make his villainy the greatest in kind. Indeed, when we come to consider the circumstances and forces that bear upon him both directly and indirectly the quality of his crime becomes very fine. Considered again, it is fully developed and complete.

Writers most usually have their readers to complete, or develop "full-grown" characters by gradual steps.

There is an impression among them that it is not pleasant to run upon a murderer unexpectedly; but Shakespeare, in this special case, eliminates the idea of growth, or of reaching it by successive orders. Observe his opening soliloquy:

"I am determined to prove a villain."

Indeed, his early days point to such a life, illustrating very forcibly that the promises of youth are met in manhood. Read his mother's description of him, and then bear in mind the tender feelings of a mother:

"A grievous burthen was thy birth to me;
Fetehy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild and furious.
Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous.
Thy age confirmed, proud, subtle, bloody, treacherous.
More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred."

Could anything be more unnatural than this? With all the passionate fondness of a mother one would say that it is impossible. We recognize the beginning of the villainy, but, like some of George Eliot's characters, we cannot pass from the outside dress to the inside reasons for it, from the costume to the motives which control and color it. Shakespeare, perhaps, gives no equal to King Richard. Macbeth is great in his line; but his first murder is committed after a desperate struggle with himself. King Richard has no religious scruples about taking human life. Macbeth's murder of the groom was a crime committed in sudden passion and impulse. King Richard was not passionate. To some, Othello contains villainy of the greatest type. He had some provocation; he was impelled to it by his nature, thinking that his enemies had injured him through his wife. Read that animated conversation between Othello and Iago:

Othello: "Vill'a'n, be sure thou prove my love a whore.
Be sure of it, give me the ocular proof,
Or by the wrath of man's eternal soul,
Thou hadst better have been born a dog,
Than answer my waked wrath."

Iago: "Is't come to th's?"

Othello: "Make me see it, or, at the least, so prove it,
That the problem bear no hinge or loop,
To hang a doubt on, or woe upon thy life "

Iago: "My noble lord, ——— "

Othello: "If thou dost slander her and torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all remorse;
On horror's head horrors accumulate,
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amazed;
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
Greater than this."

King Richard, however, shows no sign of such disturbances. Nothing is said about his annoyances, or anything to provoke him to crime. Shakespeare usually gives some motive for crime but in this particular case there appears no sufficient explanation. Could ambition have influenced him to an extent that would have shaped his character? He was ambitious, it is true, but no more so than any other man. There are in him no symptoms of hope, ambition, passion or emotion. What then is the explanation of his despicable life? Prof. Moulton answers this question by saying that the general impression is that "his villainy has become an end within itself, needing no special motive. He approaches it as a thing of pure intellect, a religion of moral indifference in which sentiment and passion have no force, attraction to which implies no more motive than the simplest impulse to exercise a native talent in its natural sphere." Such is the way that Shakespeare represents villainy without a motive and as such "ideal villainy."

Again, in painting characters, he most usually carries by the side of the most prominent one or more of not so much force and interest. They help to bring your mind to the point where the main character can be studied without feeling that the principles of human nature are violated. As we have already illustrated how he presents a type of villainy from King Richard, it will perhaps, be best to take this play as furnishing good illustrations of this device. With King Richard himself there can be no discussion about murder. To use a term more

expressive than elegant, he is a "natural born" murderer. Never was it more applicable than to this man. When Buckingham wants to know what can be done with Hastings in case he resists, Richard unhesitatingly suggests:

"Chop his head off man; somewhat we will do."

To him murder is one thing; to his associates it is quite another. And even when we consider the first and second murderers, they are found to be very much unlike. How simple is the motive of these men! Reward is the word! Possibly they feared Richard themselves. But Shakespeare makes them intent upon the reward. This motive, I am inclined to think, is worked so clearly and presented so prominently as to draw out the character of King Richard himself. It undoubtedly shows to a great advantage Shakespeare's power of probing the purposes of some and showing them in order to make a complete character of another, the main personage. The crime of these men is a moral weakness, coming out of the very strength of Richard's nature. It is certainly weakness in character to be wrought upon by motives, promises of reward. What is it when there appears no motive at all? Answer this and you solve the character of Richard. Is it power that exercises a controlling influence over others? It is the tragedy of human life affecting human life, and it is likely to continue for an indefinite time in spite of the efforts of novelists and dramatists to offer receipts for avoiding all serious mistakes in life.

The plans of that awful murder are completed; but, to illustrate a difference in the types of the two murderers, listen to that conversation between the first and second murderer:

2d Murderer: "What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?"

1st Murderer: "No; he'll say 'twas done cowardly when he wakes"

2d Murderer: "Why, he shall never wake until that great judgment day!"

1st Murderer: "Why, then he'll say we stabbed him sleeping."

2d Murderer: "The urg'ng of that word judgment hath bred a kind of remorse in me"

1st Murderer: "What? art thou afraid?"

2d Murderer: "Not to kill him having a warrant; but to be damned for having killed him from which no warrant can defend me."

This conversation implies very clearly that these associates labored under a sense of personal injury to their consciences, a point which distinguishes them from the chief villain of the play. Shakespeare uses this artifice very often. When there are two or more characters of less interest taken merely to bring out the leading type, he distinguishes them in the quantity of the zeal that they put into their efforts. Take for an example the case of these two associates in King Richard. The first one appears careless and indifferent about taking human life. Murder is no question to him; it is how it is to be done. The second murderer at first begins to back down, but when he is reminded of the reward he yields like a coward. The first murderer says:

"Remember our reward, when the deed's done!"

To which the second murderer replies:

'Zounds! He dies. I had forgot the reward"

The first one then becomes so devoid of all sense of right that he actually upbraids his associate for having had any conscience at all. It is a case of the devil mocking right.

"Where is thy conscience now?"

The second man must certainly suffer inwardly at this remark; but now his likings has to be regulated by his surroundings. He has broken the springs of his power, now too feeble to conceive anything but a realization of the hope of reward. To him what is "that great judgment day"? In what will another life consist? It is true that there are impulses which are easy to control; but there are others which manage even the most stalwart characters, because they attain them with a mighty

force ; and, having conquered, rule as despotic masters. It is a case of the stronger ruling the weaker, and, in turn, the weaker ruling the weakest. These men are both under Richard, and one of them under the other. Shakespeare gives beautiful illustrations of this artifice in the Merchant of Venice where Portia is accompanied by Nerissa, and where the suitors to Portia are matched with the suitors to Nerissa; Antonio has his friend, Bassanio; Shylock, the extortioner, has his friend, Tubal; and these still have associates of less interest.

Up to this point we have considered Shakespeare in painting villainy. It is interesting to take him in a study of greatness. We do not always understand our great characters, and, it is perhaps, not a matter for regret that all people do not understand them. If they could be intelligently comprehended and properly appreciated by the mere casual reader, they might cease to have those qualities which hitherto rendered them great. No one wishes to promote so serious a calamity, and yet there are hundreds of writers who are discussing suggestions looking towards a science in the study of great men. There are a number of people who take themselves as ideals of greatness. The truth is that all persons, taken separately, are more or less conceited; and taken collectively they are intensely so.

When we come to study greatness, where should we go but to Shakespeare, and where in Shakespeare but to that great Olympian play, Julius Cæsar? A discussion of this play would, however, take up more space than could be well afforded by this issue of THE JOURNAL.

A. S. H. JR.



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WOFFORD COLLEGE, APRIL, 1895.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

GEO. C. LEONARD, - - - - - Editor.

Dr. John A. Broadus.

The death of Dr. John A. Broadus, March the 16th, 1895, takes from the Baptist Church one of its strongest preachers, and from the cause of Christian education one of its most efficient teachers.

Dr. Broadus was born in Culpepper County, Va., 1827. Even while a boy, working on his father's farm, he evinced those strong characteristics that were destined to make him so distinguished in after life. It is said that he strove to excel in everything he did, and even when chopping on a log he tried to make his ax sink deeper into the wood than anyone else.

At the age of twenty-three he graduated at the University of Virginia with the degree of A. M. The next year, 1851, he began his life work as pastor of Charlottesville Baptist Church and assistant Professor of Latin and Greek at the University of Virginia. But his intense love for the pastorate led him to give up his connection with the University after two years. Two years later, however, he was elected Chaplain of his *Alma*

Mater, but held this place only two years and again returned to his pulpit at Charlottesville.

After the founding of the new Theological Seminary at Greenville, S. C., he was elected in 1854 to the chair of Homaeletics and the Interpretation of the New Testament, a position he held until the opening of the war, when, like a true patriot, he joined the army in Northern Virginia and devoted his time to preaching to the soldiers. He loved the South and prayed earnestly for her success, but when defeat came he calmly accepted the situation like a true Christian and acted the part of a true and loyal American citizen.

After the war was over he returned to Greenville to assist in re-establishing the Seminary and worked faithfully and earnestly amid the most disheartening prospects. Owing to over-work his health failed in 1870 and he was granted a year's leave of absence, which he spent traveling in Europe, Egypt, and Palestine.

From 1871 to 1895 he devoted his time to teaching enthusiastic classes in Greek, the English New Testament and Homaeletics. He was an enthusiastic teacher and has done much to raise the standard of instruction in Greek and Homaeletics. He was an assiduous and accurate scholar and in addition to his work as a preacher and teacher wrote some excellent books. Most noteworthy of these are his "Preparation and Delivery of Sermons," a "Commentary on St. Matthew," "Harmony of the Gospels" and "Life of Boyce." His services for lectures and addresses were always in great demand.

His death is a great loss, but he will continue to speak through the hundreds of young men who have sat at his feet drinking in the inspiration of his great and good life, and thousands will be better for his having lived and labored.

Bismark.

Prince Bismark, whose eightieth birthday was celebrated the 1st of April, is one of the most interesting

personalities that has ever appeared in history. It was by his master-hand that Germany was welded together into one grêat nationality. When the grand old statesman was a child there was a number of German States, "but Germany was practically only a geographical expression." But even then a strong national consciousness was beginning to be felt and a powerful national spirit was asserting itself. Bismark has witnessed the growth and maturity of these ideas and has in a large measure been instrumental in hastening their development. Events had led the way for the organic union of the German people, but a master hand was needed to consummate the work. Bismark, understanding as he did the German peoples and justly estimating the difficulties in the way of union, threw his great energy into the work and gave it success. In doing this he has antagonized many men and a good many political parties in Germany; has often planted himself most resolutely in the way of popular movements, not hesitating to use arbitrary power or seemingly doubtful means to accomplish his ends, yet he is doubtless the greatest living German. For a man to be truly great he must understand and interpret the people among whom he lives. No man has done this more fully than Bismark. He has fully understood the Germany of today and has brought his strong, "individuality and tremendous personal force" to bear upon every national issue.

He has ever been a strong royalist, avowing that that was the only form of government suited to the German people. This doubtless is true, for no man has ever known the weakness as well as the strength of his country more fully than he, and no one has ever known more fully how to use the weakness for the development of the strength than he. He has never been a theorist, but a man of action and this has doubtless been the secret of his success and fully accounts for the fact that he has been for years the most influential man in European politics.

Common Schools.

The papers of the state have been saying a great deal about the committee of New England mill-men who have been down South lately investigating our manufacturing status. They like to boast of the thousands of spindles and looms that have been put in operation within the last few years and are very anxious to show up our natural resources and advantages for manufacturing. Well, this is all right. We may justly feel some pride in the progress made along this line in our state and should endeavor to further all that looks to its advancement. But there is a matter that deserves far more attention than this, that is largely neglected, and that is the common school system of our state. Should an educational committee come down from New England to investigate our school system, I fear we would not feel as much pride in telling them what we have done in the past and showing what we are doing now as we have felt over our mill progress. True we have made some progress and are still making some, but it is not keeping pace with many other interests of the state which are far less important. There are numbers of towns and country places in the state that ought to have good schools where boys and girls could be prepared for college, where the only school they have is the short free term. The teachers employed do not have enough enthusiasm to work up the schools and inspire a love of education in the pupils thus creating a permanent demand for a good school. Now many of the boys from the college will doubtless teach during the summer besides some of the Seniors will begin teaching as a profession or at least as a stepping-stone to something else and all who do not teach should feel a deep interest in this matter. Then let us go out full of enthusiasm and talk up the school interest in our neighborhood or in any other neighborhood where we may happen to be thrown. Everyone who has enjoyed the advantages of

college training owes this to his state and fellow men. And we could organize no enterprise in a community that would bring in larger dividends than a good school.

Japan's war with China has cost her about one million dollars per day, but she seems determined that China shall make full amends. The indemnity demanded of China is reported as four hundred million dollars.

Insurrection seems to be the order of the day in the nations south of us. After severe fighting the President of Peru has been forced to resign and a new government has been established. The insurrection in Cuba is causing great anxiety to the Spanish government. The insurrection is assuming a much more formidable aspect than was at first expected. The noted bandit, Garza, raised an insurrection in Columbia and was killed in a fight with the government troops. Brazil, too, has come in for her share, having had a renewal of the old Da Gama trouble.



EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

J. ARTHUR WIGGINS, - - Editor.

The Citadel Magazine is a new visitor. To its editors the WOFFORD JOURNAL sends kind greetings and congratulates the cadets upon their first efforts towards establishing an institutional journal. The Citadel being fifty years behind other institutions in this respect we expected something better than the very small issue of March. We hope it is not a standard copy but rather a pleasant message to the public that a journal will be published sometime in the future. We mean by this that the editors have misjudged their own literary capacity and apparently slighted the business men of Charleston. They have very few advertisements, which evidently shows that the business manager is too modest to present his claims or else the editor had a poor idea of how large a college journal ought to be. The literary matter is very inferior and is far below a creditable stand.

We do not mean to discourage our Charleston contemporaries by offering the above criticism, but simply to let them know in the beginning how much is expected from an institution of the Citadel's kind. We are not prepared to accept such a "small thing" as *The Citadel Magazine* without waiting awhile for the encouraging reaction that must come from this first issue. Charleston is a great place for progress and pride (?), and the Citadel has probably learned, too, during these many years, that a good many Tillmanites doubt the assertion; but certainly the field is open for the choicest advertisements, with other facilities necessary for an ideal publication. The individual Cadet must do his duty, for without a good response from students no magazine can prosper. The Editor-in-chief is too premeditative with

his editorials. Whether he contends for journalistic honors or not, he cannot afford to fall short of the expectations of an eager public in a work that has been neglected for so many years.

The *Trinity Archive* is specially noted for its variety of contents. "Tennyson's View of Women" is the opening article and perhaps the best of the issue. "Woman's Rights" is the centre of attraction as portrayed in Tennyson's "Princess." All the apparent problems of the discourse are culminations or appeals to the affection, with due tenderness and sobriety. The author gives a very interesting paper with one exception, he fails to argue independently, leaving upon the reader the idea of a mere rehearsal in the midst of his best efforts. "North Carolina History" should be highly appreciated by "Tar Heel" readers. Mr. Crawford's treatise on "Music" is very entertaining. His discussion of the subject, as a popular art and as a necessary accomplishment to the fair sex, is strongly brought out by selected quotations from famous critics. Take for example the truthful satire of Mr. Holmes on the piano recital of his day. It remains to be said that ridiculous improvements have been made on the old styles and methods. "It was a young woman, with as many white flounces around her as the planet Saturn has rings, that did it. She gave the stool a twirl, and fluffed down on it like a twirl of soap-suds in a hand basin. Then she pushed up her cuffs as if she were going to fight for the champion's belt. Then she worked her wrists and hands to limber them, I suppose, and spread out her fingers till they looked as though they would pretty much cover the keyboards from the growling end to the little squeaky one, etc." You know the rest.

The Exchange Editor is working reform, but has unfortunately fainted on the way. We are sorry to see this department go down in his hands. Evidently the most popular methods of conducting an exchange is

foreign to him or he would have found out some way by which to break the monotony which he spoke of in a previous issue. We all have our standards of excellency in journalism, but it would be real pertinent, to criticise every journal by it.

The *Peabody Record* is philosophical in all its plans of journalism. Its standard is uniform in merit and varied in matter. The conservative method of its contributors is a noticeable characteristic, giving dignity and stability to each department. A college student ought to be up with the times, always fully prepared to discuss intelligently the national and local questions of importance. This aim of the *Record* is creditably portrayed in the article "Is Southern Political Unity Longer Possible?" The writer is scientific in his plans and logical in his argument. The conclusion of this able foresight into future politics is but substantiated in the following sentences: "There can be no greater menace to a free government than the existence in a large section of her territory of a proud people, noted for courage in war and brilliant statesmanship, who are pronouncedly of one political faith. The war was the first great stroke towards annihilation of this danger; the broken political South—the next in the drama; the third will be the influx of a confident capital with its attendant industrial development; the fourth an era of approximate universal education; the fifth the advent of a stronger civilization whose ideas have crystalized into a literature stronger and more enduring than that which the old South gave with such brilliant promises.

The *Newberry Collegian* is smaller than the most of our exchanges, yet it always contains some two or three short and well expressed essays. "Speculation an Evil" seems to be too condensed for the apparent broadness of the subject, but often a necessitated condensation profits us more than voluminous pages on the same subject.

The power of concentration, and giving to a word its logical meaning is a general characteristic of *The Collegian*. The writer gives us a remedy for the evil embodied in the following lines :

"A weapon that comes down as still
As snowflakes fall upon the sod,
But executes a freeman's will
As lightning does the will of God;
And from its force nor doors nor locks
Can shield you; 'tis the ballot box."

The Carolinian, beginning with the December number, has steadily grown more literary. The aim of its editors has been high, leaving undone no duty that promised success to the journal. This is the right spirit for college editors to have—a love for their work and ever on the alert for methods of improvement. From "Professor Patton's Lecture on Homer," we get a deep and classical paper. Argument by analogy and direct comparison are his interesting plans of treatment. Next to this "The Old South" appears, bringing up past history and surmising a future outlook.

Other departments are well edited. The neatness of *The Carolinian* is a quality to be admired. The exchange editor being too young to moralize, has adopted a sensible plan or rule, set forth in a few words, upon which he intends working. His plan is a good one and such a spirit should be with all editors.

The *March Wake Forest Student* contains forty or more full pages of literary matter, scientific, romantic and tragical in nature. "The Iron Prince," an oration, is history eloquently spoken. Bismarck is a typical German character, having been to Germany what Gladstone is this day to England. The two have been great philanthropists and zealous defenders of the poor man's rights and the nation's liberty. We can not mention Bismarck's name without searching out for him a worthy

contemporary, and from this we proceed to arrange the decalogue of great men that dwell in different parts of our globe. In the production "A Legislator," Fannie and Jimmie McSween were well matched, and to pronounce the piece fictional, would at once give it some strong and real scenes of life. "A story of College Life," culminating in a tragedy is a well expressed piece of composition. Such a change in the class of matter published is always appreciated, but, like any other special style, it can become monotonous. The *Student* has not yet reached such a stage.

The *Mnemosynean*, of the Agnes Scott Institute, is a neat monthly, managed and edited entirely by young ladies, but practical methods are at a discount with them. Yet there is a pleasing style to be found in each contribution. There are some subjects that will not suffer a Sophomoric treatment; The real meaning of a subject can thus be made misty and vague. The *Mnemosynean* is not entirely free from this fault.

Davidson Monthly, discussing "The Migration of the Muses," pays special attention to Timrod, Lanier, Poe and Hayne. It is a peculiar incident in Southern history that the lives of these men were so short in the making of Southern poetry, or too slow in inviting the Muses to their territory, but each of them have done a noble part. Other additions and departments are very complimentary and satisfactorily gotten up.

CLIPPINGS.

N. P.—If a negro waiter, carrying a dish of roast turkey, should drop it, what would be the result upon the nations of the world?

N. G.—It would be the downfall of Turkey, the breaking up of China, the overthrow of Greece and the humiliation of Africa.—Ex.

What hymn does an electric car sing on its last trip at night? "I'm going home to dynamo."—Ex.

Take notice, Fresh, Sophs and Juniors!

"You can drive a horse to water,
But you can't make him drink;
You can 'r de' your little 'pony,'
But you can't make him think."

"A young man fresh from college, wore as a scarf pin, a jeweled gold potato bug. One day he called the attention of an old German book-seller to it, asking, 'Isn't that pretty, Dutchy?' 'Ja, ja,' was the reply, 'Dot ish der piggest pug on der schmallest botato I haf efer seen.'"—Ex.

DAWN.

"Ere the stir of early fluttering
Has awakened early morn,
Softly, gently there comes stealing
Whisperings of sorrow born"—Ex.

SUNSET.

"The weary sun is sinking low
Adown the sleepy west;
The lazy zephyrs gently blow,
And nature drops to rest."—Ex.



ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

B. H. HENDERSON, - - - Editor.

Clerical Alumni. (Continued.)

W. A. Rogers, '72, has been on circuits ten years and on stations twelve. He is a model pastor and his people always love him. He is a trustee of Wofford. At present he is in Spartanburg.

J. E. Carlisle, '73, has spent his entire ministry of twenty-one years on stations. There is not a sweeter spirited man in the conference. He is a trustee of Wofford. He was recently sent to Laurens.

W. S. Martin, '75, is a hard student and a deep thinker. He believes truth to be more important than orthodoxy, and his manuscripts show well prepared sermons. Ten years of his ministry have been spent on circuits and nine on stations. He is now at Marion.

A. C. Walker, '75, is the smallest member of the Conference, physically, but by no means mentally. He has served seventeen years on circuits and two on stations. He is now at St. Georges.

W. R. Richardson, '77, after graduation took a theological course at Vanderbilt University, and while there won the Founder's Medal. Boldness is a characteristic of his preaching. He carries truth to its utmost limit. He has been two years on circuits and fourteen years on stations. He is now in Charleston.

J. E. Rushton, '77, has served on circuits seventeen years. At present he is at Oswego.

J. M. Friday, '79, worked his way through college. He has been on circuits ten years, on stations one, and supernumerary for four years. He is at Cherokee.

J. C. Chandler, '80, has served twelve years on circuits. He was Conference Colporteur for several years. He is now at Wedgefield.

J. W. Kilgo, a member of the class of '81, which graduated only two men, is now at Beaufort. He has been three years on circuits and four on stations.

S. A. Nettles, '82, who was admitted at the recent session, taught school and edited a newspaper for some years after graduation. For the last few years he has been prominent in the State politics. He is in charge of Newberry City Mission.

M. L. Carlisle, '83, has served four years on circuits and four on stations. He is now at Chester.

R. E. Mood, '84, is at Indiantown. He was admitted two years ago.

A. W. Attaway, '85, holds a supernumerary relation and resides at Williamston. He has been five years on circuits.

W. I. Herbert, '85, is at Florence. He has been on stations all of his ministry. He is a most zealous pastor.

J. A. Campbell, '86 is spending his second year in the Conference stationed at Waterloo.

A. B. Earl, '87, known in "College Days" as "Absalom," is at Williamston. He has been seven years on circuits.

J. M. Rogers, '87, served in the pastorate only one year. He was Professor in the Columbia Female College for two years. His health failing, he resigned and took a supernumerary relation which he now holds.

P. F. Kilgo, '88, is on the Darlington circuit. He is a close observer of human nature and his strong memory aids him in the accomplishment of much in his field of labor. He holds a warm interest in Wofford College. He has been on stations five years and on circuits one.

E. P. Taylor, '88, has served six years on circuits. He is now at McCormicks.

R. A. Few, '89, took a theological course at Vanderbilt University, and is now serving his second year on the Jordan circuit.

W. H. Hodges, '89, spent one year at Spokane, Washington, D. C. He is one of the most successful of pastors. He has spent two years on circuits and two on stations. He is now at Cheraw.

W. A. Massebeau, '89, is serving his second year at Ridgeville.

C. H. Clyde, '90, is now on the Orangeburg circuit. He has served three years on circuits.

T. G. Herbert, Jr., '90, is now spending his second year on Sumter City Mission.

D. M. McLeod, '90, is now at Aiken. His first two years were spent on the Sumter circuit.

A. J. Cauthen, Jr., '91, spends his third year on the Edisto circuit.

G. F. Clarkson, '91, is spending his third year on the Kelton circuit.

J. D. Crout, '91, is now on the Newberry circuit. He has been one year on circuits and two on stations.

J. L. Daniel, '91, is on the Centenary circuit. He has been three years on circuits.

J. C. Spann, '91, has spent three years on circuits, and is now at Ridgeway.

Peter Stokes, '91, studied theology at Vanderbilt University. He is on the Smithville circuit.

J. H. Thacker, '91, is at Hickory Grove. He has been three years on circuits.

R. C. Boulware, '92, is at Fort Motte.

H. J. Cauthen, '92, at Bishop Keener's consent is studying theology at Vanderbilt University.

R. M. DuBose, '92, is at Britton's Neck. He says his people feed him on hams.

R. O. McRoy, '92, is at Barnwell.

W. B. Wharton, '92, is on the Greenville circuit.

W. A. Pitts, '93, is in charge of the York circuit.

M. L. Banks, '94, is in charge of the Cedar Creek circuit.

W. J. Snyder, '94, is on the Wateree circuit.

W. T. Duncan, '94, has charge of the South Anderson circuit.

E. S. Jones '94, is on the Belmont circuit.

P. B. Wells, '94, was appointed junior preacher under his father at Buncombe Street Church, Greenville. On account of his father's death, he is now in charge of this church.

It is said that the first thing that a Methodist preacher does after assuming his work is to get married; but the following are the exceptions to this general rule:

R. E. Mood, J. M. Rogers, R. A. Few, T. G. Herbert, D. M. McLeod, G. F. Clarkson, Peter Stokes, R. C. Boulware, H. J. Cauthen, R. C. McRoy, W. A. Pitts, M. L. Banks, P. B. Wells and E. S. Jones.

It may be safely asserted, however, that the majority of them and of these have their victims selected.



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LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

S. H. MCGHEE, - - - Editor.

Locals are scarce these days.

Baseball seems all the go now. The Boston and Brooklyn National teams have been in Spartanburg and exhibited their playing on several occasions in the park. Several members of the college club played with them and drew the interest of the students to the sport. However, these games, on the whole, were not as stirring as some we have seen. Competition was not strong enough. The Wofford boys are practicing and expect to play the South Carolina College team on the 26th inst. We truly hope this game can take place and the result will not be decided before the game. The managers of our home team are exerting every effort to make the playing a success. The University of Georgia will also be played if suitable arrangements can be made. It would be well for these three teams to meet at a common place, say Greenville, and play a series of games. Possibly Furman, too, would like to participate in this pleasant amenity.

The Sophomore exhibition will take place on the second Friday evening in May. Six of the best speakers of the class will declaim. The selections are all taken from South Carolina orators, and the entertainment bids fair to be one of the most interesting of similar celebrations. The Senior class is studying South Carolina literature and will look forward to the event with great expectation. This is only one of the plans recently adopted at Wofford for creating a fondness for our own talent and a desire to obtain a thorough and fair knowledge of the contribution our State has made to literature. It is a broad

field and covered in many places with weeds, but withal the labor is pleasant. Around much of it there is woven the traditions of our homes, and this local coloring lends a charm which by us alone can be appreciated, and consequently by us alone will efforts be made for its perpetuation.

We are furthermore glad to state that the Sophs are exerting every effort to make a success of the exhibition of their talents and looks. The music will not be of the tin-pan order like that of last November, but a good, Italian string band will furnish music for the occasion. An extra large crowd is expected, and the reception promises pleasure.

Mr. William H. Wannamaker, of the "thirty-four immortals," has been experimenting in the pedagogic line. Mr. Fair, of the city Graded schools has been sick and Mr. Wannamaker taught very successfully in his place for several days. After a week's visit home, Mr. Fair has entirely recovered and Mr. Wannamaker has been reinstated in the "Academy."

At the last election of officers in the Calhoun society, Mr. Jas. Arthur Wiggins was chosen President; F. Hawkins Shuler, V. Pres.; A. M. Chreitzberg, 1st Critic; Geo. F. Fooshe, 2d Critic; F. E. Dibble, 3d Critic; G. M. Moore, Rec. Sec.; Jno C. Roper, Cor. Sec.; A. S. Hydrick, Treasurer; N. M. Salley, Censor Morum; T. M. Raysor, Librarian.

Both of the societies have chosen their last set of officers for this year and are now winding up the business of a most successful and profitable session.

Mr. C. B. Waller, superintendent of the Union Graded Schools, spent the first day of April in the city. He came over on business.

On the first Friday night in May, the usual annual election comes off for the officers of the JOURNAL. The Chief Editor comes this time from the Calhoun society and Business Manager from the Preston. Mr. Leonard will preside, and Mr. Roper act as secretary.

Rev. Mr. C. H. Clyde was seen on the campus in the early part of the month.

Mrs. Wait recently spent several days with the family of Capt. J. W. Carlisle. She will come again in June to see her son bear off his diploma.

Rev. A. J. Stokes conducted morning service for us in the latter part of March.

Prof. Smith preached Easter morning at Central church. The pastor, Mr. Rogers, was absent. The floral decorations in the city were especially beautiful and tastily arranged. The music was delightful and impressive. Dr. Newton filled the pulpit that night. This last named gentleman spent several days in the city and paid us some much enjoyed visits.

We were highly honored a few days ago with a visit by Prof. Currell of the English chair at Davidson college. The Professor delighted the Senior class with a few minutes talk on the Relation of Life to Literature.

Professor Kilgo, a very welcome friend, spent Good Friday on the campus, the guest of Prof. Snyder. He met the students in the Calhoun Society hall and greeted

them and talked to them. The professor is very much loved here and his visits are always highly enjoyed.

Prof. Ford filled his second engagement with the societies on Thursday night, April 11. He came up to his former recital.

Mr. Lyon is spending several days at his home in Abbeville.

Messrs Bates and McLaughlin spent Easter at Woodruff.

Mr. A. Mason DuPre of the Senior class has gone home for a weeks recuperation. He is not sick but has earned a deserved rest, and wishes to breathe the air of Fort Hill, free from the embarrassments of hard toil.

Mr. W. W. Nichols spent Easter at his home in Coronaco.

Mr. P. G. Hartzog, a former student of Wofford, was on the campus some days ago. He is now traveling.

The Junior class has completed its work in the historical part of Chemistry, and the members are now busy in the laboratory.

A party of students are contemplating spending a night or two on the mountains if proper arrangements can be made.

Mr. W. A. Reckling, the Columbia artist, has been in the city for several days. He came to take the picture of the Senior class and intends getting out something neat and new—one to harmonize with the handsomeness of the original. He has a difficult task.

Come out and play base ball.

It is with much sorrow that we note the absence of Mr. W. K. Smith, of the Junior class. He was called home by the unexpected death of a younger brother, and remained with his family for several days. The JOURNAL extends to him heartfelt sympathy in this season of bereavement.

Mr. E. A. Holler, after a week's recuperation at his home in Rock Hill, is back to his duties again.

Messrs Stackhouse and McKelvey are faithfully representing the Chi Psi Fraternity at its convention in Atlanta.

The Senior class will soon go on a trip to Gaffney and King's Mountain to view the gold mines, scenery and battle-field near those places. Prof. DuPre will "chaperone" them.

Invitations are out for the annual reception given by the class of '96 to that of '95 of Converse. The Seniors of Wofford and a great many other students will accept of the proffered kindness and attend. No doubt great enjoyment awaits them. We thank the young ladies very much.

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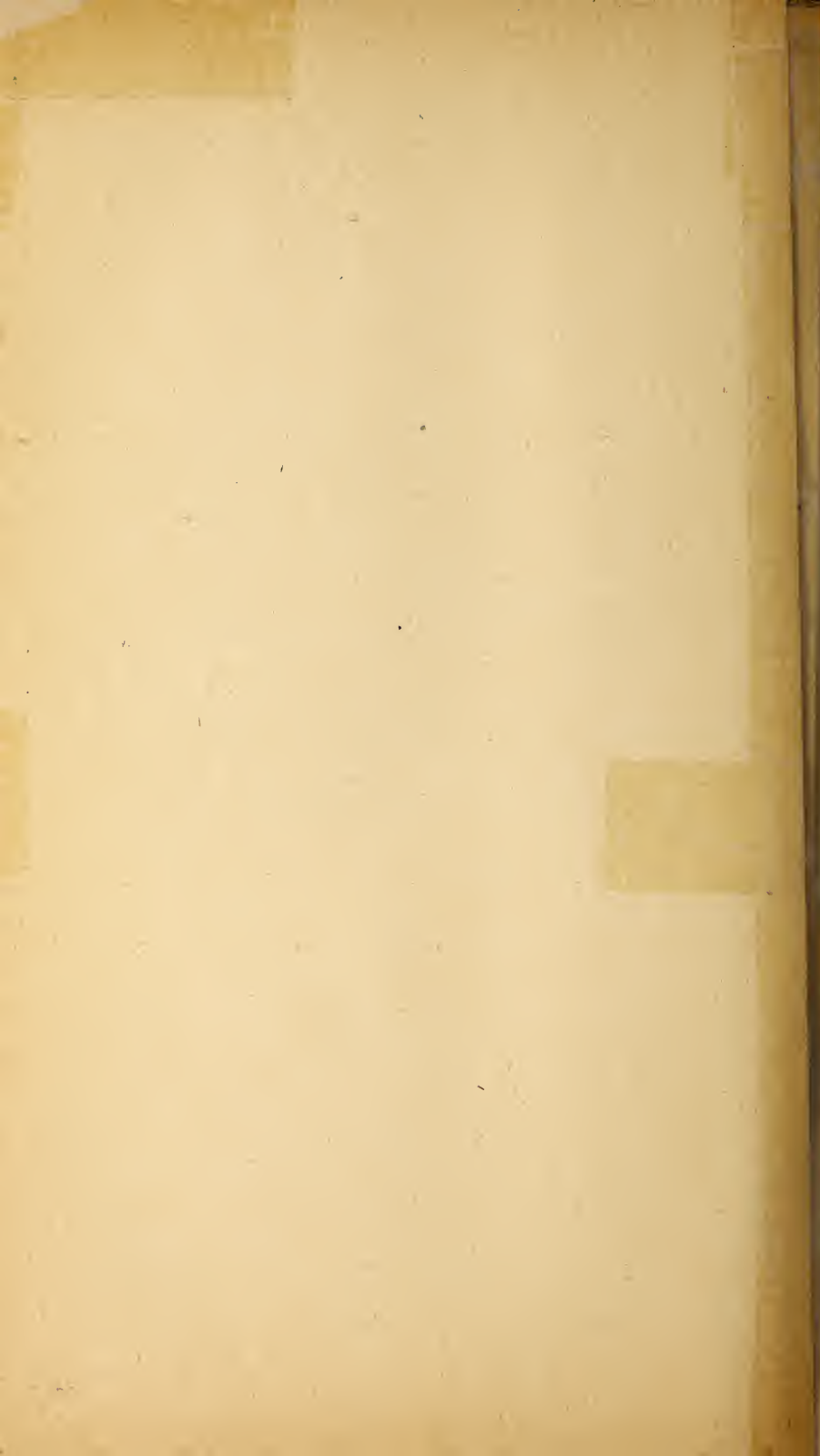
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VOL. VI. }

MAY, 1895.

} No. 8

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

H. J. SHOEMAKER, - - - Editor.

The Mocking Bird.

O. D. WANNAMAHER (96).

Thou gay, sweet bird!
Thy happy song rejoices me;
I feel new life
In throbbing pulses answer thee
As thou dost trill thy life.

Thy warbling voice
Still harmonizes with the soul
And makes it sing;
And breaks the bondage of the mould
That cramps my spirit's wings.

All joyous May
Without thy music's varied stream
Would not be May;
With all the sweetness and the dream
Of Springtime zephyr day.

And all the trees
And sweetest blooms of early year,
Without thy lay.
Would be but offerings on the bier
Of Nature's cold, dead clay.

In pensive mood
I love to listen to the sound
Of thy soft tongue,
While leafy woods re-echo round
The bubbling, throbbing song.

Then sing thy tune,
While in thy sober little dress
Thy graceful frame
Is trembling in the flood-tide press
Of music's gushing stream.

An Interesting Little Book.

The History of Rasselas is a very peculiar book in many respects, and a very good one, too. The venerable Doctor has said some real good and instructive things which set our minds to thinking on various subjects. While reading it, we occasionally think of what Goldsmith told Dr. Johnson about his little fish talking like great whales. Indeed, the little book—not quite a hundred pages—has a voice as sonorous as that of a Cyclopædia Britannica.

You can hardly find a book in which there are so many big words, august phrases and lumbering periods. The style is somewhat tiring, yet, if one goes down beneath this rubbish of phrase, he will discover some sparkling gems of thought. The ideas in the book are not only valuable in themselves, but are so suggestive of other ideas.

I believe the book requires a second reading before it is fully appreciated, for, during the first reading of it, one is impressed somewhat like travellers when they see the Pyramids for the first time; everything in the book is constructed on so large a scheme that the reader has first to become familiarized with the style of writing and thinking before he can appreciate it.

The first chapter is a gigantic affair. The Doctor describes his palace, which would be a suitable residence for the Titans of the olden times, in words not a whit less large and magnificent than this vast structure. There he tells us that this enormous edifice is surrounded by very lofty mountains on whose broad sides grow all manner of trees and herbs, and from which rush down streams in whose limpid waters swim all sorts of fishes.

and along whose banks roams every species of beast and creep insects of many kinds.

This "happy valley" is certainly a striking place. Somehow, in this description, we miss that peculiar power which some writers have of making the fanciful seem real. The Doctor got out of his elements, or else his wings of fancy were as cumbrous and shambling as his own awkward movements.

So much for these characteristics of the book; let us take up some other features about it.

Searching for happiness seems to be the central idea—rather a hard thing to find, I think. I should as soon start out on an expedition to discover the North Pole as to try to find out some occupation or condition of life that would offer uninterrupted happiness and contentment. Riches, honor, learning, and many like things can be had if one seeks for them in the right way, but I have some doubts of a man's success in obtaining happiness by making the attainment of it the end and prime object of his life.

This is the same question which used to so puzzle the old time philosophers, but which they never settled—for, indeed, if they had, it would have no longer been a question worthy of a philosopher's meditation; some of them contending that men should be virtuous because a virtuous life insured the greatest amount of *happiness*, others said that men should do whatever duty called for, without considering whether or not it would bring happiness.

However these things may be, we learn from the story that the young Prince was unhappy in the "happy valley" where he had been brought up in luxury and magnificence, had never known the meaning of hardship or want, and where everything was at hand most likely to bring happiness to mortals. To our surprise, we find that Rasselas is longing for something he knows not what.

It is interesting to notice the manner in which he approaches this question. While walking alone one day,

he sees some goats browsing in the green valley about him. He asks himself wherein he differs from a goat.

"The goat," says he, eats, "drinks, and lies down to rest, why can I not do likewise?" How he solved the problem by simply *asking a question!* For this thing of *asking questions* is itself the great gulf fixed between man and beast. We might carry this idea a little farther, and see this questioning spirit to be the main element in men which makes such wide differences in them.

I know of no man so close kin to any animal of the woods as the man, who, so long as hunger and thirst are satisfied, longs for nothing beyond—the man who gets nothing out of the world but his daily bread. This sort of people is debarred from what might be a happy privilege for them, being changed into beasts of the field, yet they can approach *infinitely* near the limit of the animal creation. On the other hand, the highest types of men are so employed in asking and answering questions, that they hardly give themselves any trouble whatever about their daily bread. It is said that Sir Isaac Newton sometimes could not tell whether or not he had eaten his dinner. I am inclined to think, however, that for most of us, the middle ground between these two extremes is preferable.

The Prince ends his soliloquy with a beautiful thought: "Surely the equity of Providence has balanced peculiar sufferings with peculiar enjoyments." Of course, every one, who has read it, calls to mind that essay written by Emerson on the same thought. The ideas suggested by this passage are only one of the many to be found in the little volume.

The passage about the mechanics and his flying arrangement is humorous and instructive. Rasselas thought that he had hit upon a man who could help him to solve some of the knotty problems he was worrying over, but he was sadly disappointed in this son of Vulcan. In contrast with this constructor of mechanical apparatuses stands Imlac, the poet and philosopher, the very man Rasselas was looking for. He was a fine com-

panion for the inexperienced young fellow. His first words are not those of a bibliomaniac, or grammarian, he says, "to talk in public, to think in solitude, to read and to hear, to inquire and answer inquiries is the business of a scholar."

The conversation of this man in relating his adventures over the wide world is entertaining, though, as some one has said, the gentleman is rather giving us theoretical experiences than real ones, for we feel that he has hardly been outside of London more than once, and that was the time he paid a visit to those much hated Scotchmen, whence he gets some rather crabbed notions about humanity at large.

Another interesting passage is Imlac's dissertation on poetry and the requisite knowledge for becoming a poet, rather a high standard though, for if a man must have all the knowledge Imlac would have him acquire before he can be a poet, we feel like joining the Prince in saying: "Enough, thou hast convinced me that no human being can ever be a poet." "To be a poet," says Imlac, "is very difficult." We shall appreciate the poet and his mission when we consider the millions of human beings that have lived and died without ever giving us a line of song. A poet is the rarest thing in the world. He comes to the earth only at rare intervals to quiet our burdened and troubled hearts and give us a glimpse of that infinite light which is ever shedding around us rays of light, but which our short-sighted vision hardly ever catches sight of. These few passages are only specimens of the many more on nearly every page of this book. They have an inherent value, but we all like to think over them especially because they give us some insight into the rich and manifold thoughts of the grand old Englishman.

L. P. MCGEE.

The Coming Woman.

There are just at present two types of humanity which are beginning to attract a great deal of atten-

tion. One type is the coming woman; the other, the going man. The relation of these two peculiar types of humanity to the world is like that which those two great daily occurrences, sunrise and sunset, bear to it. The coming woman like the "all-beholding," all-embracing" sun just emerging from the shadows of night, brings a new day into the world. The going man, like the poor, tired sun after a day's long, hot journey, slinking away, leads the old day out. A newer, and better, and brighter day is dawning upon us. The old one was a decided failure: it brought clouds, which were nothing but black social and political wrongs; rain, which was the falling tears from millions of eyes; storms, which were the furious outbursts and beatings of the passions and prejudices of the human soul. But the new day brings nothing of these. No clouds, no rain, no storms; all is warmth, and brightness, and beauty, and sunshine. The birds sing, oh! how sweetly, and do not have to seek any shelter from bad weather; the flowers bloom so beautiful, and their graceful necks are not bent to and fro by the rude, harsh winds. The day of man did not bring this.

But the day which glorious, rosy-fingered woman—still comparing her to the dawn—ushers into the world brings all these things and more. Let's see.

It is necessary first to form some idea as to what sort of looking thing the coming woman will be. She will be a female of decidedly masculine appearance and characteristics. She will be the nearest approach to manhood the coming centuries can afford unless some now-monkey evolutes. As to appearance, she will be manly looking. She will wear men's clothes, of course. She is doing that now. Geology teaches that the first periods of life in any class of fauna show in faint outlines those characteristics which later on are to differentiate that class from all other classes. Assuming then that it will take a thousand years to develop a good specimen of the coming woman and that those characteristics of her dress which we now see, as men's clothes, in the way of plug hats, dude eye glasses, high standing collars,

shoo-fly cravats, hard boiled shirts, swallow-tail coats, and real, genuine vests, together with skirts *in partes duas divisa*, and a regal, mannish deportment withal, are only faint indications of what will be, we form some idea as to how the coming woman will look. Perhaps, we ought to add that she will wear just the sweetest, cutest mustache that ever poor man stumped his heart against.

When woman becomes so much like man in looks, naturally she will be very much like him in deeds. Woman become man, and man absconded! Such will it be. Of course woman will have woman's rights—and man's, too. She will no longer be the poor, helpless, maltreated, crushed, down-trodden creature she is today. She will no longer be man's inferior, as she is now, judging from her prating so much about her being equal to him, a fact which reasonable men at once admit, but of which woman herself seems uncertain. She will fill a higher and more useful sphere, which must be Heaven itself, for the highest, most useful, sacred, and glorified place in the universe next to Heaven is the home. Will she vote? Of course she will. She'll run for office then? Certainly. And make campaign speeches like a South Carolina politician? As a matter of fact. South Carolina politicians sometimes use "cuss-words" in their speeches, will she do the same? Yes. Occasionally men in making speeches have ancient eggs thrown at them, will she too? Ah! A large per cent. of men voters are not intelligent. It will be different with women, for they will all be intelligent. Many men sell their votes, or are influenced in casting them by other unscrupulous men. But woman will not sell hers. She had too hard a time in getting it, and as to being influenced by unscrupulous women, she will not, for she is too strong-minded to be influenced and there are no unscrupulous women to influence her. Men raise campaign funds. So will women, even at the price of five-cent South Carolina cotton.

She will make laws. Great decorum, and brotherly and *sisterly* feeling will pervade the halls of legislation, notwithstanding the fact that one of the most shameful

rows that ever disgraced a State House took place in Kansas after woman was blessed with suffrage. The laws that woman makes will generally be good; perhaps a few bad ones relating to the natural and constitutional rights of man. The first great law she makes will abolish liquor and will cause the recipe of making it to be forgotten. Who will execute the laws she makes? She will herself. Men will not. They will be afraid to, and they can't because there will be women law-breakers. Besides, if men will not make a law, they will not enforce it when women make it. So we will have women presidents, women governors, women sheriffs, police-women, women jailors, women detectives, women custom house officers, besides women legislators and Senators, congress women, supreme judges, associate judges, trial justices, and notary publics, and gentlewomen of the jury. Imagine a burly policewoman arresting some poor unfortunate man! She will, of course, work the roads, and pay poll tax. Men pay a dollar poll tax; woman will pay a dollar and a half, because of more taxable property. Such will be some of the rights which women now cheated out of will possess. How noble then are the women who will bring about that glorious time, "a consummation devoutly to be wished for." What benefactors! How generations, yet unborn, will sing their praises! Notice those women who strive so earnestly for women's rights. See how great a majority of them sign their names with a "Miss," who have missed the opportunity of getting married and have passed through great woes. On the other hand, see how few of those with "Mrs." before their names have happy homes, and are the mothers of children.

A few men attach themselves to these great advanced ideas of the 19th century. This may be easily explained. No ship, however unseaworthy, puts out to sea but what soon has a few barnacles attached to its hull. So, no idea is started out upon the high seas of life, however unworthy it may be for carrying precious cargoes, but what a few men, barnacle-like, will cling to it.

This is only one aspect of the higher life of the coming woman. In the world of business she will be *the man*. She will rush into all the vocations which men now fill, and many which they do not fill. “* * * * where angels fear to tread.” The woman ploughing a meek and chubby ox, the woman peddler, the woman merchant, the woman doctor, the woman dentist, (that will be nice), the woman lawyer, the woman preacher, the woman mechanic, the woman blacksmith, the woman civil engineer, the woman fakir, the woman quack, the woman tramp, and thousands of other callings. A result of woman’s running the world will be man’s running the sewing machine, rocking the cradle, and whitening and softening his hands in dish-water cosmetics. May the day soon come when men will have the women to take care of them. Some say that’s the case now.

Social conditions in that halcyon day will be reversed. Instead of the boy going to see the girl, the girl will go to see the boy. Instead of the man marrying the woman, the woman will marry the man, and a woman preacher will marry them both, and the woman, and not the man, will have to pay the preacher. Imagine the marriage ceremony to be transformed to something like this:

“When the contracting parties shall have come together before the minister, then shall the minister say unto the woman:

Woman, wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband? Wilt thou love him, comfort him, honor and keep him, in sickness and in health?

The woman shall answer,

I will.

Then shall the minister say unto the man:

Man, wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife? Wilt thou *obey* her, *serve* her, love, honor and keep her in sickness and in health?

The man shall answer,

I will.

When the parties so desire, the woman shall give unto the man a ring; and the minister taking the ring shall

deliver it unto the woman, to put it upon the fourth finger of the man's left hand; and the woman holding the ring there, and taught by the minister shall say:

With this ring, I thee wed, and *with all my worldly goods I thee endow.*"

After the ceremony is over the couple shall repair to the home of the husband's mother where an elegant supper will be served, after which the bride will take her blushing groom on the honeymoon trip.

Happy, happy day!

The coming woman will, of course, be educated to high and noble tasks. She will bear on her stalwart shoulders all the business transactions, cares, problems and responsibilities of the age. She will not spend two, three, or four hundred dollars a year at college to go back into life to form acquaintances with pans, pots and kettles. Her mother will be too economical to allow such extravagances. But what would become of some men now if they could have the beatific privilege of being the husband of such an educated woman a thousand years from now? Death from sore-head and starvation would be inevitable.

Imagination could run riot in picturing the coming woman and her possibilities. But in all seriousness, may her arrival be long delayed, while the present variety is so satisfactory.

Those who so anxiously long for the time when woman shall have her rights—no wrongs to go along with them, though—should turn their eyes to one community in the world which is pre-eminently an ideal woman's rights community. That community is in Africa. It is a savage tribe. The women are called Amazons. We do not know that they vote but it is certain that they have woman's rights. This is about the only community on the globe where women have things their own way. They wage wars, make fierce soldiers, protect their kingdom and their men. Trace the word "Amazon" back to its Greek origin, and we see a hidden meaning. So it will be in many respects with the coming woman, the "Amazon" of America. All ob-

stacles and hindrances in the way of so-called rights, which now form the chief charm and glory of an exalted womanhood, will be removed. Those traits of womanly sweetness, tenderness, gentleness, modesty, love, devotion and a sort of clinging weakness and helplessness, which forms her greatest strength and which arouses in man a chivalrous sense of her dependence on him and begets in him the very highest and noblest qualities of true manhood, those traits, it is repeated, peculiar to woman, in so far as they come in the way of her rights—and they will come in the way—will be eliminated.

The question is asked why hasn't woman the *right* to do this or that thing? Let us grant the mere matter of abstract right. But is it *best* for her to do this or that thing? One has the *right* to stick his hand in the fire. But ought he to *exercise* that right?

They say woman's entering the political arena will purify it, which they will not deny is full of mud, and slush, and slop, and filth, and slime, for if they do deny it they surrender their main argument why woman should vote. But all experience shows that if you go into the mud, you will get muddy; if you go into filth, you will get filthy; if you go into slime and slush, you will get it on you. How many mothers have told their little boys to stay out of the dirt in order to keep clean.

May the American people say to its women, You stay out of politics in order to keep clean. Fancy a woman as stable-boy cleaning the Augean stables of American politics!

The ancient inhabitants of Britain used to pray that the Lord should deliver them from the wrath of the invading Jutes, Angles and Saxons. Our prayer is that we may be delivered from the furor and folly of the coming woman.

H. J. SHOEMAKER.

Marshal Ney.

Marshal Ney was born in the town of Sarre Louis in 1770. He was the son of a cooper, and at the early age of

thirteen he became notary of the town. Being aroused by the spirit of the times, he entered the army as a hussar. In his twenty-third year he was promoted for his bravery, and the next year was presented with a company. This company receiving no provisions from headquarters, it was only by his iron constitution and indomitable courage that he was enabled to fulfill this charge.

Ney, having distinguished himself in the battles of Dierdorf, Altenkirchen, and Montabour, with only one hundred cavalymen captured two thousand prisoners, and obtained possession of Wurtzburg. These victories led to his appointment of Brigadier-General.

During that long and bloody Russian campaign, fraught with so much suffering, so many privations, so many sorrows, and the loss of so many lives, who was it that stood by Napoleon and was the very life of his soul? Who was it that restored the freezing babe to the breast of its distracted and dying mother? and who was it that inspired those drooping and exhausted soldiers as they retreated from the desolate plain of Moscow?

Napoleon might have pictured in his imagination an ideal battle-field strewn with the corpses of the dead and dying, with crimson blood melting the frozen snow, with groans and agonizing shrieks that would wake the dead or recall wandering spirits from the other world; he might have imagined the French flag waving over every proud European Capitol, and French troops parading every city; but would he ever have been called the hero of a hundred battles, would he ever have won the sparkling badges of French honor, and would his glittering sun have ever set behind the banks of sorrow and disappointment at St. Helena, had it not been for Marshal Ney?

The great civil engineer who sat in his private office with his eyes closed in blindness, who constructed and saw, through his imagination, a magnificent bridge swinging in space, was an honor to mathematical learning, and well deserved the fame of a civilized world. But had it not been for laboring men, with brawny

muscles and daring nerves, would Brooklyn bridge ever have lifted its lofty shafts heavenward, or today stand as a monument of American civilization?

Would Napoleon's name have been living today, had it not been for Marshal Ney? Did not Ney put into operation and carry out, as no one else could have done, the schemes Napoleon had planned?

Napoleon was ambitious, imaginative and sanguine, lacking in patience, self-control, and moral courage.

Marshal Ney was celebrated for his bravery, coolness and excellent judgment. Even when associated with such men as Davoust, Junot, Macdonald, Murat and Lannes, he was called the "bravest of the brave." Napoleon at St. Helena said, "Ney was the bravest man I ever saw." Ney well deserved the designation, "Prince of Moskwa."

Soon after the downfall of Napoleon, on board a vessel sailing for America a passenger remarked, "that man looks like Marshal Ney"; the man of whom this remark was made did not appear on deck again, but remained in close concealment.

About eighteen hundred and twenty, a lonely traveler wondered up the Pee Dee swamp and taught school in Brownsville township, Marlboro county. While teaching there he dedicated a piece of poetry to Miss Mary Amanda Rogers, then a beautiful young lady. The poem fell into the hands of a young man who taught school at that place some years later, and is now a circuit judge in this State.

Here is the poetry:

Dedicated to ——

"Modest maiden, from a friend
Accept the little gift I send,
Recurring to its pages, when
You choose the stenographer's pen.

"Amusing art in graphic guise
Maintaining from inquiring eyes,
All secrets which you choose to write,
Neglectfully in open light,
Delightful science when attained,
Attend and it will soon be gained.

“Review it from time to time
 Observant of each curve and line,
 Give strict attention to each part
 Engrave them on thy virgin heart,
 Receive this token of esteem, I pray—
 Sent most respectfully by Stewart Ney.”

22 March. 1822.

Stewart Ney while teaching in Brownsville and while at the school house, upon reading an account of Napoleon's death in a newspaper, burst into tears. And upon every occasion when discussing war, or Napoleon, he became greatly excited. Afterwards moving to North Carolina, he confessed upon his death bed that he was none other than Marshal Ney, Napoleon's favorite general.

Long after this romantic school teacher had been buried and by the multitude forgotten, physicians opened the grave and examined the skeleton, finding the measurements corresponding exactly to those of Napoleon's Marshal Ney. There was but one possible defect in the investigation; Marshal Ney had been wounded in the head; the skull showed no indications of ever having been wounded.

Is it not possible that time and nature will heal the ugliest scars, or even the most fractured bones?

Tradition is that his executioners were his friends, that the cartridges were blank, that a special coffin had been arranged, and that the physician who accompanied him to the place of execution told him to fall just as the rifles were fired and that he would attend to the rest. It is thought that he was hurried from the ground as dead, and that he was slipped on board a vessel and thus escaped to America.

May we not think that the man who fought in five hundred battles, who was thought to have been unjustly killed as a traitor, and who stood before his executioners and refused to be blindfolded preferring to face death as he had done in battle, and exclaiming, said—“I declare before God and man, that I have never betrayed my country; may my death render her happy, *vive la France!*”—may we not think that this generous

spirit found a haven of rest beneath the palmetto breezes, or among the mountain nooks of dear old Carolina?

Then let us think that his executioners were friends, that the mysterious passenger, the lonely school master, and the dying Stewart Ney with his confession, was none other than our hero.

Old people of Brownsville believe Stewart Ney to have been none other than the famous Marshal Ney. So let us think that South Carolina has nurtured a hero no less distinguished, no less worthy of honor, and no less great, than Napoleon in his glory, or Wellington in his victory.

JOHN C. ROPER.

A Newspaper Study.

Newspaper influences upon modern life, and American life in particular, stand well in the foreground of any conception of our modern civilization. The daily paper is a product of comparatively few years and has not yet been perfectly assimilated. That the editors and correspondents themselves do not yet thoroughly comprehend the true place and part of their work in the progress of man may probably be true. The average man certainly has not had the time to adjust his thoughts and nature to the fact of newspapers.

The laws of the distribution of information have not yet been as thoroughly discussed and formulated as others more or less necessary to civilization. The methods of scattering information and the process of cultivating public opinion are both well studied and to some extent understood. But these, we may believe, are only subordinate and subsidiary to a result of social unity, the complement of individual culture, and the leveling up of knowing, a condition of stable progress. The newspaper is in the hands of the Philistines, as M. Matthew Arnold calls the makers of this material age. In their hands it has done and is doing many wonderful works. It has helped produce the unparalleled industrial activi

ty of the last century. It scatters everywhere information of the resources of different continents, of products, prices, commercial and industrial conditions, tells labor where to find laborers, and laborers, labor, furnishes facts to the calculations of producers, carriers and consumers over the world. All this it does and more. Its power of making public opinion is as much if not as well exercised. This is for the most part in the hands of the politicians seeking to control constituencies and this class understands better, probably, than any other this power of the press. These Philistines, of the *theoretical* kind, are more dangerous than any other class of citizens; but the people are saved for the most part from too radically evil opinions by the counteracting, cross-purpose working of these political editors.

A wider distribution of facts among the people of the world, seemingly now the highest end of newspaper work, makes certainly a condition for broader and true culture. When people have the whereof to make ideas, they will learn to make ideas. The newspaper increases the number of people who know things; but it seems not to look beyond the telling of the fact to the utility of the fact. It may not hinder people from living up to their best light; it does not aid them in taking care that that light be not darkness. Liberty and publicity, freedom of speaking and doing, give open field to the mind of a free people, and a wide range of action; but can we say that these conditions, simply, helps those who have the right to do as they please, to please to do right? Whatever the future may bring forth, we do not yet find many instances of such results from newspaper work. Should this be the object of newspaper work? Why?

These questions pre-suppose a theory to be maintained, a philosophy of life to be applied. Here is, where the Reylets and the hefts begin to range themselves around their respective principles and prepare the heads of sermons and the theses of essays. And as I have no theory to be maintained, no philosophy of life to be applied, no principles even to rally around, I may be allowed to follow on without bothering these questions. We want

just now to look at things a bit and see what they are before we approve or disapprove of them.

We all may possibly agree to say, in the usual relative way, that the mere giving of facts without reference to teaching or illustrating any particular kind of doing or thinking, is a desirable thing in a newspaper. This end is one the great dailies often pride themselves on attaining and is, perhaps, a sufficient definition of one purpose for newspapers just now. No one with an eye to their place in modern civilization will give them a lower or narrower aim than the perfection of a machine for telling everybody at the breakfast table what everybody else was doing yesterday and is likely to do today. To attain such an end is the accepted work of the newspapers? Do they do it? If so, how so? If not, why not?

In speaking of the facts, diligently sought for by newspapers, we cannot, of course, confine ourselves to special occurrences, but include in its meaning beside the sense of *factum* (something done), its generally accepted application to deduced truths.

Taking the greatest dailies of the United States, which probably are the greatest in the world, do we find them, whenever they claim to be giving the facts, giving such facts without reference to any particular way of doing or thinking? Do they attain this lowest desirable end they may have? No, they do not. Most generally what their news columns say is not without reference to teaching or illustrating some particular kind of doing or thinking. Newspaper men are of course not mere machines for grinding out dry facts for first pages. They have their sentiments and ideas, which color and season their notes, their points of view, etc. People wouldn't read them if they hadn't. But with these, the particular kind of thinking and doing we are talking about, has nothing to do.

The newspapers define news, not as something interesting lately happening, but something odd or audacious, something curious or criminal. This definition, I submit, is too narrow, too restricted. If they just tell the top half of the world what the bottom half is doing,

tell some men what cranks are thinking, they do not give the news. They should divide space and give cranks and criminals some news from those beyond them. Continued reference to a particular kind of doing and thinking of the baser sort is appealing to the lower side of life. Such things suggest questions to be answered, problems in politics, economics, and sociology. Is there not unscattered information from the better walks of life, from better thinking that will help to answer these questions? The departure from the object of the mere giving of news is in the wrong direction. We should at least be given something of natural life, beyond that we have by living, to compare with the freaks and oddities we hear of so often and see so seldom. What is the use of a person's thinking everything is odd or cranky except at home. Nothing like these ideas is needed in the conditions for the stable progress of the world. There is a difference between pandering to the natural taste for gossip and feeding the want for knowing. We need not condemn gossiping; but we would not want it to exclude something else just as interesting and necessary.

* * * * *

NORTON.

NOTE.—This unfinished study, the reader will notice, is somewhat after the manner of Mr. Matthew Arnold, with whose "Culture and Anarchy" and other social critiques, it presuppose some familiarity. The writer has been almost as free with that gentleman's phrases as Mr. Arnold was with those of "Armenius." For this he has no apology.

N.



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WOFFORD COLLEGE, MAY, 1895.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

GEO. C. LEONARD, - - - - - Editor.

Examinations.

Before the next issue of the Journal goes to press the different classes of the College will be in the midst of final examinations. This means a trial of strength—a strong test of the work that has been done. Most, if not all students, look forward to these examinations with a great deal of anxiety. But no one who has done good honest current work and who will give proper care to reviewing—not cramming, but going over and getting a full comprehensive view of the work that has been done in the class-room—need fear that he will not get through all right. Then after the strain is over and each man has done his best honestly and faithfully the consciousness of duty well done will amply compensate for all the work, worry and anxiety that has been undergone.

Sometimes students who think it doubtful as to whether they will be able to return to college next session or not make this an excuse for not standing the final examinations. This is very unwise. One does not know what may "turn up" during vacation. A condition of affairs entirely unexpected may be brought about that will enable him to return and next October may find him

back at college with all these examinations to stand, which would be rather embarrassing. But even if one should not be able to return, it is best to stand all examinations. Men in life are constantly called upon to meet crises where all their strength and energies are suddenly called into play. Examinations call out and so strengthen and develop all the faculties that are needed to meet such crises. They demand strong mental concentration, a comprehensive grasp and arrangement in a very short time and in the best order possible of the most salient points of the work that has been studied. And the man who has successfully stood the test of such work in college will have an experience to fall back on that will nerve and strengthen him to meet and successfully go through such tests and crises in practical life. Then away with all "kicking" and grumbling about examinations and let every man make "a long pull, a strong pull and a pull all together" and no one will need to grieve over the results.

Possible Results of the China-Japan War.

The termination of the war between China and Japan is one of the most significant events of recent history. For centuries China has been shut up in her stagnant conservatism, largely cutting off all intercourse with other nations. By the terms of the treaty of peace she is virtually thrown open to the commerce and general intercourse of all the great nations of the world. This means the dawn of a new era for her, an era of awakening and the taking on of new life and thought. Thus what seems a great calamity to China is doubtless to prove the greatest blessing that could have befallen her. It not only means the breaking down of her conservatism or more properly her exclusiveness, but it further means the ultimate introduction of Western invention and progress. These she will the more readily accept now, knowing as she does that it is from this source that Japan has derived the power which has utterly crushed her in the war. In a few more years great lines

of railroad and telegraph will doubtless be running in every direction throughout the country. This will practically put an end to the possibility of the famines that so often visit certain sections of the country while others have plenty and to spare but no means of transporting this surplus to those in need.

Another great benefit arising from the results of the war is that English and French domination in the Orient will find a check in the growing powers and aggressive policy of Japan. She is no longer to be regarded as a mere resisting or self-defending power, but as an active and aggressive force in the politics of the world, which is to act as a balance of power against the nations of Europe.

But the greatest good that is likely to result from this war is the advantage that it will bring to the work of missions. Wherever the door is opened for trade and internal communication, the missionary will follow with his Bible, preaching the word of God and establishing schools, so that the blessings arising from the introduction of Western ideas and civilization will be leavened by the greatest of all blessings, the religion of Jesus Christ.

Peace in Nicaragua.

The Nicaragua difficulty has been quietly settled at last by the payment of the required indemnity, and England has withdrawn her troops. This is much better than a war, which would have cost much more than the required indemnity besides the loss of life and possible defeat in the end. Many American newspapers were loudly proclaiming, and expounding the Monroe Doctrine and declaring that the United States ought to apply it in this case. As much as we may sympathize with the South and Central American states in any difficulty between them and any European power it would be folly for our government to take up every quarrel they happen to get into. Such a course, by fostering in them a spirit of recklessness and defiance toward other

nations, would not only prove an injury to these states themselves, but would continually involve our government in broils and wars with other nations. The Monroe Doctrine should be resorted to only in case of continued occupation of any of these South American states, which would prove injurious to the commerce or other interest of our country.

Commencement of '95.

It is the intention of the Trustees and Faculty to make the coming commencement one of the landmarks in the history of the college. This commencement will close the forty-first college-year. During these forty-one years about four hundred students have taken diplomas, while very many more have spent one, two or three years in study here. Many of these alumni and former students have not attended a commencement for years. This year we hope to have a grand rally and reunion. The local alumni are very enthusiastic over the matter and every effort will be put forth to entertain the visiting alumni. Besides this, the ladies of the town have taken the alumni banquet in hand and that means that it is to be more than a success. The fact that Dr. Tillet of Vanderbilt University is to preach the commencement sermon and Mr. J. P. K. Bryan of Charleston to deliver the literary address before the two societies is sufficient assurance that our sermon and address will be of the very first rank.

The class of '92 which is the largest class that has graduated up to date, has determined to have a reunion. Well we hope to see every man of them here. The thirty-four of '95 are ready to give them a warm welcome. Why cannot some of the other classes follow the example of '92?

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

J. ARTHUR WIGGINS, - - Editor.

“Love Thy Neighbor as Thyself.”

It is amusing as well as ridiculous to read the exchange editorials of some of our visitors and follow up their methods of appreciation and criticism. But, as we have said in a previous issue, we do not claim the only standard of journalism. Standard or no standard, a weakness that is almost visible to the blind and painfully audible to the seeming deaf, cannot easily go unnoticed and without comment. Some exchange editors or some “anonymous departments” have, to our regret, cultivated the habit of abusing those who have offered sincere and just criticisms, simply because such editorials do not play with their fancy. The above remarks are not intended for the average or proficient editor, but as a reminder to the loud talker and blatant “expresser of art,” that just ahead of them the road forks, and they had better be learning the way their kind instructors would have them to go and not be losing time staring at “big engines” with their mouths gaped open, waiting for the exchange world to say something kind about them. When they do get a kind comment, it is like a sweet savor in their mouths, they spend considerable time in subsequent issues talking about “the appreciative remarks someone made about us.”

We have alluded to no special journal, but such a gross mistake has no doubt disturbed the consciences of all those who are guilty of such a sentimental weakness. We would much rather criticise the good qualities of a journal and overlook egotism and bad manners but often we have this growing spirit to check in some who are too young to understand a question without stating both sides. We are sorry to allude to this so late in the year, but we do it now with all frankness, with the de-

sired hopes that it will be taken in the true spirit. Let us not forget to bear in mind these far-reaching lines when we set down to write editorials :

"Oh had some power some giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as others see us!"

"College Parasites," as discussed in the April *Randolph-Macon Monthly*, touches every weak point of a student's college life, so far as acquiring knowledge is concerned. The writer must have had more experience than a mere rambling dream on this subject, for he speaks in the language of a seer, who has been tossed and tried by just such things as a college boy has to contend with. It is an excellent paper, and whether the writer has had a reckoning day or not, he certainly knows how to handle the subject in a manner that makes his points most impressive.

The phrase, "He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill ; our antagonist is our helper," is one of great weight and in which is embraced the lamentable story of a weak, ever dependent college boy. An institution that has an unusual number of such parasites to "feed and clothe" had better become alarmed, for what will such men do for her when they leave her walls? We leave the question unanswered at present, but rest assured that we will again some day hear of these specimens of human weakness and sad will be the story of their fall.

"The mistletoe has become dependent upon some tree for its liquid food. By failing to prepare its own food from the soil, it has so degenerated as to have lost this power, and is now doomed to a life of absolute dependence," is an excellent practical illustration of the college parasite. Students who read this article will no doubt see the error of cultivating the habit of being dependent on fellow students and translations for their apparent promotion in college. We are glad to acknowledge the merit of this production, and like the writer, we glory in the fall of one who undertakes to go through

college leaning upon the arm of his class-mate and relying upon translations for his life preparation.

We sincerely thank the editors of the *S. W. P. U. Journal* for sending us a sample copy of their journal with notice that we have been entered upon their exchange list. We can criticise their April issue with much freedom for its pages are as bright and instructive as those of the highest standard coming to our office. "Light," a prize essay, written from a standpoint of science, is made quite aesthetical through the manner of expression. But perhaps the best piece of the issue is found under the subject "Sun Spots." The sun spots of Milton, Dante and Shelly are portrayed by the writer with remarkable emphasis. Doubt and skepticism, as seen in religion and philosophy, arouses the writer's feeling of indignation, but the article is an able one and shows the value and necessity of independent thinking and animated scholarship. There can be no special fault attached to the Journal, each department seems to have received honest labor from the editors in charge.

The *Irving Sketch Book* for March was gotten out by the Freshman-class. The April number is decidedly an improvement, coming from the hands of the Sophomores. The Pennsylvania girls seem to have their share of brains, but they have miserable taste. If we may be allowed to criticise from a South Carolina point of view, we would suggest to these fair editors that they print the headings of each article on a full face page and not in the margin. As the Freshman issue came out first we must kindly accuse the Sophomores of being less original. We hope the name of their journal does not warrant such a distasteful arrangement of matter. The quality of matter is good.

The editors of the *Howard Magazine* have considerably lowered their dignity by attempting to tell all they knew about "fools." We have failed to recognize their

real intention, unless they had a special desire to make up an Allfoolsday issue. "Introduction to Natural Fool-os-ophy," is the article covering the greatest number of pages, but it is evidently most too primary for the writer, for in the midst of his article he draws conclusions that are far from being in harmony with his subject. The attempt is well written, but we are persuaded to believe that the *Howard* columns would have suffered less from a more stable list of subjects. Some parts of the journal are very fine.

The second issue of *The Franklin Advocate* is quite an improvement over the first, containing a literary department filled mostly with well written essays on different literary phases of Southern literature. *The Advocate* is a great believer in originality and assuredly it puts to practice every movement that tends to give its pages brightness, and above all, merit.

The editorials are written with great care and they carry with them the inspiration that gives great impetus to college journalism. "Customs versus Conscience," is logical and persuasive. The Exchange editor makes his department interesting. We fear there is too much rivalry between the two literary societies at Howard.

The Sewanee Purple is a weak weekly college paper. Really, to criticise it, is to question the college pride of the body of student. It may be answered that the *Purple* is serving the purpose for which it was instituted. If this be true, then we can only say that a standard University ought to get out something better than a mere local sheet, filled with athletic happenings. The editorials are written mostly on campus jokes, and we rejoice with the editor, that space would not allow a lengthy comment on the wrongs of the campus merry-maker. We see nothing in this publication worth reading by exchanges and strangers.

The Chronicle is not an average college journal. One fault is that it has too many departments. This criticism is evident for its editors show either neglect or failure to produce variety.

“Woman Suffrage” is a popular subject just now with many college journals. Even *The Weatherford Collegian* indulges to some extent. But our exchanges need not become alarmed, for apparently all these contributions are the results of easy writing pens, minus thought.

CLIPPINGS.

“We’ll not dwell long on this point,” said the minister, as he sat down on the business end of a tack.

That women run newspapers now,
The public must confess,
But ps aw! we people knew somehow
They always loved the press.

These balloon sleeves evidently come from the desire to widen woman’s sphere.

My daughter’s on her dignity,
My son is on the sea,
While I am on a howling lark,
And my wife is on to me.

Eyes were made to droop,
Cheeks were made to blush;
Hair was made to cringe and curl,
Lips were made—oh, hush.

The bull frog sat on a floating log,
And said, as he blinked his eyes:
“Who would not be a big bull frog
And catch these nice fat flies?”

Prep, studying etymology: “Vir, a man, gin, a trap, virgin, a man-trap.”

Darkibus nightibus,
 No lighto-um;
 Climibus gate-post,
 Breechibus torum.

Query: To the persons asking what is woman's sphere, we would say that if things keep on at the present rate it will soon be the earth.

A Vassar girl, being asked if she liked Codfish balls, said, she never attended any.

If you pick up a starving dog and make him prosperous, he will not bite you. This is the principal difference between a dog and a man—*Mark Twain*.

Tears are softening showers which cause the seed of heaven to spring in the human heart—*Walter Scott*.



ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

B. H. HENDERSON, - - Editor.

Prof. A. A. McP. Hamby.

MR. EDITOR: We pause today in the busy rush of affairs to pay a tribute to the memory of Prof. Allen McPherson Hamby, who died at Georgetown, S. C., on the 15th day of April, 1895. At Georgetown he had served as principal of the high school and then superintendent of the graded school for a number of years. His father was a Methodist minister and resided at Rutherfordton, N. C., where Allen McP. was brought up. As his robust physical nature was typical of the pure mountain atmosphere of his home, so was his character typical of its piety. We entered Wofford College in the year 1856 and for four years worked side by side striving for the goal, and graduated in 1860. His high conception of right and honesty soon won for him the esteem and confidence of both branches of the college.

His gentlemanly bearing rendered him universally popular, while duty was his watch-word and truth and honor the shining marks of his character.

He was a hard student, kind, generous and noble; though a strong competitor, and won the medal as the best orator of his class. At the beginning of the late war Allen McP. Hamby enlisted in the Confederate army as a member of the Darlington artillery, commanded by the lamented Maj. F. F. Wasley. Being in the same arm of service, we were frequently thrown together and the principles that marked his college course commanded the respect of his comrades in the bivouac and on the battlefield where he performed his duty as a brave and faithful soldier always maintaining the beautified consistency of his Christian character.

With his quiet reserved nature, he sought not the applause of man, but pressed for the master's approval,

“well done.” Of his loving influence in his happy home, his efficient stewardship in the church, and the work of his life in the school room, we must leave for others to write. In behalf of his college friends I will ask that we be allowed to mingle our tears of sympathy with the bereaved and entwine a wreath from the brightest flowers of his sunny home and place it on the new made grave. Allen McPherson Hamby has left, in his high Christian character, a monument which the hand of time will not erase. As the “insatiate archer” with unerring aim places his dart in every home, may we, by the eye of faith, pierce through the dark shadow of its gloom and catch the gleaming ray of the beautiful shore beyond, where we hope to meet again.

J. B. HUMBERT, '60.

Legal Alumni.

Hon. Samuel Dibble, '59, is one of the largest stockholders of Orangeburg county.

T. S. Moorman, '60, resides in Columbia and now holds the position of Librarian of the Supreme Court.

R. W. Simpson, '61, for many years has been well known at the Anderson bar.

J. B. Cleveland, '69, is one of the leading business men and Receiver of the Port Royal and Augusta R. R. at Spartanburg, S. C.

H. H. Newton, '69, for many years has been a member of the bar of Marlboro county.

C. S. Walker, '69, is a member of the bar of Alabama.

J. R. Abney, '70, has gained considerable prominence as a lawyer at the bar of New York.

J. C. Wallace, '71, resides at Union, S. C.

L. K. Clyde, '72, is at Greenville.

W. H. Folk, '72, is a member of the bar of Edgefield.

J. M. Gee, '72, is a member of the bar of Union.

F. A. Gilbert, '72, is at Yorkville.

C. A. Woods, '72, is well known at the Marion bar.

J. K. Jennings, '73, is a member of the bar at Spartanburg.

J. E. Webster, '73, resides at Gaffney, in Spartanburg county.

C. P. Wofford, '73, previous to his death, held a very thriving practice at Spartanburg, S. C.

W. A. Brown, '74, is a member of the bar of Clarendon.

R. K. Carson, '74, practices at Spartanburg, S. C.

E. W. Martin, '75, is a member of the bar of Atlanta, Ga.

W. J. Montgomery, '75, practices at Marion, S. C.



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LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

S. H. MCGHEE, - - Editor.

Journal Election.

On the last Friday night in April the election for JOURNAL editors came off with the following result: Editor-in-Chief, Mr. Augustus S. Hydrick; Business Manager, Mr. Roby. J. Treusdale; Associate Editors from the Calhoun Society, Messrs. L. P. McGee and O. D. Wannamaker; from the Preston Society, Messrs. N. G. Gee and Andrew M. Law.

This is some of the best material in the Junior and Sophomore classes and the coming year will no doubt be a successful one for THE JOURNAL.

We congratulate Mr. Hydrick and his co-workers and extend to them a hand of fellowship and hope. The outgoing staff will expect a good paper and will watch for one with more than a usual amount of interest. The editors will have a hard task. The constant demand is for improvement and each succeeding generation expects, and has a right to and ought to expect, more success than their predecessors achieved.

If the student body gives that sympathy which labor demands, and strives to aid their servants in attaining a high standard of a literary journal, then all will be well and the work will be pleasant. If the editors are not aided by encouragement and kind words, the duty will devolve into a most disagreeable burden. In every sense of the word, a college journal represents the students of that institution from which it is sent. Their mind, their energy, their manhood, their honesty and patriotism are reflected in the manner and matter of their exponent. Let every student think justly of these things. They are old; so is virtue. They are common; so is truth. They may even be distasteful but well worth the uttering. Let not a Senior leave without hav-

ing given his name and address to the Business Manager and deposited his subscription fee. Let us all be up and well doing for the time is at hand when we must have a journal worthy of her who has done for us what she could.

Mr. Luce, representing the Students' Volunteer Movement, and Mr. Brockman of the International Y. M. C. A., recently paid Wofford a visit.

The College Y. M. C. A. will send several delegates to the Summer School which convenes in Knoxville in July. The delegates have not yet been chosen. We hope Wofford will be well represented numerically and otherwise.

On the third of May many of the students spent a delightful evening at the reception of the Juniors to the Seniors of Converse College. We do not remember of ever seeing such an earnest desire to make all enjoy themselves as the young ladies manifested on this occasion. They could not have been otherwise than successful. Many were the efforts they exerted, much was the pleasure they gave.

The Seniors of Wofford were honored with a special invitation and had the privilege of meeting the Seniors and Juniors of Converse.

The Wofford base ball team after having defeated the South Carolina team not long since, has been regularly practicing and expects to play the University of Georgia on the 24th instant. The game in Columbia, despite the discouraging accounts of the daily papers, was a good one, and our boys deserve much credit for the way in which they played. They came back delighted with their trip to Columbia and with the pleasant and courteous manner in which they were received by the college men of that place. We hope the S. C. C. team, together with a large crowd of students, can come up and see us at an early date.

The Sophomore Exhibition.

The "Soph. Ex." which came off on May 10th was in every way a success. The speakers acquitted themselves very creditably indeed, while the marshalls performed their duty with grace and skill. We do not know when such a pleasant reception has taken place in the Wofford chapel. A large number of young ladies from the city and from Converse College attended and many of them remained over for the aftermath. Of course, there were more young men present than young ladies, but then such hindrances are inevitable.

The chapel, towards the hour of 8:30, was well filled with friends and visitors, and when the speakers marched in, escorted by the chief marshal and his corps of workers, scarcely a seat could be found. The music was beautiful—the best ever heard on a similar occasion. For this we especially commend the Sophs. It was largely on this account that so much success was attained. The class cannot be congratulated too highly. The Charlotte string band was hired and between speeches furnished much delight to the audience. We sincerely hope that the coming Sophomores will endeavor to obtain good music, and then we are certain that their entertainment will be to some extent successful. Chief marshal Dean and the Reception Committee deserve much credit for the way in which they entertained the crowd.

As for the speeches themselves, to say they were good and well delivered is not enough. They were all extracts from South Carolina orators and consequently were very interesting.

Mr. Connor presided over the meeting in a pleasant manner. He first introduced Mr. C. F. Brooks of Laurens, who spoke an extract from Hon. R. B. Rhett's "Eulogy on Calhoun," delivered in Columbia in 1850. Afterwards he introduced the speakers in the following order: J. P. Inabnit, Orangeburg, subject Dr. B. M. Palmer's "Religious and National Character." Dr.

Palmer is the only living South Carolinian from whom an extract was taken. He was born in 1818 and is still in active life. He is pastor of a Presbyterian church in New Orleans.

R. S. Treusdale, Kershaw, subject "Eulogy on Legare," by Wm. C. Preston, delivered in 1845.

H. A. C. Walker, Colleton, subject "On Laying the Corner Stone of Wofford College," by Bishop Wightman.

G. T. Pugh, Newberry, subject "Against War with Great Britain," delivered in the U. S. Senate in 1846 by J. C. Calhoun. This, as we will remember, was about the Oregon agitation, when there was a popular cry of "fifty-four forty or fight." Mr. Calhoun's speech virtually settled the question and prevented the talked-of war with England.

Edward L. Culler, Orangeburg, subject "Popular Enlightenment," by H. L. Pinckney.

The exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. Mr. Rogers, and closed by President Wilson of Converse.

We congratulate the class on their selection of speakers, and the speakers on their selection of pieces. Health to the class of '97.

Messrs. Hollis, Roper, Chapman and a few others accompanied Manager Coleman and his ball team to Columbia. They were delighted with their trip.

Professor Du Pre is having the campus greatly beautified. The lady friends of the college are assisting in planting flowers in the arc immediately in front of the main entrance. Several beds of chrysanthemums, colias and other flowers have been planted, and together with the grass, which is growing luxuriantly, and the roses, which are blooming beautifully, the inner circle will be more lovely than ever.

Dr. Carlisle paid his first visit to Bamberg not many days ago while the District Conference was in session at that place. The Doctor was well pleased with the place

and expressed much hope in regard to the Fitting School which is honored with his name.

Prof. Snyder and Mr. Gist Gee left last Friday for Columbia to attend the convention of the Epworth League. Prof. Snyder represented the city league, of which he is president. He was elected while in Columbia to the presidency of the State Association. Mr. Gee was a delegate from Union.

Mr. W. D. Brown paid his friends on the campus a pleasant visit last week. He is now in business in Union. He expects to come up commencement and see his old class graduate.

Commencement bids fair to be one of the best attended in the history of the college. The committee, consisting of Prof. Snyder, Prof. Rembert and Mr. Nash, is exerting every effort to make it a success. Circular letters are being sent out to every old student whose address could be obtained, inviting all to meet in a great reunion during the occasion of commencement. Several of the fraternities are going to have their members return and meet with old friends and with the active members. The alumni of the city are endeavoring to have every student who has ever been here join in the grand rally.

Rev. Mr. Loyless conducted worship for us last Monday.

Dr. Frank M. Lander, poet, musician and medical student, has been visiting his many friends on the campus for the past two or three days. He is as lively as of old.

Prof. Gamewell gave the Junior class a most profitable and interesting entertainment in his class room not long since. He exhibited a magic lantern display of the most important scenes of ancient Rome. The Professor told some interesting narrative connected with almost every scene and gave instructive informal talks on Roman

history. The Juniors were much profited by the hour's digression.

The Seniors will leave for their geological tour this week. They will be gone this time only a day.

The students are anxiously looking forward to the May Festival to take place at Converse at an early date. Two or three of them will take part in the recital given by the Choral Club.

On April 26th Mr. Tucker was elected orator from the Calhoun Society for the anniversary occasion next October. Mr. E. A. Holler was similarly honored by the Prestons. The audience may expect something good from both of these gentlemen.

On Thursday, May 9th, from 5 to 7 o'clock, Mr. and Mrs. Rodgers gave the Senior class a reception at their home on Church street. We were heartily greeted by these lovable and hospitable people and spent a most enjoyable while with them. After partaking of the inviting refreshments which Mrs. Rodgers had prepared, Mr. Shuler, the president of the class, expressed in a few but appropriate words the debt we owe the pastor and his wife for their interest in our welfare manifested in many different ways. Mr. Rodgers responded in a few touching words, and for the first time we were formally reminded of the extreme shortness of our future stay in Spartanburg. But wherever we go, we all shall be impressed throughout our lives with the kindnesses and more than pastoral care which we have received from the hands of the present pastor of Central.

Wofford vs Gaffney.

The first opportunity the boys have had of seeing their team play was Tuesday, 14th. It was a bum game, the only features being Chreitzberg's pitching and the support given him by Dendy. Humbert did the best bat-

ting, and all ran bases well. We should like to have some more batting, but this was impossible as the Gaffney pitcher would not put the ball over the plate. For Gaffney, S. Thomas made a pretty home run, and Wyatt caught a plucky game, his pitcher being very wild.

WOFFORD.

GAFFNEY.

	AB	R	H	PO.	A	E.		AB	R	H	PO.	A	E.
Dendy, c	6	1	1	15	4	1	Brown, cf	5	4	2	0	0	2
Walker, 3b	4	4	1	0	1	1	A. Thomas, 1b ss	4	1	1	0	0	5
C. Smith, 2b	5	4	1	1	2	0	Martin ss	0	0	0	0	0	1
Chreitzberg, p	3	2	1	3	1	0	Wyatt, c	3	0	0	8	2	3
Humbert, 1b	7	3	4	6	0	2	Lipscomb, 2b	4	0	1	3	3	4
Nickels, cf	6	4	1	0	0	0	Smith, ss 1b p	3	0	0	8	2	2
Chapman ss	4	2	2	1	0	0	Humphries, rf	4	0	0	1	0	0
Hodges, lf	4	3	2	1	0	0	S. Thomas p 1b	4	1	1	4	4	1
Blake, rf	4	1	1	0	0	0	Clear, lf	4	0	1	0	0	0
Totals	23	24	14	27	8	5	Holland, 3b	3	0	0	3	0	1
								34	6	6	27	11	18

BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Wofford,.....	4	2	1	7	0	2	0	0	8—24
Gaffney,.....	2	0	1	2	0	0	0	0	1—6

Two base hits—Dendy, Blake, Thomas A. Home run—S. Thomas. Stolen bases—Nickels 3, Brown 2, Chreitzberg 3, Hodges 2, Humbert 2, Walker 5, C. Smith 1. Struck out by Chreitzberg 17, by Thomas 5, by Smith 0. Base on balls, off Chreitzberg 3, Thomas 5, Smith 5. Passed balls Dendy 1, Wyatt 10. Hit by pitcher, Lipscomb, Walker.

Time of game 1 hour 55 minutes.

Umpire Mr. Thompson.

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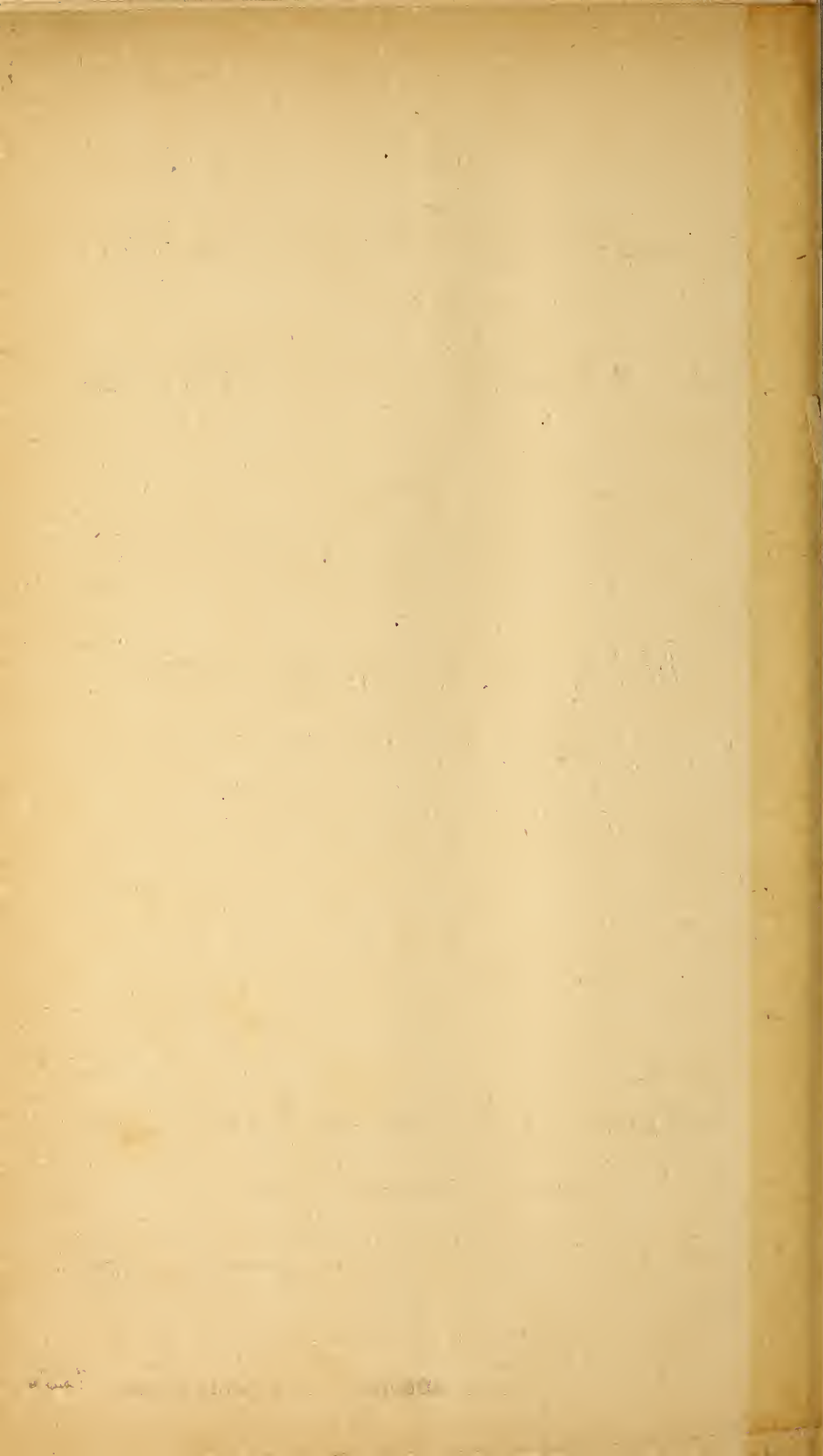
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LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

H. J. SHOEMAKER, - - - Editor.

The Poetry of Edgar Allan Poe.

“In judging of the merits of an author, and assigning him his niche among our household gods, we have a right to regard him from our own point of view and to measure him by our own standards. But in estimating the amount of power displayed in his works, we must be governed by his own design, and placing them by the side of his own ideal find out how much is wanting. * * * The temple of the god of song is equally accessible from every side, and there is room enough in it for all who bring offerings, or seek an oracle.”

The above quotation from Lowell displays not only genuine practical sense and fair-mindedness, but also hints the only true inductive, and therefore just, mode of criticising an author. I propose to follow the advice of Mr. Lowell, and my object therefore will be to apply Poe's own ideals of poetry to what he has left us, and to endeavor to measure his success by the approach he has made in these poems to realizing his ideals.

“I need scarcely observe,” says Poe, “that a poem deserves its title in-as-much as it excites by elevating the

soul." He therefore always sought to touch the intellect, the soul of his audience, never the heart; and for this very reason his poetry is devoid of warmth. Ignoring the fact that Poe held such not be an essential of a poem, the critics, because there is this lack of feeling or warm passion in his poetry, would deny him true poetic fire. Such criticism is absurd and worthless, because it is unscientific and unjust.

Again, Poe maintained that there could be no such thing as a long poem. The excitement which it was the true purpose of the poem to cause, psychologically could not last longer than a half hour. He has carried this dictum also into practice, and the volume of his poems contains none that cannot be read within this time. To the bitter end he was a stout and successful enemy to didacticism in poetry, always averring, and indeed with much truth, that the noblest and most thoroughly dignified piece of work was a poem *per se*, without any moral attached—simply a creation valued for its own sake. Poetry and a search after truth with him occupied two distinct spheres, and to teach truth by means of a poem was to lower his appreciation of both; for truth was attractive enough in itself, and needed no further decoration to make it more acceptable. With him the metre and rhyme should be wedded to the thought, for the harmony of these elements in a poem was essential to produce perfect rhythm or music, by which the soul is most readily and nobly swayed. He has said, and in the main truthfully, that all manifestations of higher beauty are accompanied by a feeling of sadness; and as with him poetry was the rhythmical creation of beauty—the highest, most divine, most supernal beauty—his best poems are charged with melancholy, sadness and sorrow. The reader is potently held in a spell, which it is useless to endeavor to escape. Once more. The poetic sentiment in man is but his aspiration for supernal beauty, that is, the harmony of the spheres, the dazzling loveliness of the home beyond the grave. A poem is concerned with this aspiration alone. Its object is to express it and to elevate the soul by ex-

pressing it. It has naught to do with "passion which intoxicates the heart," or with "truth which satisfies the reason." If a piece of art creates such beauty or gives expression to this aspiration, it is a poem, and the artist a poet. Such are Poe's views as to poetry briefly stated. In considering his poems, according to the usual method, I will begin with the earlier ones.

Seldom ever does the work of the poet's youth contain anything of a permanent value. The muse must be trained or her wings will never reach the empyrean blue of the heavens.

"Alas! near all the birds
Will sing at dawn, and yet we do not take
The chaffering swallow for the holy lark."

With Burns' remarkable spontaneity and unusual lyrical ardor there is an exception to this rule, for his earliest poems contain qualities that make them of enduring merit. In the case of Poe, babyhood environment produced a precociousness, which his early training continued to nurture and further develop. When his first poetry was written, he was therefore a boy only in years; and in these early poems not only do we find the germs of the flowers that afterwards blossomed so beautifully, but we also meet a mind greatly developed, both as to its tastes and peculiar views. As we should therefore naturally expect, there is much of lasting merit in them.

It is settled beyond a doubt that the lyric "To Helen," was written not later than his fourteenth year, which poem alone is sufficient to prove that its author possessed true poetic fire. The little lyric is as pure and chaste as a Grecian sculptor could chisel a marble statue of Psyche herself. The beauty is undeniable; but it is a beauty which appeals entirely to the intellect. How different from those first outbursts of Burns which are so laden with feeling that one feels his heart throb in sympathy while reading them. Burns sung of his own feelings and was therefore subjective. Poe appeals to the eye, the ear, the imagination by glorification of ob-

jective beauty. Imagine, if possible, Burns singing the praises of his Jean in this style:

"Jean, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nycean barks of yore,
That gen'tly o'er a perfumed sea
The weary wayworn traveler bore
To his own native shore!"

The lyric also shows classical influence, as to its allusions, metaphors, and, indeed, conception, while its whole spirit is restrained and delicate. "To Helen," therefore, I would consider a typical Poesque poem, fulfilling in almost every respect his definition of poetry—no passion, no moral, only beauty cold, but suggestive.

The above mentioned is decidedly the best of his earlier work. While none is worthless, none other is as fine. Among the other shorter ones, especially to be noted, are those entitled "Alone," and "Sonnet—To Science." The first is to be valued rather for the light it throws on Poe's inner life than for any true poetic beauty. In the sonnet, Poe poetically bewails the ruthless inroads that modern science was making into poetic territories, and it is remarkable as a prediction in an early day of the battle that now seems to be so fiercely waging between Science and Poetry.

The two longest poems—in fact the longest ones he ever wrote with the exception of his unfinished drama—numbered with his youthful work are "Al Aaraaf" and "Tamerlane," and while written on entirely different themes are unmistakably Poesque in treatment. In "Tamerlane," I admit, a moral is taught, but it is not done by saying at the close, "Moral: Let us then, brethren, not sacrifice love to glutinous ambition, for surely sorrow and travail shall be the lot of him who so doeth." The lesson is much more tastefully taught by picturing the misery of a man who did abandon the arms of his love at the call of inordinate ambition. "Tamerlane" contains many fine lines, although I know the critics would probably brand me with a scarlet "L" should I make such a statement in their presence; but as a whole it is not a great poem. He failed to throw enough spirit

into places where spirit was demanded, and the outcries of the hero in his suffering seem to me more theatrical than sincere. The following lines are good ;

“Timour—he
Whom the astonished people saw
Striding o'er empires haughtily,
A diadem'd outlaw.”

And these I think exquisite :

“O, human love! thou spirit given
On Earth, of all we hope in Heaven!
Which fall'st into the soul like rain
Upon the Siroc wither'd plain,
And, failing in thy power to bless,
But lay'st the heart a wilderness!
Idea! which bindest life around
With music of so strange a sound
And beauty of so wild a birth—
Farewell! for I have won the earth!”

“Al Aaraaf,” suggested by the sudden appearance in the heavens of a very bright star which quickly vanished, is a fantastic production. Poe, like Shelley and Keats, was an artist of the beautiful, and this poem reminds one of Shelley by its suggestions of ethereal sublimation that so characterize the older and more exquisitely voiced poet. In parts, it is supersensuous and mystical to distraction, and its vagueness is but the result of incoherent outbursts of rapture born of mad love and worship of beauty. For the most part, it is a rhapsody of beautiful but meaningless lines ; but in its purely lyrical parts, very sweet notes are easily distinguished.

In the collection of his later works there is not a bad poem. By their very music, soft and gentle, but strong, they have sung themselves into our literature, and will, I feel sure, always maintain it. It is the opinion of the majority, however, that “The Raven” is his best, and by it, “The Bells” and “Annabell Lee,” he is best known as a poet.

In “The Bells” and “The Raven” the hand of the same artist is readily detected, and his object in both is the same—to arouse the soul of the reader by the creation of beauty. In the latter poem he would

accomplish this object by inducing over the soul of his reader a heavy impenetrable cloud of melancholy and depression; in the former, by appealing to the ear in soothing, melodious and harmonious sounds. "In his *past facts* analysis of 'The Raven,'" says Stedman, "Poe conceives the highest tone of beauty to be sadness caused by the pathos of existence, and our inability to grasp the unknown." Now, with this definition of beauty, and with the avowed intention of the writer, the poem is, it seems to me, perfect. Never did fairy architect place the rose with more precision as the corner flower of her palace, than did Poe each word in this consummate piece of art. It is here that "Poe's mind reaches forward to the effect to be produced." Even after many readings, it is useless to endeavor to escape the spell that its magic charm throws around us; and in sorrow or loss it seems quite natural to see the hideous bird, and hear him distinctly croaking his fatal, "Nevermore."

In conception it is most subtle, and the whole poem is a splendid example of sustained imagination, while its verse is remarkable for its beauty and force of alliteration and ingenuity of rhythm.

"The Bells" is the best illustration by Poe of his dictum that the metre and rhyme should be in strict accord with the theme; and Mr. Stoddard has said that it is the most striking example in any literature of the power of words. We hear the sweet tinkling sleigh bells; the merry pealing wedding bells; the turbulent screaming alarm bells; and the solemn groaning death bells; and as we read we experience alternately almost the same feelings that we would on the very occasions that the different bells announce. It is a pity that both "The Bells" and "The Raven" have become the possession of school boys and have been so hacked up at "exhibitions" that I fear to quote from either.

Poe has been harshly criticised for his frequent use of repetends, and at times no doubt the effect of a too oft repeated word or phrase is to mar seriously the beauty of a poem. But frequently he is most happy in his use

of this artifice, and in the two last mentioned poems, where it is used to best advantage, the effect is striking. In "The Raven" the weird thought by repetition demands and obtains consideration, while in the other the wavy tones of the bells come and go in a succession of echoes.

While it may seem paradoxical, yet I believe it is true, that the world always suffers a loss when a poet of genius is not made to feel the deepest pangs of grief, to have his soul shaken by a deep tearing of his heart. No man ever attains to the degree of perfection of which he is capable until he has drunk deep of the cups of both joy and sorrow; until his soul has looked deep into all the secrets which are given to man to study. In this way I account for the fact that frequently after a poet has had a loved one transplanted from his side to the unknown distant shore, we have the perfection of nobleness reached in his holy song. To commemorate the death of loved ones, Poe wrote three poems—"Ulalume," "Lenore" and "To One in Paradise." It is doubtful whether "Annabell Lee" had any definite purpose, either to sing the praises of a dead friend or to commemorate any important event in the poet's life.

Poe ever loved to contemplate the beauty of objective reality, and therefore in his heart's grief which should have made him most intensely subjective, as it would seem, there is a blending of the two qualities with vagueness, mysticism and, apparently, incongruities as the result. "Ulalume" is the requiem sung to commemorate the death of his wife. As to its merit there is much diversity of opinion, one critic declaring it to be the ravings of a lunatic, another discerning much hidden beauty and meaning in it. While it would be natural to expect from Poe an elegy bearing the stamp of his own individuality and peculiarities, yet it does seem that he could have expressed his grief for his lost wife in a less fantastic style. It is, however, by no means without value as a literary product. The air of weirdness and melancholy that characterizes the poem lends an unconscious charm to it, and it also contains

good lines. The opening ones furnish a keynote to the whole:

"The skies they were ashen and sober—
The leaves they were crisped and sere."

"For Annie" was one of the poet's last pieces. The calm view of death here expressed—that it is a trance in which there is no suffering, but in which the dead are conscious of earthly joys and loves—is probably owing, as Mr. Stedman observes, to the death of Poe's wife. She had gone and solved forever the mystery, and stood beckoning him to that "forgetful shore," and to Poe's mind the lot awarded his tender and loving Virginia, after her life of pain, could be one only of peace and holy calm. The poem is unconsciously melodious, and charms by the beauty and soft flow of its rhythm, and the tenderness of emotion expressed.

"To Helen," a later poem than the one considered above, illustrates Poe at his best in blank verse, and certainly in this instance the attempt was a success. The poem is highly imaginative and owes much of its beauty to the suggestiveness of its lines.

"The Coliseum," another poem in blank verse, contains some highly poetic lines. The ones I quote illustrate what Poe meant when he intimated that beauty was intellectual rather than sensuous, and that a poem should appeal to the intellect rather than to the heart.

"Vastness! and Age! and Memories of Eld!
Silence and Desolation and dim Night!
I feel ye now, I feel ye in your strength
Oh, spells more sure than e'er Jude'n King
Taught in the gardens of Gethsemane!"

There are other poems I should like to comment on, but have not the space. "Israfil," "The Haunted Palace," "The City in the Sea" and "The Sleeper" are all exquisite lyrics and contain undying merit, representing Poe at his best. Such as "Eulalie," "The Valley of Unrest" and "To F—," except Poe's best, are second to none of their kind in American literature.

"Politian," Poe's unfinished drama, contains much merit, and the worth of the fragment justified comple-

tion. It certainly reveals strong imaginative powers, and at times this quality joined to its aptness of phraseology and strength of diction makes it seem Elizabethan. It treats of sorrow rebelling against its unjust oppressor, and the view taken of betrayed womanhood is especially to be noted. It is easily seen that in "Politian" Poe has pictured himself.

In assigning a poet his place in literature, quantity, to a certain extent, as well as quality must be taken into consideration. But with Poe art was life, the higher life; and poetry was a passion. While his brother poets (so called) were grinding out volumes majestic in their length alone, he steadily refused to write in verse, except when he felt that what he had to tell the world deserved the distinction of being told in verse. The result is that from the small but fragrant bouquet he has left us, we can afford to lose no flower, though they may be all pansies, and bear unmistakable signs of having been plucked in the same meadow. His heroines are criticised as being too fantastic and utterly devoid of womanly qualities or genuine human nature. The charge is partly true, and is owing to the fact that Poe worshipped beauty in the abstract; and in the person of a beautiful woman, he saw but the revelation of a higher beauty. He despised the common-place, and always regarded beauty with that same air of rapt wonder as did Rossetti; and in his dislike for all conventionality and artificiality, in the minuteness of his detail, and in the noble homage he always paid to womanly loveliness, he was the elder brother of the Pre-Raphaelite leader.

Though his themes are taken from every-day life, he always managed to gather around them a glamour, an atmosphere that breathed of regions "out of space, out of time." His verse is always shrouded in a veil of mystic beauty, and a melody of unsurpassing sweetness is characteristic of most of his poems.

But while Poe may have succeeded as a poet most completely according to his own interpretation of what a poet's duties are, I would not call him a great poet. Great is a word that few men deserve to have prefixed

to their names. It is a very comprehensive word, and implies qualities that our favorite of American poets did not possess. When applied to a poet, I expect to find in the works of such a man questions suggested that lie too deep for words, and to be able to discover in them some wholesome philosophy of life. But in his sphere, as an artist of the beautiful, he is undoubtedly great. And remember that Beauty, as I understand it, is but reflected images from that home above where man's soul, freed from its baser elements, shall stalk abroad mighty in its strength and purity. It is, I think, always suggestive of the higher, the nobler and the more divine; and when we meet anything that points us but by suggestion to the higher life, we should study it. Our much prized diamond is useless but as an ornament; but how beautiful! And yet does it not suggest the higher beauty of the sun, whose rays of light it reflects? So if we can not have the same feeling for Poe as we do for Burns, whose poetry we love because of its humanness; let us at least study him; and we shall be bettered by the beauty there found which points us to the home above where reigns supreme a beauty more sublime, of which he but catches reflected rays.

W. H. WANNAMAKER.

James Russell Lowell.

James Russell Lowell was born in Boston in the year 1819, and was the son of a Unitarian minister. From his earliest boyhood he was thrown into a society of culture and refinement by which he himself was characterized in later life. From the same source, also, came the sturdiness and common sense which were his support in his life work. Space will not allow to take up Lowell in all the departments of his work—how he worked as magazine editor; wrote poetry for his own and the good of his country; composed the Bigelow Papers, a work unapproached in American literature, superior to Butler's Hudibras, equalled only by Don Quixote in the success of

the object for which it was written. Nor can we follow him in his diplomatic relations where he proved to Europe and especially to England, "That the Americans are not all born with worse understandings than the Europeans," as Locke said.

Although Lowell has written much, there is one note that pervades all, viz., Freedom. He had a purpose—to live for the betterment of mankind. His belief in individuality and the importance of man manifests itself in all that he wrote. It is around this idea of freedom in his nature—freedom not in its narrow sense, but freedom of thought, of religious belief, of everything—that I wish to cluster a few thoughts. It seems that we of the South are beginning to see something of the heroic spirit of such men as Whittier, Garrison and Lowell. Although they were extreme, we must admire the determination, heroism and fearlessness of these men.

As for Lowell, this love for freedom was inborn. His grandfather was the author of the clause in the Massachusetts constitution which abolished slavery. The idea must have possessed him and prevailed upon him from his youth. In that magnificent "Ode to France" he says :

"Since first I heard the North wind blow,
Since first I saw the Atlantic throw
On our grim rocks his thundrous snow,
I loved thee Freedom."

And here also we catch something of the faith which he had in the cause, as he writes :

"Slow are the steps of Freedom, but her feet turn never backward."

In thinking of him we also call to mind Byron, Burns and Mrs. Browning, who, while they fought in different fields, had before their eyes the same light, the same conception of the inevitable—that an enslaved people will not remain so always. I would not for one moment compare the people in whose interests the different writers worked ; but simply name them as co-workers.

Talk as we please, in the main we agree with them. How our hearts swell with pride and admiration, and

how many of Byron's sins we cover up when we see him pouring out his life blood for a down-trodden people! How our love pours itself out, and how our devotion becomes almost worship in contemplating that life whose flower was spent in the interests of the Italian race! Would that our Northern friends had had a noble race to fight for.

There are not a great many of his poems written specifically for freedom and nothing else, except the Bigelow Papers; but it is touched in almost all. It sometimes seems that if these had been written in the interest of the Indians or some other people with whom we were not so intimately connected, we would appreciate them more. It is enough to say that in this work Lowell labored well. He wrote for the freedom of the Negro with all his heart. It is not for me to say that he was right in all that he did; the only question is, did he believe that he was right? The cause of freedom had no braver defender. His poetry, prose and oratory mark an era in our history. And while our singers at the South stood with a grand sincerity to the cause of the South, Lowell, with equal sincerity but with harsher note, sang songs which we may in after years acknowledge as truthful and powerful.

Some of his friends thought that he went too far in some of his remarks, and his only response was:

"I loved my country as only they
Who love a mother fit to die for may;
I loved her old renown, her stainless fame;
What better proof than that I loathed her shame."

"That many blamed me could not irk me long."

But if we would hold our fellowman accountable for all he says, on any subject, we must not take him in his impassioned moments. We cannot take Lowell to task for all that he said to us during the war. Then, with the idea of freedom in his mind, he could see only slaves that he thought ought to be free; he could not see the South as she was. But when ten years of peace had come, when he can understand the South better by the

battles she has fought, when Virginia is again known as the birthplace of Washington, he says :

“If ever with distempered voice or pen
 We have misdeemed thee here we take it back,
 And for the dead of both don common black.
 Be to us evermore as thou was then,
 As we forget thou hast not always been.”

This idea of freedom, as has been intimated, had its force in his religious views. We are told not to judge others on matters of this kind, so no attempt will be made to condemn nor accept wholly the religion he professed. Indeed it is difficult to spell out one's religion from his work. We cannot tell whether certain things are a creed or are simply narrative. Enough points are given, however, to tell pretty well what Lowell believed. First, he believes in God, and that God is close to us.

“Be he nowhere else ;
 God is in all that liberates and lifts;
 In all that humbles and consoles.”

On this account he was not in sympathy with some of the nineteenth century, as we see from the following:

“This age that blots out life with question marks,
 This nineteenth century with its knife and g'ass,
 That makes thought physical and thrusts far off
 The Heaven, so neighborly with man of old,
 To voids sparse-sown with alienated stars.”

He was not recreant to the faith of his fathers, for he says that he prizes more the things that he learned at his mother's knee than those from Plato ; but he became tired of the forms which clustered around that faith. He was enabled to worship God directly and not by aid of ceremony and ritual. There are some, however, who need these types and symbols, and Tennyson very beautifully says :

“See thou that countest reason ripe.
 In holding to the law within;
 Thou fail not in a world of sin,
 Ard even for a want of type.”

After all, Lowell was not so much against creeds as against the manner in which they were held. He was

not afraid of honest doubt; he does not fear that the doubting of some things, taught as God, will cut us entirely loose from God. This is impossible; "Man cannot be God's outlaw if he would."

He believed strongly in the necessity of faith, but believed that:

"Perhaps the deepest faith that is to come,
Will be rather in the strenuous doubt."

He was no iconoclast simply for the sake of breaking idols, but because he had something better to put in their places. As we advance in civilization, as we become more and more acquainted with the workings of God, our modes of worship must advance. "Each age worships its own idea of God."

The dominant element in Lowell's religion is the high value placed upon humanity. Many a thrust has he made at the Church for its inhumanity. It is expressed in the "Parable," "The Vision of Sir Launfal," and other poems. This love of the human being is a passion with him. He believes that as we serve each other we serve God.

In religious as well as other matters Lowell was a reformer and a democrat. The misgivings expressed in the "Cathedral" as to the outcome of Democracy are all quieted in his essay on "Democracy," in which is found an accumulation of argument in its defense. It is the expression of this doctrine that we find a great deal of his fearlessness and independence. Democracy, socialism and evolution may be things for others to fear, but he invites them; lays down the gauntlet to the future, having for his only support the eternal justice of things. We cannot help thinking here of the moody faithlessness of Matthew Arnold. It is true Lowell has kindred moods sometimes, but they do not last long.

Very rarely, except when he is in deep sorrow, does he come to us in a whining mood. Thus we find him in "The Dead House," "The Changeling," "After the Burial," and "The Darkened Mind." Full of tender simplicity, sad because we must be. One likes to be left

alone in one's sorrow; there is often a pleasure in hopelessness. But we must not remain thus always; if so, our lives are spent in cynicism. That is the way Lowell treats us. These little patches of despair are to be crossed quickly, and we stand again in the broad open field of hope and possibility. In none of his poet contemporaries, except Emerson, do we find so well expressed that manliness of effort in its sternness.

Lowell was not narrow in his opinions, but liberal, broad, and it takes only a few lines to express himself.

“Whatever the form of building, or the creed professed,
The Cross, bold type of shame to homage turned,
Of an unfinished Life that sways the world,
Shall tower as sovereign emblem over all.”

It seems that little ought to be said as to Lowell's style, because the man is greater than the style. There are faults, of course, and all the greater from the fact that they are by a writer who knew better. In some of his best themes and best verse we occasionally strike an expression that simply disgusts us. He wrote what came in his mind and he thought very rapidly. He often used the very word and the only word that will suit. For instance, he says that Pope, in his style of writing, “succeeds too wearisomely well.”

He is remarkable for his short phrases full of suggestiveness.

“He who hath trode Olympus, from his eye
Fades not the broader vision of the gods ”

“Yet to have dreamed greatly precludes low ends.”

“One day with life and heart
Is more than time to find a world.”

“Nor didst Thou reckon what 'image
Man would make of his shadow
On this floating world;
The climbing instinct was enough for Thee.”

The beauty of Lowell's poetry is strength, not delicacy. Poetry for him was a vehicle for thought. It was through this that he hoped to better humanity, for this he believed ought to be the ultimate aim of a poet. The

poet must not withdraw from practical life, but must be one of the strugglers.

“To write some earnest verse or line
Which, seeking not the praise of Art,
Shall make a clearer faith and manhood shine
In the untutored heart.”

And the cause of the failure of many poets has been a want of appreciation of the sentiment expressed in the following lines :

“How could poet ever tower
If his passions, hopes, and fears,
If his triumphs and his tears
Kept not measure with his people.”

Lowell died in June, 1891. It is written: “A hoary head is a crown of glory, if it is found in the way of right,” and I wish to connect this truth with his own words :

“I muse upon the margin of the sea,
Our common pathway to the new To Be,
Watching the sails that le-sen more and more,
Of good and beautiful embarked before.
With bits of wreck I patch the boat shall bear
Me 'o that unexhausted elsewhere
Whose friendly-people 'd shore I sometimes see,
By soft mirage uplifted, beckon me,
Nor sadly hear, as lower sinks the sun,
My moorings to the past snap one by one.”

A. MASON DUPRE.

The Relationship Between Dr. Holmes and His Works.

In the critical examination of the works of a man of genius, it is first very necessary that a study of the relationship, which undoubtedly always exists between the man and his life and works, should be considered. To accomplish this end in a way befitting the subject, one must become first, a biographer in order to give in unbroken succession the record of his life, and, secondly, a critic, to study everything produced, comparing it with other known standards and assigning each to its respective place.

Now, while it is true that criticism is only the opinions of competent men in regard to the relative literary merits and demerits of an author, yet these individual opinions must cluster around and conform to the general thread or law of criticism taken as a universal standard; for there are laws of criticism which no one can change and to which all must be obedient who would criticise justly and accurately. But of course it is understood that each will lend his individuality to them.

Dr. Holmes was the sixth son of a minister—Dr. Abill Holmes—and inherited from him and his ancestors something of a literary tendency, which he took in hand, worked it to the best of his ability, and consequently completed in himself what his father may have lacked. In his boyhood he was a very cheerful, bright, fanciful and imaginative youth, easily startled at any little unusual occurrence. At school he was bright, and being very popular among his playmates on account of his jovial, sociable nature, it was not at all unusual for one to see a cluster of boys and girls of whom he was the central and most important figure. This is a characteristic of the child, developing more and more in his youth and manhood, and reaching its best in old age.

After leaving the primary schools of Cambridgeport and Phillips Andover Academies, he entered Harvard and graduated from that institution at the age of twenty in 1829. Here he displayed great interest in all the movements of his fellow students, showing an extraordinary aptness for any literary composition which was placed on him for execution, especially on the line of verse. This fitness won for him the election as class poet of a very famous class.

Leaving Harvard, he began the study of law, but, similar to all our men of genius, he wavered, was unsatisfied, and at last commenced the study of medicine. Concentrating all his forces upon this branch of professional life, he rose rapidly, which shows with what perfect wisdom the choice was made. Possibly he may have been somewhat successful as a jurist, yet his genius was of the anatomical turn, and that, of course, was

the sphere in which he would be most congenial, therefore most successful. As with Holmes, so with all, the greatest success in life lies in that field towards which our hearts and souls naturally turn, for with the environments all in harmony with our nature, and a determination to do our best, success is the closely following result.

Completing the elementary medical schools of Boston he went to Paris and graduated from there with the degree of M. D. in 1836. How fortunate, too, that he is known as *Dr. Holmes*, for perhaps through this we show more respect for him than is generally conferred upon the great majority of our greater men, and instead of speaking of him as Holmes we accustom ourselves to call him *Dr. Holmes*. There is something touching in the commonplace way we have of designating our learned men simply as Shakespeare, Milton, Poe and such; and it is more noticeable when we add a title such as "*Dr.*," for at least it shields an author from the commonplace.

He served a time as Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in Dartmouth, but soon quitted this for a much better one in Harvard, where his pen first began its best work.

Among the first productions we find a large number of essays written on many subjects, but especially good ones on medical and physiological subjects, as "*The Physiology of Walking*," "*Care of the Baby*."

Before and during this period he had written several poems, many of which appeared through the press while at Dartmouth. During the year 1857, in which that famous exponent of the early thought of America's young thriving literature, the *Atlantic Monthly* was founded, and in the immediately following year he produced the works for which he is most famous. It was through the columns of this periodical that the public attention became so deeply riveted upon him and at once perceived that he was a man of much scientific and literary talent. The work upon which his claim on authorship will ever be based—The Breakfast-Table Series—

appeared from number to number in this magazine, as a series of papers. The *Atlantic* was not only a champion of his prose (which in fact needed no champion), but of his poetry. From this time on he was, until his death, October 7th, 1894, ever busy with his practice, his lectures and with his books.

By nature Holmes was of a very happy disposition, and very sociable, being not only free and easy with those with whom he was very intimately associated, but admitted into his ever widening circle of friendship and associates all who sought him. The fireside of his sunny home was open to all, and, sending out its cheerful reports, gradually drew to him many who otherwise would only admire what he produced. In him was blended in a charming manner all that is genial, truthful, sincere, matter-of-fact and outspoken. It has been said that rapid talkers usually have little depth to what they say, but Dr. Holmes stands out as a brilliant exception, for he was a very rapid, vivacious speaker in all his conversations, as if striving to say all he could for fear lest he should be cut off too soon. This pleasant faculty, united with his extreme originality, independent thought and humor, was the cause of his great popularity. If we should exclude all the literary merits of his works, that which remained would still insure to him widespread popularity and some success, for to a certain extent literary popularity is literary success. The simple fact that we have been brought face to face, heart to heart, with one whose bright, sympathizing, happy life instills into our depressed spirits the lesson to make the best of life, ever looking on the bright side, seeing in every storm-cloud some signs of a silver lining, would be, I say, cause enough for us to love, revere and make immortal his name. His productions are but the translations he made for us of the better and sunny side of earthly life. Among his faults, which we can easily cull from his "Breakfast-Table Series," is that of egotism. It may be that self-esteem which is wrong to have, but, using the words of another, to me it is "that which only comes from a scholarly brain, confident of its supe-

riority over the commonplace." A critic has said "that there was never any sort of pretense about Dr. Holmes, no pomposity, no desire to be impressive, no taint of the pedant; and though he delighted in his scholarship, he often preferred to exhibit it through the medium of humor rather than in a scholastic way." Another—but shall I call it a fault—his hatred for the South during the late war. He was an abolitionist from beginning to end, and he most assuredly displayed, in the lines on "Sherman's March on Savannah," one of the worst sides of his characteristic life:"

"Soon shall Richmond's tough old hide
Find a tough old tanner;
Soon from every rebe wa'll
Shall the rag of treason fall,
Till our banner flaps o'er all
As it crowns Savannah."

Of course I could not nor would not say *that*, in itself, was a fault, but when this unwarranted prejudice and exaggeration occurs together I think it is a fault.

As a humorist, Dr. Holmes certainly stands among the first, and displays himself at his best in the "Autocrat." This work has many merits, its pages are so full of wisdom, intermingled to a delightful degree with wit, that it affords one much true pleasure to read; yet, as with any book of its kind, it is impossible to obtain the greatest pleasure and satisfaction by reading it at one sitting. The best results come from a periodic reading, such as for instance while at work, just to take it in "broken doses."

In every respect this book teems with originality. In the meaning, in the lessons to be taught, in its mechanical form, we see the same man all the time. But the question, what is its purpose? has often been asked. The only answer that I can give is, that it is mainly to please. True, Dr. Holmes is not always revelling in spicy, humorous sayings, for, here and there intermixed with these, we find on nearly every page some deep truth. Dr. Holmes reminds me very forcibly of the snowy gull floating through the air, just above the

rippled surface of the sea, watching every moment for some minute sign of the proximity of its finny prey; then, with wings folded and outstretched bill, darts like an arrow deep down but to return with the well-earned minnow. Revelling in witticisms, bright with pleasure-giving sentences, he often dives into his vast storehouse of knowledge to reappear with some noble thought. Perhaps one reason why we get as much real enjoyment from him is that he wrote for pleasure in his leisure moments, and not because he was compelled to.

Among the characteristics of a humorist, openness or frankness and exaggeration are two very important ones, the first praiseworthy, the latter necessary to the ridiculous side, yet detracting from the accuracy which ought to be in all truly literary works. Had it not been for his wide-spread knowledge which is absolutely necessary to such a work, we would not have had the "Autocrat." While he wanders, in the different conversations, from theme to theme, it does not become tiresome. And why wonder at this? It is only the outcropping of his discursive brain. Although talking on various topics, "nowhere is wisdom, wit, pathos and humor more harmoniously blended. Abounding with sage sayings, and sparkling with wit, not of that boisterous, harsh kind, which never lives after its first utterance or appearance; but of that gentle, persuasive species which possesses our whole soul and then makes its impression, provoking a smile upon the most puritanical countenance. Dr. Holmes was an epigrammatist, which is perhaps one of his greatest weaknesses, calling for many small, insignificant verses. I may say, too, that he was to a certain extent a maker of proverbs, for his works are full of a very proverbial nature, such as "A man whose opinions are not attacked is beneath contempt." Another, but which is not quite so proverbial, but possessing much truth, "Laughter and tears are meant to turn the wheels of the same machinery of sensibility; one is the wind-power and the other the water-power, that is all." This, together with the following, would make a very appropriate motto of his life, "Every language is a temple in which the soul of those who speak it is enshrined."

The "Autocrat" abounds in just such trite lines as these, every page has one or more. At least one criticism that Richardson has gotten correct, is that of Dr. Holmes, of whom he says: "The art of saying things wise and witty will never leave Dr. Holmes as long as he lives." But at the most, that is but the reiteration of what we all say, who have glanced at his happy life. The "Poet" and "Professor" are of the same order, as the "Autocrat" and although the "Poet" is classed by some critics as his best, still the general verdict is that the "Autocrat" is the masterpiece.

As a novelist, Dr. Holmes does not appear at his best by any means, nevertheless his novels show up well the anatomical trend of his brain. This characteristic is perhaps portrayed to a better degree in his psychological essay, the "Mechanism in Thought and Morals," which in itself is almost a psychology. In this, as in all, he is remarkably true to nature. Perhaps that true interpretation of nature may be accounted for by the fact that as a physician and Professor, he was thrown into a sphere of society in which his broad liberal mind would become broader and more liberal by observation and practice. In all his prose works, even in those which treat of psychological subjects, there is a charm, which contributes much to their fame by admitting them to a larger circle of readers, I mean simplicity. Any one can read him, any one can understand him. This simplicity, which amounts almost to childishness, linked with his philanthropic spirit has joined him forever with the lower classes. In prose what Burns was in poetry. So much for a small portion of his prose.

During the earlier years of his life, his reputation was based almost entirely on his poems, which were thought to be the pastime productions of a professional life. But learning the reputation he had made as a pastime poet, of a scientific writer and as lecturer, in 1852, he offered the "English Poets of the 19th Century" before the Lowell Institute in Boston and at once leaped into more prominence on account of his manifested poetic insight. From now on appeared in great abundance

from his maturing pen, prose, interspersed tastily with verse. Dr. Holmes was a poet, and while he is not one of the first water and thus to be ranked with Tennyson ; still he created a place of his own and is not to be classed and labelled as we are able to do with many of our best singers. Many of his earlier poems were written after the style of class-poems, after-dinner lines, etc., the latter of which was characteristic of him even until death.

This is one reason why he is not of the highest rank, because a man cannot be a poet of occasion and a true poet with much success. Poetry that is the spontaneous result of an inspiration will last, while that which is made to order or by request has not lasting powers enough to endure criticism and come out stronger.

The intensely patriotic side of Dr. Holmes' spirit is beautifully and lastingly portrayed in "Old Ironsides," which was among his very earliest poems. This was occasioned by the proposed destruction of the old war-frigate, the "Constitution," and, as it is said, very probably kept this old relic of Revolutionary days from passing entirely into history.

Many of his best verses appeared in the Breakfast-Table Series, and adds much lustre and charm to those immortal works. This very peculiar arrangement created a new place in American literature and was strictly original with Dr. Holmes: That is, the uniting of conversational prose spiced with verse insuch an artistic manner. There are few poems that have the same effect on readers as that of the "Chambered Nautilus." Some critics say "that the lesson taught in this would probably rule it from the realms of true poetry." Well, perhaps so ; but although I do not know what true poetry is according to their doctrine, my opinion is that the following oft-quoted lines are the very quintessence of poetry:

"Build thee more statelier mansions,
O. my soul,
As the swift seasons roll !

Let each new temple, nobler than the last,

Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea,"

and would rest contented all my life if I had first uttered them. Anything that will instill in the reader such grand emotions, such feelings of intense sublimity, such finely drawn lessons, is, in my humble opinion, the very best of poetry. Contrast the above deep, melodious lines with the following pathos and humor which Mr. Richardson says is his masterpiece, the last verse of the "Last Leaf:"

"And if I should live to be
The last leaf on the tree
In the Spring.
Let them smile as I do now
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling."

These two extracts are from two of the six that, according to the same critic, "are significant." He also says "that the latter can never die, as it is such an artless piece of art, such a rare union of unadorned humor and tender pathos." I would like to ask right here, what is to keep the "Chambered Nautilus" from living? If a poem is popular and maintains that popularity, even though it is near the borderlands of true poetry, what else can become of it than that it should live? If the latter, according to the criticism of a supposed competent critic, can never die, why should the former, which is just as much read and just as popular, is read and enjoyed by perhaps more, die? Do the criticisms of a few critics, in placing a poem outside the bounds of poetry, when the world reverses their decision, overrule and cause the poem to be cast upon the shelf as a memento of a once good-natured, talented man who was so unfortunate as to be thrown from his place among the bards by the combination of a few critics? It does seem as if there was and is a ring in the field of critics combined to fight against all poets who do not exactly suit the tastes and fancies of that ring. Perhaps they will not award him his rightful place among the sweet singers

of our land, yet they have been kindhearted enough to give him the first place in one sphere—that of “University poet.”

Whether his reputation as a poet and prose writer lasts or not, whether that reputation be good or not, will not detract from the pleasant memory of the many cheerful, happy lessons we must derive from his works, which will so lastingly and correctly retain the life of the man, that he will need no biographer.

We might leave him, imperfectly though sincerely criticised, with the lines which he wrote to Henry W. Longfellow:

“Thou, who hast won the hearts of half mankind,
The proudest, fondest love thou leavest still behind.”

GUS. M. CHREITZBERG.

Bayard Taylor.

It is customary to bound a man's life by two dates, that of his entrance into the world and his exit. But this is a mistake. We can give only one exact, sharp-cut limit to anyone's life, namely, his birth. But who can fix the other limit? Certainly death does not, and especially if the one is a poet. True, life and soul have their birth at the same time, both rise together, but in reality neither knows death, neither has a setting.

So with mathematical exactness we can place one determinative point in the life of Bayard Taylor. He was born January 25, 1825, at Kennett Square, Chester county, Penn.

As he is not so well known as some of the other American poets, by reason of circumstances which I shall endeavor to point out later, it will be well to give a brief account of his life, which may be found with no change as to the facts in one of the Encyclopedias.

His birth was in environment very much unlike that of the literary men of Boston. He had no prominent ancestors for two or three generations back like Emerson and Holmes and Lowell, but his ancestry was of that strong,

sturdy Quaker stock that has made Pennsylvania the "Keystone State" in other than geographical meaning. His father was a plain, ordinary Pennsylvania farmer, a fact that shows something can come from among farmers besides seedy-looking individuals with *Pefferian* whiskers, "green as grass." Taylor, like and unlike many other good poets, did not enjoy a college education. Graduated from the public schools of a small Penn. village, at the age of seventeen, he apprenticed himself to a printer. Here he first became aware of his poetic possibilities, and published when he was nineteen a small volume of poems entitled "Ximena." This brought him some money which enabled him to go to New York, where he became connected with the New York Tribune as correspondent, and supplied with funds to take him to Europe, where he traveled extensively for two years, most of the time on foot, accounts of which travels he wrote to the Tribune and which were afterwards published in a volume entitled "Views Afloat." This book gave him some literary reputation, brought him into the notice of Horace Greeley, and caused him to be connected with the Tribune as a member of its Editorial staff on a small salary. Upon this he went to California at the time of the gold fever as Tribune correspondent, whence he returned to New York by way of Mexico. The account of this trip he published in his "Eldorado," a book which attained a wonderful popularity, 40,000 copies being sold within two weeks after its publication. This phenomenal success can scarcely be attributed to any transcendent literary merit on Taylor's part. We must remember that a book written about California by almost anybody at that time when its gold mines were drawing the attention of the whole world towards the Pacific coast would have met with a large sale. In 1851 he went to Africa, traveled through Egypt, Nubia and far up the Nile. These travels he tells us of in verse. From Africa he went back to England; from England in 1852 he sailed for Calcutta; from Calcutta he went to China, from China to Japan, where he joined Commodore Perry in opening up the ports of Japan to western

commerce and civilization. Accounts of these travels he gives us in "A Journey to Central Africa," "The Land of the Saracens, or Pictures of Palestine, Asia Minor, Sicily and Spain," and "A Visit to India, China and Japan in the year 1853.

In 1854, after his return to America from these travels he started on a very remunerative two years' lecturing tour, taking in all important cities from Maine to Wisconsin. Then he girded up his loins again and took a journey into a far country, being this time Norway and Sweden, and countries of North Europe. The monument he erected to this journey is his pastoral poem, "Lars." In October of the same year he married Maria Hansen, the daughter of a distinguished German astronomer. The following winter was spent in Greece. In 1859 he again traveled over the western part of America. In 1863 he was sent to Russia as U. S. Minister. In 1864 he returned to America, and began novel-writing. His first of four novels was published the same year, "Hannah Thurston." His success as a novelist was transient, if he had any at all. In 1874 he visited Iceland. In 1878 he was minister to Germany. The same year he contracted some liver troubles, brought on by too much study and sedentary habits and died in Berlin Dec. 17, 1878, just a few months after his arrival there as minister.

Taylor's life was a polygon of many sides. Too much so for him to be immortal in any one phase. We know him first as a printer, then a versifier, and then as a newspaper correspondent. Now we see him as a traveler, a sort of truthful John Mandeville, a Ulysses of many wanderings, visiting almost every country on the face of the earth, and adapting himself to the life and influences of every clime. We see him as an American taking in the sights of Western United States; as an Englishman living in the heart of London, as a Frenchman in the gay whirl of Paris life; as a Swiss peasant climbing up the heights of Mt. Blanc, or tramping around among the eternal snows of the Alps; as a hardy Norseman dwelling among the deep-jutted and pine-covered shores of Northern Europe; as a German quaf-

ing his glass of beer and smoking his peaceful pipe among the fat and sturdy sons of the "Fatherland"; as a true son of the South amid the old cities and under the blue skies of Italy; as a wandering Arab, mounted on some swift Arabian mare, flying across the desert sands, or idling away his time in some old Egyptian city or clambering up and down the sides of the Pyramids, or as some African explorer making his way up to the very sources of the Nile; as a bible explorer in Palestine among the nursery scenes of Christianity; as a high caste Brahmin in "India's coral strand"; or as some pig-tailed Chinese amid the crowded provinces of the celestial empire; or as some more progressive Jap at the throwing open of Japan's ports to the influx of the new and superior ideas of the western world.

Taylor stands before us also as a voluminous writer of travels; as a lecturer, as an essayist, as a novelist, as a dramatist, as a poet, and as a diplomatist. In each of these various lines he met with no mean success, but his lasting fame depends more upon his success as a poet. He has left us in the shape of his own poems a volume of about 350 pages, besides a translation of Goethe's "Faust," which stands foremost among English translations of the great German masterpiece.

We will now forget Taylor as the man of many pursuits and notice him especially as a poet.

Every man has deeply interwoven into his own nature some theory for all the great questions of life, and some definition for those mighty forces which sway the souls of all mankind. Every one, therefore, must have his own idea as to what beauty and harmony means; every one must be a judge and critic to himself as to what poetry is. Therefore, when every one has a definition in his deepest consciousness as to the effect it produces upon him, it is needless for me to express, even if I could, my idea as to what poetry signifies. It would be only heaping one more definition upon the world-wide pile of already accumulated definitions. The defining of poetry may multiply and go on multiplying forever, and yet poetry is not universally defined. One little

critic after another may spring into existence, say his little say, and then be buried beneath the waters of oblivion, yet the poet lives on. Critics after all are frequently no more than parasites.

Without being any more of a critic than I must, I shall apply to Taylor some of the principal laws and tenets of modern criticism, as formulated and laid down by others. First, he was not didactic in his poetry. Second, he was not iconoclastic. Third, he was not over-sentimental. Fourth, he was a lover of nature. These four rules go to show that he was a true poet.

In Taylor's own opinion the poet was the interpreter and revealer of all that is best in man, or nature. To him there was a voice of celestial music in all things, whether animate or inanimate. We would all be poets if we were not so deaf to those heavenly harmonies which pulsate through all space, and blind to those enrapturing sights which lie hidden in every atom of the universe. The different tones and pitches of sound, the different primary colours of the spectrum suggest to us the inconceivable melodies and beauties which are everywhere, but unknown for the need of some interpreting human sensibility. Who knows what variety of color exists throughout the Universe above violet and below red in the scale of the spectrum? Who knows the infinity of sound above and below the highest and lowest notes? There are some beings whose keen, refined sensibilities detect more of this world of harmony than others. May they not be our poets? Wherever Taylor went, in whatever mood he was in, a comforting song rang in his ear.

In that collection of poems, "The Poet's Journal," he sings a song of sadness, of pathos and purity, made better and sweeter by the return of happiness. In his early manhood he became engaged to a young girl, who was afterwards taken with a slow, wasting, but fatal disease. Taylor, in order to be more with her, and to give expression to his deep, manly love for her, by nursing her, married her just a short while before her death. This sad event cast a deep shadow over the greater part of

his after life. After many years, when Time's healing hands had practiced their surgery on his saddened life, he married Marie Hansen, in whom he found just such an help-meet and companion as he had been sorrowing for since the death of his first wife. After his second marriage, he published the poems in the "Poet's Journal," dedicated to his second wife, and giving expression to his feelings of gladness at having his silent sorrows dispelled by the gentle influence of quiet joys, and also containing glimpses of his home life, which was beautiful indeed. He reconciles himself to the happy lot of forgetting his first wife in his second, in his poem "The Vision." Two beautiful little poems in this collection, glorifying the sacredness of parental love, are those entitled "The Father" and "The Mother." Scattered throughout the poems of this collection are passages of poetic beauty which any poet might well be proud of. One poem especially, "Autumnal Dreams," is rich in poetic imagery and sentiment. If Taylor can be at all accused of the poet's unpardonable sin, too much sentimentality, his "Poet's Journal" furnishes more grounds for such an accusation than any of his other verses.

In his "Poems of the Orient," he catches the spirit of eastern lands and transcribes it into western verse. In his dedicatory poem to this collection, written in honor of his friend, Richard Henry Stoddard, while he, Taylor, was upon Mt. Tmolus' side,

"In the warm myrtles, in the golden air
Of the declining day, which lays bare,
Half drapes, the silent mountains and the wide
Embosomed vale, that wanders to the sea,"

he speaks of the curse, or blessing, which was ever with and in him, namely, "The torment and the ecstasy of verse." By quoting several passages, though not very connected ones, from this poem, we can better understand Taylor as a poet.

———"and the very stones
Reverberant, din the mellow air with tones
Which the sweet air remembers; and they blend
With fainter echoes, which the mountains fling

From far oracular caverns: so, my friend,
I cannot choose but sing!"
 "Down the charmed air did light Apollo drop;
 Great Pan ascended from the vales below.
 I see them sitting in the silent glow;
 I hear the alternating measures flow
 From pipe and golden lyre;—the melody
 Heard by the Gods betwixt their nectar bowls,
 Or when, from out the chambers of the sea,
 Comes the triumphant Morning, and unrolls
 A pathway for the sun."
 "You strain your ear to catch the harmonies
 That in some finer region have their birth;
 I turn, despairing, from the quest of these,
And seek to learn the native tongue of Earth."
 "I at the threshold of that world have lain,
 Gazed on its glory, heard the grand acclaim
 Wherewith its trumpets hail the sons of Fame,
 And striven its speech to master—but in vain"

According to the doctrine that the poet sings because he must, these verses quoted prove conclusively Taylor's claims of being recognized as a great poet.

In these "Poems of the Orient," it is not Bayard Taylor, the American poet, we hear singing, but it is Bayard Taylor the Oriental poet. He has the power of transforming himself in his poetry, thereby making himself a cosmopolite of song, as he had the power of transforming his dress and manners to suit whatever country he might be in.

"And the poet knew the Land of the East,
 For his soul was native there."

In these poems are to be met the true Eastern characteristics, such as warmth of passion, languishing softness, ease, voluptuousness, and the splendor of the Oriental imagination, as we have it elsewhere in "Arabian Nights," beautifully and harmoniously blended into the cadences of English metres. The characteristic element of these poems is, perhaps, his facility of description, scene-painting and narrative. This element is well brought out in "The Temptation of Hassan Ben Khaded," "Amram's Wooing," "The Garden of Irem," "Nubia," "Kilimandjaro," "The Nile," "Hassan to

His Mare," and "Tyre." His short songs in this collection will, perhaps, bear the greater burden of his future fame. Principal among these, I would mention the song, beginning, "Daughter of Egypt, veil Thine Eyes," "The Bedouin Song," whose chorus speaks of that passionate Oriental Love that shall not die

"Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are cold,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold,"

the "Nilotic Drinking Song," and "Camadeva," a word which is a lyric in itself.

The next collection of poems is "Romances and Lyrics," dedicated to George H. Boker. The very first lyric in this collection, "Porphyrogenitus" may be compared, by the thought suggested, with Gray's Progress of Poesy," and not unfavorably either. This collection taken *in toto* is the best of the various collections. These exquisite pieces, "Metempsychosis of the Pine," "Hylas," "Kubleh," "The Soldier and the Pard," and the "Song of the Camp," beginning, "Give us a Song! the Soldiers cried," and ending with the verse:

"Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing;
The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring,"

are sufficient to give any small collection of poems an undying perpetuity.

As a poet, Taylor is nearer to the public heart for his lyrics, songs and ballads. Among his earlier poems are a few songs worthy of notice. These express—nearly all of them—the gloom his early life was thrown into. "Moan, ye Wild Winds! around the pane," certainly has a dismal impression to convey, not unlike Longfellow's lugubrious whine, "The world is cold, and dark and dreary." Among such sad, reminiscent songs of this period of his life are those beginning, "I plucked for thee the wilding rose," "From the bosom of the Ocean I seek thee," and the "Waves." "The Storm

Song," beginning with "The clouds are scudding across the moon," is a fine picture of a storm at sea, and ends up like some country preachers end their sermons, with a good, sound, old-fashioned exhortation.

The poems by which Taylor was best known and loved in his native State are probably his "Home Ballads." In these poems he is most closely associated with Whittier in his treatment of humble, rustic scenes. In the "Quaker Widow," "The Holly Tree," "John Reed," "Jane Reed," and "The Old Pennsylvania Farmer," Taylor and Whittier have common grounds of kinship. But in his odes on National occasions and in his few war pieces he and John Greenleaf part company. Taylor of course was a Union man, and favored the abolition of slaves, but he did not write very much on the subject, and when he did write he wrote with so much mildness as to be surprising to a Southern man. He cannot be accused of prejudice, like his brother poet Whittier can justly be. Every sound coming from the South was not to Taylor's ears the hissing sound of the lash falling upon some poor, down-trodden, bleeding negro girl. He had too much common sense to believe all the Northern newspaper reports of Southern cruelty which poured their poison into Whittier's ears with the same mind-paralysing and curdling effect upon him as the poison of the weed had upon Hamlet's father. This is very likely due to the fact that Taylor was a newspaper correspondent himself. It has been suggested that Taylor was too widely traveled, and had seen too much of the world and its ways to allow his reason to be dwarfed into the contracted circles of ignorance, prejudice, narrowness, bigotry, falsehood and foolishness, that Whittier's occupied in so many of his anti-slavery harangues. There is a striking resemblance upon the whole between Taylor's and Longfellow's poems, leaving out, however, Longfellow's didacticism.

After a study of Taylor's poems, the question naturally comes up, What place does he occupy in literature? Many critics rank him among the foremost of American poets. Richardson says he and Poe were the greatest

lyric poets of America. Stedman says "no one who would acquaint himself with American poetry can overlook Bayard Taylor's share of it," while Poe himself pronounced him "the most terse, glowing, and vigorous of all our poets, young or old, in point of expression."

In comparing him with the great American poets, as Longfellow, Whittier and Poe, we at once find that in many respects he is their equal, and in some their superior. Then why is he not regarded as one of our leading poets by popular verdict? The answer is he travelled too much, he was too cosmopolitan, he was busied with too many employments. Had he written what he did write on American subjects, instead of embracing every country under the sun, he would be one of our greatest poets. The fault is not in *what* he wrote, for the pure, genuine poetry is there, but *where* he wrote it. We must not only focalize all of our abilities at one point, but we must keep that point fixed, and not moving about, as Taylor did, if we wish those abilities to burn their way into the public mind for all time. Had Longfellow's poems been written on different subjects, in different lands, as Taylor's were, he too would be like Taylor now is.

H. J. SHOEMAKER.

Sidney Lanier—Or, The Southern Poet.

With the burning love and pity that fills a Scotchman's breast as he looks upon the grave of his favorite poet, Robert Burns; with the unspoken sympathy and patriotism which an English traveler experiences as he walks through the Protestant cemetery at Rome and sees where is deposited the remains of Keats and Shelley; with the unbounded loyalty and inspiration which takes possession of a New Englander when he stands upon the rock-ribbed hill where sleeps his well beloved and much admired Bryant—the father of American poetry; with all of this intense pity and inspiration and loyalty and love, I say, does every true Southerner visit the Green-

mount cemetery in Baltimore, for there he finds the last resting place of the Southern patriot and the Southern bard—Sidney Lanier.

At Macon, Georgia, on the 3rd. of February, 1842, Lanier was born. He was of no mean ancestral line; his earliest known grandsire, Jerome Lanier, was attached to the court, and had gained the favor of Queen Elizabeth, while James I and Charles I considered themselves fortunate in being able to employ his son Nicholas as director of music, painter, and political envoy.

The first member of this family to settle in America was Thomas Lanier, who came over in 1716, and settled with other colonists in Virginia, on a grant of land which now includes the city of Richmond. One of his relatives, another Thomas Lanier, married an aunt of George Washington.

The father of our poet, Robert S. Lanier, married a Virginia lady of Scotch descent, Mary Anderson. She could boast of the best blood of her illustrious State, for her family had not only played a prominent part in the political history of Virginia, but it was noted for its unusual gift in poetry, music and oratory. Thus we see that the two long lines of music and poetry were united by the marriage of Robert Lanier and Mary Anderson, and they reached their consummation in Sidney, the first-born son.

The earliest passion which possessed our poet was that of music, and when a child he learned to play, with but little instruction, on the flute, organ, piano, violin, guitar and banjo.

When fourteen years of age he entered Oglethorpe College, a Presbyterian institution in Georgia, which had not the financial means to carry it over the panic caused by the war. Here he graduated in 1860, at the head of his class. There was at least one impression made for good during his college course, and that proceeded from the then Prof. James Woodrow. "During the last weeks of his life, Mr. Lanier stated that he owed to Prof. Woodrow the strongest and most valuable stimulus of his youth." May the worthy Doctor continue to

use that elevating influence upon the young men who attend the college which is now proud to call him its president.

About one year after leaving college, Sidney Lanier was called from the field of literature to that of war. He enlisted in the Confederate army with one of the first battalions that left Georgia for Virginia. Taking part in the battles of Seven Pines, Drewry's Bluffs, and the seven days' fight around Richmond, terminating in the desperate struggle of Malvern Hill, he remained in active service until the latter part of the war, when he was captured and kept in prison until the spring of 1865. It was during these years of privation and exposure in which were developed the seeds of consumption, the disease which, after fifteen years of the strongest opposition that will and opposition could afford, destroyed him.

On returning home from Point Lookout prison (Maryland), he was taken seriously ill and was unable to do anything. Partly recovering from his sickness, caused by congestion of the lungs, he tried for nine years in various ways to make a living: "clerking in a hotel in Montgomery, Ala., for two years; teaching at Prattsville, Ala., one year, and then practicing law with his father at Macon, Ga., for five years. Now, in the winter of 1872-73, trying to recuperate at San Antonio, Texas—for hemorrhages had begun in 1868, and a cough had set in two years later—and finally settled in Baltimore, December, 1873."

During these years he wrote and published his novel, "Tiger Lillies." As I do not intend to treat of Lanier as a prose writer, I will not dwell on this book, but will only give a few sentences from it in order to exemplify the high esteem he had for music, and that you may obtain an insight into the character of the man. In these sentences one of his characters says:

"To make a home out of a household, give the raw materials to wit, wife, children, a friend or two, and a house—two other things are necessary—these are a good fire and good music, and inasmuch as we can do without

the fire for half of the year, I may say music is the one essential." "Late explorers say they have found some nations that have no God, but I have not read of any that have no music." "Music means harmony, harmony means love, love means God."

In December, '67, he married Miss Day of Macon. This was a most happy union. Through all of his sickness and adverse circumstances, Mrs. Lanier was ever present with a ready hand and cheerful heart. The intense love he bore for her is shown in his letters, written when he was away from his family at different health resorts, and in his poem entitled "My Springs," where we find these lines:

"O love, O wife, thine eyes are they
My springs, from out whose shining gray
Issues the sweet celestial streams
That feed my life's bright lake of dreams.

Good and large and passion-pure,
And gray and wise and honor sure,
Soft as a dying violet breath,
Yet calmly unafraid of death.

Dear eyes, dear eyes, and rare complete,
Being Heavenly-sweet and earthly-sweet,
I marvel that God made you mine.
For when he frowns 'tis then ye shine."

When he arrives in Baltimore "with his flute and his pen for sword and staff," he secured a place in the Peabody Symphony Concerts as first flute player, and determined to spend the remaining part of his life in the pursuit of musical and literary attainments.

On his birthday, in 1879, Lanier received an appointment as teacher of English literature at the Johns Hopkins University. This position he continued to fill until the spring of '81 (with the exception of intervals caused from extreme illness) when his health completely failed him. As a last resort he determined to try tent life on the mountains of Western North Carolina. There he hastened accompanied by his brother Clifford. But not even the bracing breezes which are only enjoyed in "the land of the sky" could restore him to health. And

there, from one of the loftiest peaks of Polk county, far above all common sights and sounds, in that fit place for human hearts to offer up their highest homage; there, from "God's own foot-stool," where nature's "cloud stillness" reigns supreme, the soul that loved so well to sing of nature took its flight to even higher realms.

Now, let us look briefly at Lanier as a poet and man. All of his readers will admit that he not only used great variety in the style of his verse, such as iambic, trochaic, blank, and the sonnet, with about equal skill; but he was also fully as well rounded and many sided in regard to the subjects about which he wrote, and in his way of looking at the world with its many problems to be solved. All will admit that in his poems he expresses the spirit of the times

In the "Acknowledgement" we see that he is well aware of the fact that one of the main tendencies of our age is toward agnosticism; in "The Symphony" we find him deploring the rapid growth of mercantile spirit during the present century, and pleading manfully for more heart, more love, and less of the oppressor's greed for gain; while from "Corn" and Jones's Private Argument" we learn that he fully understands the injurious effect brought about by Southern planters renting or selling their farms and moving to a town or out west; also he sees and ridicules the stupid argument resorted to by so many farmers as to raising cotton. I dare say that all of us who have been so fortunate as to spend the greater part of our lives in the rural district of South Carolina are acquainted with just a man as Jones was. I allude to our neighbor, the wise one-gallus farmer, who we have seen go on a summer's eve to an Alliance meeting. After he has heard big speeches about raising more corn and meat, while cotton must be planted only as a surplus crop; and after he has heard some genius of this century describe in glowing words, the way by which some one of his much admired countrymen will ascend every political step leading to the White House, he then says "good day" to his associates, unties the

rope which has connected his mule's head with a pine sapling, gets into his little wagon, seats himself on a box which has been presented to him by the liberal hearted merchant, who owns a lien on his entire crop; and as the wagon rolls away, he says to himself, as did farmer Jones :

"Hit's true;
That speaker' head is level.
 T^h ar's one thing farmers all must do,
 To keep themselves from goin' to
Bankruptcy and the devil.
More corn, more corn, must plant less ground,
 And musn't eat what's boughten;
Next year they'll do it: reason sound;
(And cotton will fetch bout a dollar a pound.)
 Therefore, I'll plant all cotton."

And so he does.

Lanier was in thought, word and deed a true Southerner. But how could he have been otherwise? For he was born in the South, educated in a Southern college, fought four years for a Southern cause, and died upon Southern soil; so, no matter what his faults or his virtues may be, they all belong to us. Like all Southern poets—and in fact the majority of modern verse writers, he was a lover of nature, and in her he saw many beauties that are veiled to grosser visions. Take as examples "The Mocking Bird," "Sunrise," "The Marshes of Glyn," and "The Song of the Chattahoochee."

In calling him a true Southerner, the fact is implied that his soul was filled with patriotism. But it was that broad patriotism which enables us to love and to admire our own country and its inhabitants, while we endeavor not to display the faults of others. For in none of his writings have I found words of abuse towards anyone. Read his lines on "The Dying Words of Stonewall Jackson," for in them is portrayed the loving loyalty of his heart. And how could he have better described the untiring energy, the thoughtful, tender care for others, and the Christian faith of him who was in some respects, even greater than "The leader of the Ironsides."

Now, in passing from the poet's thoughts, let us consider the style of his poetry—the way in which he expressed those thoughts. In this we find some faults. At times he makes his sentences too long ; again we see him allowing his imagination to carry him too far, thereby causing us to stand star-gazing, with our mouths wide open, when there is nothing but sweet savored vapor to be received. While in other poems he is wanting in simplicity, and his lines are by no means clear enough for the common run of readers. But these are faults of which well nigh all our best poets are guilty, and he can by no means be condemned on account of them. On the other hand, we often find in his lines the rarest beauty of style. I have already spoken of his variety in versification. His poetry especially abounds in a careful distribution of vowel colors and in the frequent use of alliteration. But two of the most striking characteristics of his verse are the marvelous euphony, as shown in "The Song of the Chattahoochee," and the usual vigor and beauty in his figures of speech. While looking at one of the old neglected, weather-beaten hills of his native State, he says:

"Thou gashed and hairy Lear,
Whom the divine Cordella of the year,
E'en pitying Spring will vainly strive to cheer."

As to his theory of poetry, I will say but little, for in this essay I wish to speak mainly of what he wrote in poetry, and not of what he said about poetry. He insisted that one must study and know a great deal in order to be an artist. And, although he felt sure that poets could not be manufactured by formal laws, still he believed with Ben Johnson, that "A good poet's made as well as born." Lanier thought that a poet should have a scientific knowledge of his art, consequently he wrote "The Science of English Verse." I will say frankly that from this book I obtained but little. Still I believe the fault is not in the book, but in the fact that the reader is not yet educated up to the enjoyments of its contents. I can scarcely agree with Mr. Richardson when he tells us that "the analytical and exhaustive

musical studies—applied to literature in “The Science of English Verse,” greatly harmed his creative work.” Rather do I endorse the *Encyclopædia Americana* in saying that although in “The Science of English Verse,” he presents the technicalities of metre in a novel form; yet his thorough study of the mechanical part of verse did not obscure or overlook his grand poetic genius. At any rate, all must admit that he drew his own line and hewed to it, regardless of where the chips fell, or what people said about them. This is clearly shown by reading a letter written to his father in which we find these words: “The artist should put forth, humbly and lovingly, and without bitterness against opposition, the very best and highest that is within him, utterly regardless of contemporary criticism. What possible claim can contemporary criticism set up to respect that criticism which crucified Jesus Christ, stoned Stephen, hooted Paul for a madman, tried Luther for a criminal, tortured Galileo, bound Columbus in chains, drove Dante into a hell of exile, made Shakespeare write the sonnet “When in disgrace with fortune and men’s eyes,” gave Milton five pounds for “Paradise Lost,” kept Samuel Johnson cooling his heels on Lord Chesterfield’s doorstep, reviled Shelley as an unclean dog, killed Keats, and committed so many other impious follies and stupidities that a thousand letters like this could suffice even to catalogue them?”

Milton tells us that in order to be a great poet, one must himself be a true poem. Although many of the world’s greatest poets have failed to live up to the standard of their writings, still there is much truth in the statement, and in no instance is it more applicable than in regard to Lanier; for I know of no English poet whose life has come nearer being a true poem than did his. True his life was filled with hardships. But no life is so beautiful as that of a man contending firmly and cheerfully against the “slings and arrows of misfortune” that are continually aimed against him.

His was indeed “a noble nature, and a tender heart,” and in reading from his pen we are “always conscious

of the man and his mind". When we think of his works in connection with his life, we have a loftier opinion of song and verse. Yes, we are compelled to feel and know that there is something in music and in poetry that can at times take our heads from us, and leave us only the heart filled like Lanier's was, with love for our immediate family, love for the human race at large, love for God; and after all, this is the crowning duty of man.

Now, when a Southern boy hears of a man possessing the qualities of a poet, a musician, and a Christian, he is apt to conclude that this is a weak, effeminate creature—and right here let it be understood that the writer has as much respect and admiration for a bold, frank, daring villain, as for a frail, diluted, moonshine Christian—but such was by no means the case with Lanier, for under the musical soul, and the poetic nature, and the Christian heart, there was a strong man, filled with all the heroic sincerity that Thomas Carlisle loves so well to tell us of. He was never known, when the clouds would gather thick and fast above his head, and hide from view the sunlight, to lean back in his chair, cover his face with his hands, like a love sick maiden, and sigh because "some days must be dark and dreary", nor were the winds of winter ever weary to his manly ear. But we see him—imbued with the Anglo-Saxon spirit of his sires—rejoicing as he "braves the North wind's breath", and when a cavalry-man, during the war, he would glory in the midnight rides beneath the stars. No one who is familiar with his life can gainsay the fact that "manliness found in him a friend, and culture a companion."

Although I love Lanier, and I pity him, still I have endeavored to allow neither love nor pity to screen from me his faults, or to magnify his virtues. I believe that all impartial readers will agree with me in calling him the Tennyson of American song; nor do I think it predicting rashly, to say that in years to come, he will be considered as the greatest poet of the South. And this will then mean something. When we no longer allow our

instructors to have us believe that nothing good has ever come out of Nazareth; (when New England professors shall cease to write books for Southern students;) when we no longer content ourselves with waging defensive battle, but are willing to go forth and participate in offensive combats; when the young men of the South learn to use the pen as effectually as their fathers used the sword; and when the future generation becomes as bold and fearless in the field of literature as was the past in that of war; when all of this I say shall come to pass, and time alone is needed to bring it about, then will some of the literary men of the South, as well as her soldiers and statesmen, stand out above the mist and clouds which now obscure them in the azure blue of history, and the name of Sidney Lanier will by no means be a lesser light among the stars of Southern immortals.

WM. COLEMAN.

Henry W. Longfellow.

On the 27th of February, 1807, Henry W. Longfellow, the second in a family of eight children, came into the old-fashioned Portland home. At quite an early age Henry displayed a remarkable literary inclination, being especially fond of reading books of imaginative character. When only fourteen years old he entered Bowdoin College, and was a very earnest student, quite fond of all the languages, but like most modern students he disliked mathematics.

During his college course his literary nature became more apparent by his writing short criticisms on his favorite authors, besides quite a number of short poems. Of these poems, however, he only cared to publish four or five, which gave him quite a reputation as a college poet among faculty and students. As his college course was nearing its close he expressed a desire to continue his literary studies at Cambridge, but his father being opposed to his leading a so-called literary life, he reluctantly turned to the study of law.

Fortunately, however, there was something more congenial in store for him. In college he was proficient in the languages, and won for himself quite a reputation by his exceptionally fine translation of a few of "Horace's Odes." Due to this reputation he was elected, in his nineteenth year, to the chair of Modern Languages at Bowdoin College, and sent to Europe for a three years' preparation before entering upon his new labor. While in the Old World he visited Paris, Spain, Italy, Vienna and Germany, and his acquisition of these foreign languages was most unusual. He wrote his family that he could speak French and Spanish as easily as he could English and that he could read Portuguese and Italian very well.

Thus Longfellow became thoroughly acquainted with the literatures of Germany, France, Italy and Spain, and returned to America in 1830 with his mind broadened and imbued with foreign ideas, ready to exert a great and ennobling influence on American literature. This influence had its beginning with the publication of his earliest works, still lives and doubtless will live as long as American literature continues to exist.

His career as an author began with the appearance of a number of articles in the *North American Review* on Spanish and Italian literatures. However, we will not stop to discuss the merits of these papers, but will pass on to his earliest productions of especial note, namely "Outre-Mer" and "Hyperion."

"Outre-Mer" is not merely a narrative of the incidents connected with his European tour, but is rendered more interesting and instructive by the introduction of short selections from the "Devotional Poetry of Spain" and "Ancient Spanish Ballads." It is truly what may be called a poetical prose work, containing many nice phrases and fanciful illustrations written in a poetical style. Longfellow was gifted with a fine descriptive power, and this, together with his popular style, has gained for the "Outre-Mer" a permanent place in American literature. Mr. Richardson is of the opinion that books of travel cannot occupy a permanent place in any

literature. In regard to a large per cent. of these books we readily concur in this opinion, yet we think there are a few books of travel which will stand the storm to which literature is subjected and maintain their places permanently. And since the "Outre-Mer" has held its position for forty years, it is natural to suppose that it will continue to be one of the few books of travel of which American literature can boast.

About a year after the publication of "Outre-Mer" appeared "Hyperion" and immediately became very popular. "Hyperion," if you will pardon the adjective, is quite a charming romance, and affords one more pleasure and instruction each time it is read. It contains many beautiful expressions, sentiments and similes, and the style is simple, clear and very attractive. "Its charm is partly in the Excelsior progress of the hero's mind, partly in the sketches of the great German authors, and principally in the sparkling imagery and wooing, billowy language of the book." It is further rendered more valuable by its autographical nature; it enables us to get a good insight into the author's private character and is the expression of his opinions on many subjects. We find in the first part of the Romance a melancholy and depressed strain so touching that our sympathy is at once aroused and extended to the grieved and heart-broken Paul Fleming. But in the latter part of the book we have an agreeable change from the mournful and melancholy musings, and instead we find a very charming love story with its poetical pictures and beautiful descriptions. We do not know where a more striking example of European culture is better illustrated than in the "Hyperion." Longfellow's mind was filled with the earnest teachings of Goethe and the everyday humor of Jean Paul, and through "Hyperion" their influence was spread throughout America. Although "Hyperion" is light fantastic reading, we are inclined to think that the beauty of its style and the excellent selection of each word and phrase will preserve it from the moths and the dusty shelves of our libraries.

If Longfellow was successful as a romancer, he certainly excelled as a poet. Poetry was his sphere and in that sphere he reveled like the wild Indian in our great forests ere civilization had crossed the Atlantic. He never reached the sublime heights that were scaled by his great contemporary, Tennyson, but that "he was a rare and true poet," none can deny, and of all those endeared to us, the poet Longfellow holds, in our opinion, an exalted place. Many and varied are the subjects upon which he wrote, yet in each poem we find the touch of a master's hand. His poetry for the most part is lyrical, as his genius was not adapted to the writing of great epics or dramas. He is a perfectly pure poet, "addressing the moral nature through the imagination and linking moral truth to intellectual beauty." In nearly all of his poems there is a moral lesson to be learned, and in the eyes of Mr. Poe this is the besetting fault of all his poetry. However, we are inclined to think that his moral teachings are not prominent enough to detract from his poetry except in a few instances with which we are very familiar.

We think the most distinguishing qualities of Longfellow are "beauty of imagination, delicacy of touch, wide sympathy and mild earnestness, expressing themselves in the simplest and most melodious manner." His words and phrases have been selected with such delicacy and precision it has well been said, "his words are pictures of his thought."

Pathos and melancholia are especially characteristic of his longer poems. No one would hardly describe the story of *Evangeline* as one of strong passion, but no story has ever been written more pathetic. The chief defect we find in Longfellow's poetry is a lack of deep active passion. In all his poetry we do not know of a single great outburst of feeling that is so marked in his famous contemporary, Tennyson. This defect, however, did not hinder him from sweetly singing songs that will never die.

He has contributed such a large quantity of poetry to American literature, that our space will not permit us

to mention, much less comment upon, all his poems. So we will content ourselves by attempting to mention and criticise only a few of his most familiar and noted poems, such as represent the climax of his poetic achievements.

With the publication of eight short poems entitled "Voices of the Night," his fame as a poet became national, and his poetry universally admired. The poems of this volume worthy of especial notice are "The Hymn to the Night," "A Psalm of Life," "The Beleaguered City" and "Midnight Mass for the Dying Year." In "The Hymn to the Night" Longfellow very strikingly displays his fine power of entrancing us with the melody of his words and sweet sounds. How beautiful and musical are these lines :

"I hear the trailing garments of night
Sweep through her marble halls!
I saw her subtle skirts all fringed with light
From celestial walls!"

They certainly "fill the soul with the sweetest emotion, and open a never-ceasing fountain of beauty in the garden of the heart." Other lines of similar beauty might be quoted from this pretty little hymn, but we refrain, that our attention may be turned to other poems of the like merit. "A Psalm of Life" is so very familiar to every one, we feel as if it would be almost an imposition on the patience of our kind readers either to quote or criticise it. However, though it may be old and tattered, still it contains many truths and moral sentiments beautifully expressed.

"Midnight Mass for the Dying Year" is the poem which Edgar A. Poe has been disposed to criticise so harshly; he charges Longfellow with grossly imitating Tennyson's "Death of the Old Year."

While there is some similarity between the poems and probably some intended imitation, yet we do not think the imitation is so probable as to deserve such harsh treatment at the hands of the critics. Mr. Poe seems to have been altogether ignorant of the fact that when a

writer improves what he appropriates he deserves praise or at least absolving. In our opinion, when an author transmutes a thought so as to present it in a new light, he may fairly pass it as his own and we should consider it such.

However, we need not go into a defence of Longfellow, because the charges of gross imitation and plagiarism have not been sustained by public sentiment, nor has the least shadow been cast over his literary fame.

In 1841 a second volume of his poems was published under the title of "Ballads and Other Poems." This volume served to confirm his popularity and reputation, and indicated the vast extent of his poetic genius. In "The Skeleton in Armor" we find a good illustration of Longfellow's vivid imagination, and in the words of Mr. Poe, "There are few truer poems than it," and Halleck says, "There is nothing like it in the language."

Among his miscellaneous poems "The Village Blacksmith" and "God's Acre," "Maidenhood" and "Excelsior" deserve special mention.

"The Village Blacksmith" and "God's-Acre" possess a rough grandeur, and present a striking contrast to the sweet, mystical charm of "Maidenhood." "Maidenhood" in our opinion is the most "finely poetical" of all Longfellow's poetry, and we can imagine nothing of its kind more exquisitely beautiful. The only fault Mr. Poe finds with it is its theme, which he thinks is somewhat didactic; if indeed its didactic nature may be called a fault, we do not think it detracts the least from the simplicity and beauty of the poem. It represents a maiden on the verge of womanhood, hesitating as to whether she will enjoy life through a false idea of duty, and she is bidden to fear nothing and have purity of heart. These lines are full of melody and beauty.

"Deep and still that gliding stream,
Beautiful to thee must seem,
As the river of a dream.

O, thou child of many prayers;
Life hath quick-sands. life hath snares!
Care and aye come unawares."

One day while reading a newspaper, Longfellow's eye happened to fall on the seal of the state of New York, the motto of which is "Excelsior." Immediately he imagined the Alpine youth and made him a "symbol of the aspiration and sacrifice of a nobly ideal soul." "Excelsior" is a "little sermon in rhyme" and illustrates quite vividly the poetic stoicism which teaches us to endure with patience what inevitably results from our condition. "That figure, climbing the evening Alps, in defiance of danger, of man's remonstrance and far deeper fascination of woman's love, is a type of man struggling, triumphing, purified by suffering, perfected in death. And it insinuates strongly the poet's belief in that coming era in human history, when worth and grandeur of man's regenerated life will cast a calm and beauty, at present inconceivable, around his death, and when the roses and chaplets and premature rejoicings of his bridal, shall more worthily await his marriage with the infinite. Who pants and prays not for the arrival of such a day when the sting of death shall thus be taken out, when its grand meaning and star-like position shall be fully disclosed and vividly realized?" "Excelsior" may be old and hackneyed as a "sidewalk song," yet we think no one can read it without being inspired with the indomitable desire to go onward, upward, higher. The last verse presents a picture of rare beauty and serenity.

"There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky serene and far,
A voice fell, life a star,
Excelsior!"

Of his poems of slavery, "The Slave's Dream" and "The Quadroon Girl" possess remarkable beauty and contain many fine picturesque and imaginative scenes.

Longfellow, like so many other famous poets, was not satisfied with his reputation as a poet, but sought additional honors in the dramatic field. As a dramatist he is best known by "The Spanish Student," a clever play, abounding in pretty passages and containing striking imaginative images of grandeur and beauty. Although

Mr. Poe says "its plot is no plot," to us it is very interesting, and we think many of the incidents show marked ingenuity of the author. The principal objection to it seems to be the lack of skill in the dramatic exhibition of character, which leads our friend Mr. Poe to say "its characters have no character." Necessarily the failure at character portrayal renders it ill adapted to the stage and makes it impalatable as an acting drama. It is, however, considered merely as a poem, "one of the most beautiful in American literature." And truly has it been said that no other one of his pieces so well illustrates all his poetical qualities, his imagination, his fancy, his sentiment and his manner. Where can we find a more beautiful and truer sentiment finer expressed?

"I believe
That woman in her deepest degradation,
Holds something sacred, something undefiled,
Some pledge and keepsake of her higher nature,
And, like the diamond in the dark, retains
Some quenchless gleam of celestial light."

With the publication of "Evangeline" Longfellow's fame was no longer confined to the borders of America. Although England had maintained so long the idea that nothing good could come out of America, she was compelled to admire and praise the musical hexameters of "Evangeline." As a work of art "Evangeline" is superior to all the rest of Longfellow's verse. However, when one begins to read it he is somewhat prejudiced against the measure, which has so often been vulgarized by many poets, but soon he becomes lost in Acadian scenery and forgets the tiresome meter. In "Evangeline" are pictured beautiful scenes of Acadian rural life and love, and indeed we think there is no doubt but that it is the flower of American Idyls. Witness, for instance, this beautiful description of an Indian Summer :

"Arrayed in its robes of russet ; and scarlet and yellow ;
Bright with sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the forest
Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles and
jewels."

One can hardly imagine a pathetic, passionate love story more finely conceived and executed. The beautiful "Evangeline" searching for her lost lover presents a beautiful and touching picture of one of the sweetest characters in the world of letters.

"Hiawatha" has been regarded by some as Longfellow's greatest work, but it is not that which is best liked by the world at large. It is a fine portrayal of Indian life and character, but at the same time the very singular meter and the continued reiteration of the same sounds detract considerably from its popularity. In reading the "Hiawatha" our ear is occasionally charmed by the meter, but the matter is of very little interest to us, and indeed we are inclined to close the book and pronounce it silly. We think the episode of Hiawatha's wooing by far the finest part of the song; in fact in our opinion the first few lines of this episode are worth all the rest of the song put together.

"As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto man is woman.
Though she bends him she obeys him,
Though she draws him yet she follows,
Useless each without the other."

Despite what may be said about the faults and imperfections of "Hiawatha," this much may be said in its favor, that it exhibits pathos, humor and description, mingled in such a way as to offend no one.

In the "Courtship of Miles Standish" we have a return to the hexameters and the story is somewhat similar in nature to that of Evangeline. The story of Miles Standish and John Alden is as old as the hills and need not be repeated here. It is quite sufficient to say that although the story is well told yet it lacks the artistic finish and attractiveness which we find in Evangeline.

Among Longfellow's other noted poems, of which our space will only allow us to mention without comment, are "Footsteps of Angels," "Endymion," "The Old Clock on the Stairs," "Resignation," "The Two Angels," "The Golden Legends," "The Reaper and the Flowers," and "To the River Charles."

As a critic and translator, Longfellow ranked high, being especially noted as a translator of foreign poetry into English verse. In him the saying that it requires a poet to translate—without spoiling—poetry, is certainly verified. The translation of Dante's "Divina Commedia" and "The Children of the Lord's Supper" represent the crowning achievement of his skill as a translator.

Longfellow has accomplished much for American literature, and to him we owe a great debt of gratitude. For he has "shed a chequered, autumnal light, under which your soul, like a river, flows forward, serene, glad, strong, and singing as it flows—

"Let us then be up and doing
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

Whatever may be the merits of his three great poems—"Evangeline," "Hiawatha," and "Miles Standish"—we believe that future generations will cherish Longfellow chiefly as a sweet singer. And in my opinion his future fame will rest upon those short, "exquisitely simple utterances that speak for the weary heart and aching brain of all humanity."

Well may it be said that he helped to realize for humanity the last words which he ever penned—

"Out of the shadow of night
The world moved into light—
It is daybreak everywhere!"

We have endeavored in the foregoing short and imperfect criticism to show what we would blot out from the glory of American poetry if we were to blot out the name of Longfellow. We know our short criticism is crude, feeble and incomplete, yet we hope the sincerity with which we have given our opinion will to a certain extent compensate for our many inaccuracies and imperfections.

W. G. DUNCAN.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Whittier belongs to a class of public men who are misunderstood and undervalued by some readers, while by others are, if I may use the expression, overly appreciated and the recipient of much undeserved praise. Again comes the perplexing question, to what extent the personality of the *man* may influence our estimate of the *poet*? There comes in also in discussing Whittier, sectional prejudice, political opinions and the question of our interest in his subjects. All these must be considered before a correct estimate of his work can be obtained.

One of the greatest influences that affected his early life was a copy of Burns' poems which by some chance fell into his hands. These, like all other reading matter, he eagerly devoured and from them seems to have gotten his first inspiration to write poetry. In his boyish verses, they were his models and all through his poetry until his death their influence is very apparent. There seems to me to have been some kinship of nature between these two farmer poets. Although entirely different in character, there is the same vigor and odor of freshness in the product of the New England writer and the Scottish Bard. In both too there is the same sincerity and independent manly spirit, which in the eyes of the world will excuse numberless faults. In after years Whittier acknowledged his debt to Burns in a very beautiful poem written on receiving a sprig of heather in blossom, from the neighborhood of Burns' home. In this, besides paying a noble tribute to the Scottish singer, he tells us something of his own development from a plow-boy to a poet, how he learned that it was not necessary to go back to the times of chivalry for poetic subjects, but

‘That nature gives her handmaid art,
The themes of sweet discoursing,’

and from this I think we get the key to much of his poetry. He made nature his mistress.

Whittier is like no other American poet. Longfellow is well characterized as the poet of sentiment. Poe has been called "the artist of the beautiful" and this term well expresses his genius. "The Poet of Nature" very nearly gives us the scope of Emerson's power. But there is no one word which will justly portray Whittier's characteristics. His genius is most uneven. At one time he reaches a higher note than perhaps any other American, and yet the greater part of his verse is hardly worthy of the name of poetry. Perhaps this is a necessary evil when a poet writes so much.

Whittier seemed to think it his duty to write verses on every event which happened. No man could die of never mind how little importance but that this New England bard in the next day's newspaper would have a poem extolling his virtue and telling the world what a great loss it had sustained. He hears that an emigrant is about to start for the wild West. Some verses tell us how that vast country must be upbuilt. An election is to be held next day. He pictures what grave responsibilities rest upon American citizens.

Indeed, everything small or great, he deemed worthy of his pen. Consequently, although we cannot help admiring the skill with which he treats all subjects, much of his verse must necessarily be of little literary worth.

Then, too, the greater part of his work has the appearance of having been dashed off in haste and never picked up again by the author. By following this plan no poet can be an artist, for that requires a careful study of the forms of verse and frequent revision of what is written. No man can be one of the truly great poets who does not pay attention to this, and artistic finish in verse will sometimes cover a multitude of faults.

Whittier, in his earlier writings, hardly knew of poetry as an art. Raised on a farm with none of the surroundings of culture, little artistic skill could be expected from him. He felt the poetic inspiration in his heart and expressed it in words as they came to his lips. And Whittier never entirely gave up this way of working. It mattered little whether his metres and rhymes were

correct, so long as he made clean and forcible the truths which were to be voiced. His verse was of smaller importance than his principles. But it was not until later in life when he saw his fault and tried to correct it, that anything of lasting value was produced. This carelessness about versification was Whittier's worst fault as a poet, but his offhand method of writing had advantages; for it made his verse spontaneous and sincere, qualities which are the life of all poetry.

The fact of everything held him bound. The license given to the poet of idealizing what he touches, was seldom made use of. Consequently, his realism left him little scope for imagination. So a good deal of his poetry is wanting in this. Nevertheless he shows great skill in clothing facts in poetical language, a very hard thing to do.

His style is very diffuse. Unlike Emerson who made every word mean something, and who used no word that was not essential to the poem, Whittier spread out sometimes through many pages what could be got in a few lines. But he was not like Emerson, writing for the cultured few who could appreciate his deep philosophy, but for the masses of the people who must have a subject enlarged upon to its utmost bounds before they can grasp its truth, and in Whittier this does not take away from the pleasure of the reader, but only makes his meaning clearer.

But there is one quality of Whittier's poetry that adds greatly to its effect and that is its vigor. We get tired of the philosophy of Emerson, we soon want a change from the pessimism of Longfellow, the cold dead beauty of Poe's images after a time wearies us, but the poetry of Whittier is heathy, so full of life that it refreshes the reader. He feels himself in an invigorating atmosphere which must give him new energy.

Most of Whittier's early poems are of minor importance. They had little effect on his ultimate reputation, but simply obtained him an influence which he used very effectively a little later in favor of the abolition cause. This movement coming on, Whittier's genius is

turned almost entirely in that direction and from this time until after the war we find him writing very little except political verse.

Perhaps the most widely recognized characteristic of the Quaker is his love of peace and hatred of strife of all kinds ; and it seems rather strange at first sight that we should see a Quaker like Whittier in the forefront of the greatest political war of the century ; but we must remember that there is another trait of the Quaker character perhaps equally as marked, and that is devotion to the cause of freedom. Perhaps, too, in Whittier's case it was the old Puritan blood showing itself.

So with Whittier, this love of freedom did not amount to mere passive dislike to slavery, but with it came to him an untiring resolve to fight for the right and just. After he had been induced by Garrison to take up the Abolition cause and it had become a principle with him, it was but the nature of the man to put forth all his energies to bring about its purpose. Therefore we are not surprised to hear that in nearly every New England newspaper of the time Whittier's verses on slavery are to be found. In these he saw only that side of Southern life and the institution of slavery which was best known at the North and which Harriet Beecher Stowe saw and pictured in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Every incident that happened, in any way connected with slavery, set his brain on fire and the result was some stirring verses.

These may not be very agreeable reading for Southern people, still we cannot justly take offence at the poet, for there is such an air of sincerity about his verse that all are forced to admit that he believed every word he said and considered that it was his duty to say what he did. Perhaps if he had been brought more in contact with the culture of Boston, under the influence of which Lowell and Holmes wrote their verse on the same subject, the deep passion and serenity which characterize his anti-slavery poetry would have been tempered, for the effect of culture and learning is to cool down all overwhelming passion. But there could not have been that same great power to move the minds of men.

Most of his verse written prior to that date was collected in a volume and published in 1849 under the title "Voices of Freedom." But these, as a rule, like those of a similar nature written afterwards had no abiding quality and after the occasion that called them forth had passed, gradually sunk from public interest and because they are not true poetry cannot have any place in our literature except as relics. But there are some few in which the poet shines out very brightly and for their pathos and rhythm deserve to live. Among these, "The Farewell of a Virginia Slave Mother to her Daughter sold into Southern Bondage," if it were not for its monotonous refrain, would be well worth mention, for in it the poet has departed from his usual song of violent rage, and in the very sound of the poem you can almost hear the heartbroken groan of a mother deprived of her child.

Notwithstanding his enthusiasm on the subject of abolition, it was a great trial to Whittier that war should be necessary to settle the difficulty. After everyone else had given up the hope of peace he was writing in "A Word for the Hour,"

Give us grace to keep
Our faith and patience ; wherefore
Should we leap
On one hand into fratricidal fight,
Or on the other yield eterna ight,
Frame lies of l-w, and good and ill
Conf und.

But when he found it all in vain we hear him chanting his exquisitely pathetic hymn of faith :

"Thy will be done,"
We see not, know not ; all our way
Is night, with thee alone is day ;
From out th' torrent's troubled drift,
Above the storm, our prayers we lift ;
"Thy will be done !"

While the war was going on, he seems to have written comparatively little. Most of his compositions of this time were called "In War Time." Among these was one

of the author's best and most perfect ballads, "Barbara Fritchie." He had by chance overheard a soldier, home on a furlough, tell the incident, and becoming interested, after inquiry to find out the name of the heroine, he wrote this poem. It is almost perfect in metre and in it, I think the poet pays a just tribute to the memory of Jackson who, while he hated the American flag, still respected the woman who defended it. In the poem "At Port Royal," while it contains some beautiful descriptions, is I think an untrue picture of what it tries to represent—a negro boatman and his song. The song sounds exactly like it was written by an anti-slavery agitator instead of being an outburst from the fulness of the heart of a simple negro.

But war and war subjects were not congenial to the poet and we find him in extacies of joy at its end. His hymn "Lares Deo" is a burst of praise on hearing the bells ring on the passing of the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery. His cause was won and he was happy.

Whittier's views of reconstruction were very liberal and favorable to the South. In his verses "To the 39th Congress" he implores that body to let the Southern States into the Union again on brotherly terms, not as aliens, and begs them to

"Cancel all
By one brave, generous action"

The war over, the poet is at liberty to choose more pleasant themes, and it is his verses written on these themes on which his reputation as a poet mainly rests.

Homely labor when young on the farm and in the shoe shop was the root from which sprung his deep interest in manual toil and intense sympathy for those who had to undergo it. This is the spirit that brought fourth his "Songs of Labor." He loved good honest labor and he saw that it was to the happiness of all concerned to be satisfied with their work. So in these he attempts to teach the various classes of workers the peculiar beauties of their particular trades, to sing

"The unseen beauty hid life's common things below."

And well he has entered into the spirit of each of these, and the result is seven songs in which all through we can feel the sympathetic soul. The following from the one addressed to "The Lumberman" is a description of his cabin in the woods.

"Where are most carpets better
 Than he Persian waves,
 And than Eastern perfumes sweeter
 Seem the fading leaves;
 And a music, wild and sol mn,
 From the pine tree's height,
 Rolls in vast and sea-like volume
 On the wind of night ;

Make we here our camp of winter;
 And through sleet and snow,
 Pitchy knot and beechen splinter
 On our hearth shall glow.
 Here with mir h to lighten duty,
 We shall lack alone
 Woman's smile and girlhood's beauty,
 Childhood's lisping tone.

Whittier is a thoroughly American poet. With a very few exceptions, everything he wrote was on American themes, but it is not right to give him the title of "our National Poet." The same fault which is attributed to Simms and other Southern writers is to be found just as conspicuously in Whittier. I mean what is commonly termed narrow provincialism. He spoke New England ideas, pictured New England scenery, wrote out New England legend and life, seemed to think that New England was the purest, noblest and best part of the world, that all other sections of the country were beneath his notice except to pour out curses on their heads when anything was doing that he did not approve.

Nevertheless the poet has given us some most beautiful and picturesque descriptions of the natural scenery of his section. By means of him the neighborhood of his home has been covered with a veil of poetry and legend. From earliest childhood he had been accustomed to hear repeated, at his father's fireside, tales of the early settlers in that neighborhood, the old Puritans

and persecuted Quakers. He lived indeed in a romantic country, and he was the first to turn its legend into song. You can see everywhere that he loves nature and is a close observer of its phenomena. Thus mingling together the wild nature around, with its legendary lore, and harmonizing them, poems of especial beauty and charm have been produced.

Among these on Indian themes may be mentioned "mogg megone," a tale of the relation existing between the early settlers and the Indians, and "The Funeral Tree of Sokokis".

And it is on a New England theme that Whittier writes what is considered his best work, "Snow Bound," perhaps superior to any poem of the kind ever written by an American. It is sometimes compared to Burn's "Cotter's Saturday Night," but in it is wanting the homely simplicity and hearty ring which together form the chief charm of the Scottish lyric. In this, is presented to us the beautiful side of his section, and that is its happy and simple home life; how shut off from the world for a whole week, "inclosed in a tumultuous privacy of storm," the contented family pass the time. Each character in the old homestead is brought up separately and together they form a charming picture. The whole description is filled with cheerful humor and quiet pathos which must please everyone who reads.

But it is as a balladist that Whittier's genius is most conspicuous. Many of his ballads have become household words all over America, a fact attesting to their popularity and, perhaps, their merit. His volume contains some on a great variety of subjects, old Puritan times, Quaker persecution and others from the never exhausted store of New England Folk Lore. All are lively and spirited and some told with peculiar force. All have heard "Maud Muller" with its young maiden deprived of her lover by social position the pathetic story of what might have been. All have enjoyed its rhythm and sentiment. "Scupper Ireson's ride" has perhaps more strength than any other of Whittier's ballads, the air of the quaint old time about it. Artisti-

cally and rhythmically it is almost perfect and with its curious refrain one of our best ballads.

“Barclay of Wy” is a ballad of Quaker persecution in Scotland. It is the story of an old Nobleman who had turned quaker, and instead of the homage he used to receive everywhere, an angry rabble followed him; yet in it all, he says

Happier I, with loss of all,
Hunted, outlawed, held in thrall—
 With few friends to greet me,
Than when reeve and squire were seen
Riding out from Aberdeen,
 With bared heads to meet me.

This is a noble ballad and Whittier has written few of as great power.

“Amy Wentworth” tells the tale of the love of a noble maiden for a rough sailor boy, and teaches

“O, rank is good, and gold is fair,
 And high and low mate ill;
But love has never owned a law
 Beyond its own sweet will!”

Other ballads of special merit are “The Witch’s Daughter, a love tale of the days of witch persecution, “Telling the Bees” and “Cobbler Keeser’s Vision.”

I shall not attempt to speak of all Whittier’s verse. It would be not only impossible, but needless. Suffice it to say that he justly deserves his popularity in his section and should be popular with the whole country. He has, I am sure, an abiding place in the hearts of the American people. His lofty sympathy for all suffering mankind has made him beloved. His genuine optimism, his verse always kept within the bounds of our everyday thought and sentiment, and his language always clear, with simplicity of expression, give him a place no other American writer holds. And in conclusion let me use concerning him the words of another :

"All the many sounds of nature
 Borrowed sweetness from his singing,
 All the hearts of men are softened by the pathos of his music ;
 For he sang of peace and freedom,
 Sang of beauty, love and longing ;
 Sang of death and life undying
 In the islands of the blessed."

F. ELDON DIBBLE.

George Bancroft.

On October 3, 1800, George Bancroft was born in the quiet little Puritan town of Worcester, Mass. His ancestors were among the first Puritans who settled on the shore of New England in quest of religion and civil liberty. George Bancroft's father was a Unitarian preacher of some influence and ability, and also possessed literary powers which he exhibited in a "Life of Washington."

Bancroft's early school life was very unsatisfactory to him and his parents at Worcester, and at the early age of eleven we see him leaving home in search of a more desirable instructor. He was sent to Exeter, New Hampshire, to be prepared for Harvard by the famous Dr. Abbott, who was a personal friend of his father. He remained at Exeter for two years. During this period of his life his character was formed to a great extent, and the influence that this teacher had on the youth could be seen throughout his future life. "We are apt to smile at earnestness in a boy of eleven in our days, and, as we expect little, get little; but the real foundation of Bancroft's classical attainments was made at that age, in his own room, and with only a mediate impulse from class-room work."

At the age of thirteen he entered Harvard and graduated with high honors before he was yet seventeen years of age. As was the custom of Harvard graduates of that period, Bancroft's father was anxious for him to be a preacher; although his ambition did not lead him in that direction, he studied theology for a few months, and

preached several sermons merely to satisfy his father's desire. This he soon abandoned for the study of letters and philosophy. After graduating at Harvard, Bancroft went to Europe to complete his education. He began his university life at Gottingen with the study of German literature, Greek philosophy, and, above all, with the study of history, under the masterly guidance of the distinguished Heeren. Some one has said that the enthusiasm of the German student at that day seemed to have been expended upon the beauties of style, the diction and material of what they used.

While at Gottingen, Bancroft had the pleasure of hearing numerous lectures by noted men on various subjects, and also pursued the study of Arabic, Syriac and Persian. Probably the greatest benefit that he derived at Gottingen was the opportunity of coming in contact with Heeren, who was at that time the leading mind of Europe in historical criticism. After spending two years at Gottingen, having taken the degree of Ph. D., he moved to Berlin. Immediately on his arrival in Berlin, the young Doctor received a warm welcome into the splendid literary circle of the Prussian capitol. It was here that he had the pleasure of meeting the most distinguished men of letters in Germany. Goethe seemed to have been favorably impressed with the young American, and had frequent interviews with him concerning the political questions of America.

After leaving Berlin he went to Heidelberg, in order to make a specialty of history, but not being pleased with the instructor, he remained but a few months. This closed his work at the universities and in the autumn of 1821 he started on a tour of Southern Europe, traveling through Switzerland on foot, and reaching Italy late in autumn. It was while traveling through Switzerland and Italy that he wrote a small volume of poems. In 1822, just a few months before Shelley was drowned, Bancroft barely escaped the same fate.

Some one has said that although his visit to this country was comparatively short, he made such use of his time that there is but little doubt that the finer side

of his mind, the aesthetic faculty and imaginative powers were more deeply influenced by this travel than at any other period of his life. It was here and at a very early age that the preparatory period of his life closed.

Surely there could have been no better preparation for the work of life than to have lived with the best men of the age, to have seen, known and conversed with them on the most vital topics, and to be able like Bancroft to retain independence of thought.

“Provincialism was already beginning to wane in America ; and it was of particular importance that the leading national historian should be emancipated from its influence, before he began his greatest work.”

On his return to America in 1822, Bancroft was elected tutor of Greek at Harvard, which place he filled for one year. In the following year he and a friend established a preparatory school at Round Hill. The object in establishing this school was to improve the common school system of New England, and Bancroft also expected some profit from the same. After a trial of ten years Bancroft abandoned the school, its progress having been so seriously impaired by a severe legislation of the colleges. The time was not wholly lost, for during the entire period his pen had been busy with contributions to the various literary magazines and also with a translation of Heeren's most important works.

He began his political career in 1826, by the delivery of an oration before the citizens of Northampton in which he avowed his principles to be for universal suffrage and uncompromising democracy. From this time he was an active member of the Democratic party, attending its conventions, writing its platforms and guiding its councils in his native State.

His wife was a member of the famous “Dwight” family who were Whigs, and at her request he never accepted an office, although several were offered him by his friends.

The death of his wife followed closely after his retirement from the Round Hill school; but the affectionate consideration for his wife's wishes in reference to poli-

tics continued until 1837. During these few years he devoted himself to his historical works, and in 1834 he published the first volume of his history, which was followed by the second in 1837. Then his literary works closed for a season. Having refrained from the allurements of politics as long as possible, he accepted from Van Buren the appointment of collector of Boston Port. From this time on for many years his connection with national politics was very close. When Polk was elected President, Bancroft was chosen to represent the New England democrats in his cabinet, as secretary of Navy, and although he held this position for little more than a year, it was signalized by several important actions, of which the following are the most important. He succeeded in establishing the Naval Academy at Annapolis and the Astronomical Laboratory at Washington. He also issued the order for California to be occupied, and while acting as secretary of war pro-tem for a month he gave the order for Gen. Taylor to enter Texas.

He resigned his seat in the cabinet to accept the appointment of Minister to the court of St. James. Here he remained until 1849. On his return to America he located in New York and resumed work on his history, which, with the exception of the civil war, was continued until 1867. During this period of his literary life he published five more volumes of his history. In 1867 he again went as a minister to Europe, this time to Berlin. "In the performance of this mission he proved himself to be the greatest Philanthropist of the age. He was confronted by questions which had been the source of increasing discord between the United States and Germany as well as other European nations for more than three-fourths of a century." It may also be said to his credit that of the numerous international questions, that it became his duty to settle, every one was decided in his favor. With Bancroft's return to America in 1874, his political career practically closed. During his stay in Germany he won the love and respect of all classes, while in his own country he was loved and honored no less than abroad and when he retired

from politics, the sharp blade of political parties failed to sever him from the hearts of his countrymen. He was honored in his old age as no other man has been by the senate, and of the numerous times that his name appeared before that body, in no instance was a single vote ever cast against him.

Although Bancroft's active literary life was greatly impeded by his political work; still it might properly be said, that the preparation for his historical work was aided very much by his public services in foreign countries from the fact that it gave him access to many public documents, of which otherwise he would have been deprived. Nor do we find him neglecting the opportunity that was afforded for enriching his store of documents upon American history. In addition to the documents, to which he had access, he enjoyed another privilege which was very profitable. It was the habit of Milman, Hallam, Macaulay and Lord Mahon to breakfast together once a week and it was Bancroft's fortune to be with them very often. The intercourse at these meetings was intimate and pleasant, in spite of the widely different characters of the men and their still more varying ability.

Bancroft, as has been stated, began his literary career in 1833 by publishing a small volume of poems which soon became unknown, when his pen was turned to the production of prose. The volume was followed very soon by a volume of "Miscellanies," comprising several translations from German poets, and a number of essays from his own pen. After turning over in his mind many vague plans and possible schemes for authorship, he at last seemed to select the one most suited for his masterpiece, "The History of the U. S." Some one has said that he was lead to devote himself to the writing of America because there was no other field in which he could so advantageously apply the principles so important in the use of original authority. The first volume of this work was issued in 1834 and the last in 1884, just half a century afterwards. The theme of his work is a history of the ecclesiastical and civic liberty of the Amer

ican colonies, from the first settlements until they gained their independence. Although Bancroft's history was well under way before the full development of the modern philosophical method of writing history, the philosophical idea is prevalent and apparent throughout. Stubbs and Taine were successors and not his teachers. "Bancroft's style is different from all the other prominent historians; he avoids the brilliant rhetorical effects of Macaulay, and adds sentence to sentence without the word painting of Motley or Prescott."

His sentences are simple and clear, but forcible; he never falls into the error so common with some authors of losing all distinctness of statement in a cloud of general assertions. "He is always specific in his details instead of trusting to indefinite sketches, nor does he paint in uncertain color the localities which he wishes to illustrate, but presents their natural features in prominent relief." He chose a noble subject, prepared himself thoroughly to tell the story, and then told it in a manner that is in every respect worthy of his subject. The reader is always instructed, often more deeply interested, than by novels or romances. "The love of country is the Muse which inspires the author, but this inspiration is that of the historian which springs from the heart." There is no essential difference between his earliest and his latest work, both have the same amount of freshness, which is so conspicuous in his works. The chronological order, so important in studying some authors, is almost valueless in his case.

Ripley says of him: "Bancroft is eminently a Philosophical Historian." In his first volume he wrote in the most florid style, which was then more popular than it is now. He maintained this style essentially to the last volume. But it was sobered somewhat by increase of years, and especially by the historical style which grew up later. Edward Everett said of him: "A history of the United States by an American author, possesses a claim upon our attention of the strongest character. It would do so under any circumstances, but more justly when we add that the work of Bancroft is one of the ablest of that

class which for years have appeared in the English language."

It must not be thought of Bancroft that because he devoted all his time to history, he could not write anything else. You only have to turn to his volume of "Miscellanies" and read some of his essays that were written before he was thirty years of age, to be convinced that had he turned his pen in that direction he would probably have been classed with Carlisle, Macaulay and Emerson as an essayist. In Bancroft's works lie qualities of permanency, and so long have they been before the world and stood the test of critical examination, that we can say the judgment of posterity had already been pronounced.

Within twenty years after the first volumes of his history were published, they had been recognized as a standard work and had won a place for the author among the highest in the ranks of historians. They had been translated into Danish, Italian and German by the author's permission. They had also been translated into French without the author's consent or knowledge and sent to the South American colonies to further the awakening spirit of liberty.

Bancroft died January 17, 1891. Old age and bereavement, toil and anxiety, had not diminished or altered the capacity for the appreciation of what is best in life and in mankind.

Some one has rightly said, Bancroft's works may not be final, but before it is superceded, another man must appear with as extensive learning and indefatigable industry, with a scientific mind, a sound judgment, and a simple, precise, impersonal style that Bancroft somewhat lacked; one, moreover, who will devote his whole life to the work, as Bancroft did. And the advent of such a man will not be soon.

JNO. B. HUMBERT.

Ethics of Hawthorne's Novels.

In order to reach the most accurate conclusions in regard to the doctrines or truths as set forth in the works of an author, it is necessary that we should first familiarize ourselves with his life and character. It has been said that an author cannot hide behind his works, and this is true in regard to Hawthorne, for between his life and his writings we find no contradictions.

In studying specific elements in the productions of any author we are disposed to overlook many adorning qualities that under other circumstances would not escape our attention. These elements in the novels of Hawthorne are so well connected and produce such a unity of impression that it is difficult to separate them into their component parts. The useful is so wedded to the beautiful, and the beautiful to the true, and the real to the ideal, that to distinguish clearly the relative force or limitation of any definite element is scarcely possible. However the ethical element is so strongly marked in all his writings that it seems to possess more than legitimate prominence. However pronounced this quality may be it does not place any perceptible restraint upon the free play of his fruitful imagination, nor does it often restrict the uniform beauty of his clear and forcible style.

His aesthetical judgment is in harmony with Lowell's definition that "Good taste is the conscience of the mind, and conscience is the good taste of the soul." Plato says that the beautiful is the shining of the ideal through the sensible, and we naturally think of this definition after having read the "House of the Seven Gables," or "The Scarlet Letter," and have imbibed something of the purity of diction and delicacy of touch wherewith he presents to us the ideal characters contained in them.

The ethical position of an author may be approximately measured by his sense of truth, justice, gratitude, duty, and reverence as disclosed in his works, and the romances of Hawthorne sparkle on almost every page with these

invaluable jewels. He ever strives "to find in the landscape of the soul all sorts of fine sunrise and moonlight effects." As a moral man cannot write an immoral book, we expect from his pen nothing that is not burdened with love and truth. The embodiment of truth which furnishes both the foundation and the capstone of the great moral edifice was set forth as a living principle in his life and in his writings. Indeed, he is so pure in his life that we unconsciously think of him in connection with the guileless Nathanael spoken of in the first chapter of John; while the deep moral flavor of some of his shorter stories reminds us of the allegories of Bunyan. This earnest way of looking upon life has ever been characteristic of English speaking people and its effects may be clearly noted in all kinds of English literature from Cædmon to Tennyson. Thus art and ethics—or moral beauty—especially to the English, seem to be very closely allied.

The "Scarlet Letter" is a counterpart of as well as a complement to the episode of Francesca and Paoli, as described in the fifth canto of Dante's *Inferno*. The chief difference lies in the fact that Hawthorne points out the inexorable curse in this life that must follow upon the breaking of the seventh commandment; while Dante reveals to us the continuance of the punishment in the life to come.

Hawthorne pictures to us in the beginning of the "Scarlet Letter" a beautiful rose bush at the prison door, covered with large blooming June roses and thinks that he can hardly do otherwise than pluck one of its flowers and present it to the reader. Then he tells us that it may serve to symbolize some sweet moral blossom that may be found along the track, or relieve the darkening close of a tale of human frailties and sorrow. "To symbolize some sweet moral blossom" was ever the key-note of inspiration in nearly all of his literary efforts.

The sad incumbrances to society caused by sinful indulgences, preventing its full and free development in healthful channels, weighed heavily upon his soul, and so the purpose of his greatest production was to make

prominent the unhappy results of immorality in both spiritual and social life.

Upon hearing the extent of Hester Prynne's penalty from one of the townsmen. Old Roger Chillingsworth, her husband, replied thus: "A wise sentence. Thus she will be a living sermon against sin, until the ignominious letter be engraved upon her tombstone." This was a true prophecy, for the last sentence is, "On a Field Sable the Letter A Gules." But just before we reach the end we find this characteristic sentence: "Be true! Be true! Be true! Show freely to the world, if not your worst, yet some trait whereby the worst may be inferred." This sentence, coming as it does from a sincere and sympathetic heart, though it may not fully justify, yet it sufficiently explains the didactic element that is found in some of his shorter stories. For instance when we read "Lady Eleanore's Mantle," we at once think of the Proverb; "Pride goeth before destruction and an haughty "spirit before a fall."

The Three Fold Destiny very impressively teaches us where we may find our spheres of duty, of happiness and of prosperity, which is where providence has cast our lot.

"Ethan Brand" teaches us a similar truth, with the additional lesson that we must not cultivate the intellect to the exclusion of the moral nature. Here he gives us clearly the history of the Unpardonable Sin, and realizes here as elsewhere that the things which are seen are temporal while the things which are not seen are eternal.

J. C. DANIEL.



Wofford College Journal.

A LITERARY JOURNAL. Published monthly by the Calhoun and Preston Literary Societies.

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WOFFORD COLLEGE, JUNE, 1895.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

GEO. C. LEONARD, - - - - Editor.

Our English Course.

One of the most marked features of modern college work is the improvement that has been made in the study of English. Until a comparatively short time ago the study of Greek and Latin classics held the all-important place, to the almost entire neglect of English. Speaking on this subject some time ago, a former graduate of this college remarked that the students, when he was in college, could write Greek or Latin exercises with as much ease as they could an English composition or essay. But we are glad to say that that day is past for Wofford and for most if not all other American colleges. Scholars have gotten out of the idea that all the great thoughts of the world are packed away in Greek and Latin authors and have come to see that Shakespeare was as great a dramatist as Sophocles or Aeschylus and that Milton and Tennyson sing as sweetly and nobly as Homer and Virgil. Then too they have learned that to be able to write good English one must study the classic English authors. As a result of this we find the student

of to-day studying the great English writers from Caedmon to Tennyson.

Wofford was among the first Southern colleges to catch this spirit and so for several years has been gradually improving and enlarging her English course. This movement was inaugurated by Prof. T. C. Woodward, now of the South Carolina College and has been continued by his successors, Prof. A. W. Long and Prof. H. N. Snyder. This advance has been especially marked during the last five years. Prof. Snyder, with the enthusiasm of a true lover of good literature, has, during that time, striven in every way possible not only to teach his classes to write their mother-tongue correctly and with comparative ease, but he has also endeavored to infuse into them a love for good literature and right well has he succeeded. This has been accomplished by a thorough study of the elements, history of English literature, critical analysis of some of the masterpieces, by numerous exercises, class discussions and lectures.

The Senior year of the past two sessions has been given to a study of American authors, devoting the latter part of the year to the study of Southern and more especially to South Carolina literature. In these studies, in addition to the regular text-book and recitation work, each student is expected to read largely from the works of the author who is being studied and bring to the class not only what his text-book says about him but his own individual contribution. Then by class discussion and general questions on different features and characteristics of the writer, each man in the class is enabled to form an opinion for himself. Then, too, each man chooses from a number of authors given by the Professor, some one author, all of whose writings he is expected to read and afterwards to write a paper to be read and discussed before the class. In this way at least one great writer becomes a living factor in the life of each student.

The papers published in this issue of THE JOURNAL will give the reader some idea of the work accomplished by this mode of study. These are only a fair sample of

the many papers read and many not published are equally as good as some that are, but limited space forbids more. It is but fair to state here too, that most of these essays have had to be cut down so as not to fill too much space and so are not as full as they were originally. In our selections we have endeavored to secure variety both of subject and manner of treatment.

There has grown up a feeling in the minds of many South Carolinians that the world outside of Carolina is making war against her and her institutions and that she must all the time be on the defensive. While striving to broaden, deepen and strengthen our feeling of love and admiration for our statesmen, orators and authors, Prof. Snyder has at the same time tried to show us that much of our Southern literature, while good of its kind, yet is provincial. It is this that has kept it from being universally received and not the mere fact that it is Southern. When a writer strikes a great universal note—one throbbing with a great idea of interest to humanity at large—the world is always ready to stop and listen and the inquiry is not whether the author is from the North or South, but what does he have to say and how has he said it.

The Confederate Monument at Chicago.

The recent unveiling of a monument to the Confederate dead, who lie buried at Oakwood Cemetery, Chicago, is the most significant event that has happened in the recent history of our country. For nearly a quarter of a century after the close of the great civil war, which left one section of the country almost utterly crushed and the other all torn and bleeding, the two sections have largely held apart in sullen silence. But lately trade and travel and most of all time, the magician that heals all wounds, have gradually brought the two great sections nearer together until at last the Federal and the Confederate have met over the graves of Confederate heroes,

who lie buried in what was once Federal soil, but now simply American, and have coolly and dispassionately discussed the causes that lead to the great struggle and the results that have grown out of it. Ah that they had discussed them with the same degree of forbearance and charity before the great crisis came! Today we might not have those pages in our nation's history, which make us feel as if we would like to be able to ink our fingers and forever erase them from its pages. But when men's souls are inflamed with strong passion for the defense of what seems to them of vital interest they seem to become intoxicated with their ideas and it takes severe blows to bring them to their senses. This is what the war did for our people. It has settled forever some very perplexing questions and has taught each party to it that all the right was on neither side and has engendered respect in each parley for the other. Furthermore it has taught the American people how great they are besides making another secession almost out of the question. So what once threatened to destroy the Union has done more to strengthen and perpetuate it than anything else.

It is with a feeling of true relief that the present staff of editors give up their responsibilities. We have fallen far short of our standards, but we have done honestly and sincerely what we thought best for the JOURNAL. We are due Mr. Roper, our Business Manager, our sincerest thanks for the earnest and business-like manner in which he has discharged his duties. And now thanking the whole body of students for whatever of help they have given in the way of contributions for the pages of the JOURNAL or otherwise, we gladly turn our responsibilities over to our successors, hoping that they may prove themselves more efficient than we have.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

J. ARTHUR WIGGINS, - - Editor.

For the past year we have had the pleasure of reading and criticising college journals from all parts of our country and since with this issue our work comes to an end, it will not be out of place to hurriedly express our many obligations to all those who have helped us to maintain the standard and influence of our journal. We have tried hard to profit by mistakes and accept all sensible suggestions that would place our journal on a broad collegiate basis, with the motto of honesty and reverent respect to all college magazines. We have been in touch with other institutions and have felt the influence of college men throughout the South and it is from them we have reaped a golden harvest. But there is a class of journals which have given comparatively no enlightenment to us and the general reading public, yet they claim the unquestionable right to continually and persistently challenge the privileges of model magazines. There seems to be a great unrest among them and often they get sorely vexed because everybody does not recognize them as being the moulders of progressive journalism. They go so far as to make personal allusions and attack editors and contributors with their aimless rambling thoughts, never stopping to think of the institution under whose colors they ought to proudly act the hero. They prefer to dogmatize their superiors and cause to be heaped upon them the contempt of every editor before whom their pages open. To this class of journals we tender our sympathy and a hasty farewell. To the better and the best classes we acknowledge their creditable positions and progressive tendencies, because in them we must expect the purity and intellectuality of college journalism to be protected. If we measure the

strength and broadness of the college boy by the standards set forth in these more worthy periodicals, we do not hesitate in saying that the college boy is keeping step with progress and the assertions that have been made against such a statement show that the college boy is greater than the howling masses and the narrow demagogue spirit prevailing among so-called "educated men." But the past has been rolled up like a scroll and is gone forever, the present is ever passing away like the shadows of night before the rising sun and the future, the coming journal, is known to none save Him who seeth all things, even the time when all things shall receive their positions in eternal chaos.

We place this journal into the hands of efficient editors, demanding of them that they prove themselves equal to the work that awaits them. Trusting to their ability, we have great expectations; relying upon their college patriotism, we predict for the journal a widening influence and flattering success. We owe our past advancement to the support of students, alumni and the business men of Spartanburg. So long as such a host cherish and feed the confidence of our officials, the public need not fear the future make up of our JOURNAL. Our advertisers have expressed their enthusiastic interest, our subscribers have been ready to vouch for our honest efforts, at times our fellow-students have warned us against the idea of contentment and perfection and as a final, our exchanges have told us our merit and defects. To all these we acknowledge our indebtedness and as the time has come for them to form new acquaintances, we assure them that we appreciate their support more than words can tell and we will long remember the year '95 among the kind Spartan people.

The necessity felt by students whose hearts were in the work of college literature, gave birth in various forms to college journalism. It has an important mission upon which it has been sent. It has a specific work to accomplish, an object to be reached, a purpose to be carried out, commensurate with necessity that gave it

birth. To depart from that singleness of aim it is to be shorn of its strength and ultimately to be defeated. A college journal is not intended to teach either politics or religion. It ought to be religious in tone, not in order to secure something, but because something has been secured. College journalism is but one of the many fruits of religious liberty secured to the people as the product of Christianity; nor ought it to deal too much with politics, but it ought to have some belief about all important issues, and it ought to have the courage equal to its convictions, in politics as in religion. Briefly stated, it ought to have clean, clear-cut ideas about religion and politics, but in perfect harmony with those ideas it ought to stick strictly to its text, and show that true college journalism has for its ultimate object the moral and intellectual preparation of the young for pure citizenship and unadulterated christianity. Education is, as it is often quoted, "the hand maid of religion" an enemy to narrow-mindedness and bigotry, a leveler of all ranks, and, conjointly with religion, the basis of all stable government, either of home or State. A college magazine or paper, in each issue, ought to furnish some insight into the character of the work of the institution which it represents, and show reasonably and modestly, too, the strength and preparation of said institution for the work in which it is engaged. It is an educator, and as such it ought so be raised above the frivolous, puerile ideas of pure puerility.

It is very easy for a witty person to hold the attention of his listeners and send through them a warm appreciation of his brilliancy. But perhaps the most sentimental and disgusting forms of humor come from that class of men who consider themselves sufficiently talented and gifted to write and criticise their own productions. An unfeathered Bill Nye or a sun stricken Mark Twain deserves the harshest criticism from the more successful imitators. We do not mean to apply all this to the *Texas University Magazine*, but in glancing over their once entertaining and instructive Journal, we find a

growing tendency among its editors to make this idea of journalism their ideal one. The Journal is apparently in competition with "Puck" and "Judge," and actually, I believe they are in the lead. One or two pages of such matter inserted in each issue is very timely, we think; but the idea of getting out a "joke issue" is absurd and pitiable. The editors even attempted originality. We fail to see their power for wit. May be, though, their next issue will fully explain the many points which we do not now understand. In continued rainy weather a good supply of such selections would stagnate a whole college community. The exchange editor is very promiscuous and personal with his criticisms and at the same time produces some "University" wit. But we will not make any further criticism, for we are sure of the reaction that must come from this issue and doubtlessly their next number will be attempted pathos.

We are pleased to find the *Converse Concept* on our table once more. The April issue was unusually late in reaching us, but, as usual, we enjoyed its variety of matter. We are sorry to note that the musical department has been suspended. This department has heretofore contained good reading, why abolish it?

"Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom," is the reflected motto of the *Hendrix Mirror*. "Then Will I Sleep," is philosophy told in poetry. We have read some very fine poems this year written by students for their college journal. If it takes thought to write poetry, we can say that our colleges have some thoughtful men. The opening verse of this beautiful poem rhymes as follows:

"Onward, speed onward. O Time in your flight,
 Bear me away from this sorrowing night;
 Bear me away from the ghost of the past,
 Tossed by the tempest and wrecked by the blast;
 Bear me away from this lowering sky,
 In to the realms of a sweet by and by,
 Out of the gloom and the shadows so deep,
 Then will I calmly and peacefully sleep."

The *Alamo and San Jacinto Monthly*, of Texas, comes to us on time every month and it is always a pleasure to read its pages. With this issue the *Monthly* completes its '94-'95 volume. We can truthfully and safely say that this is not only the best journal coming from Texas, but is among the best in the South. "Mysteries in Life" is too broad for a journal essay, but the fanciful allusions of the writer makes this production really enjoyable reading. The *Monthly* contains other forcibly written articles.

COLLEGE VERSE.

"Oh Trilby, famous Trilby! how well you're advertised
 In every nook and corner your name is recognized,
 And persevering merchants who formerly lacked fame
 Their goods have made attractive by the magic of your name.
 They've christened, without reason, the most prosaic wares
 By that poetic title that the artist's model bears;
 There's "Trilby" hats and bonnets, there's "Trilby gloves and
 ties,
 And "Trilby" coats and jackets, and pantaloons likewise."
 —Printer's Ink.

"What a perfectly lovely thing it would be,
 How the world would smile with delight,
 If the 'Heavenly Twins' would sail away
 On the 'Ships That Pass at Night.'"—Ex.

(General, on the battlefield.)—"Fight like heroes, boys'
 until your powder is gone, then run. I'm a little lame
 so guess I'll start now."—Ex.

"Have you ever felt the feeling,
 Piercing to your inmost soul,
 After you had placed your fingers
 On a red-hot piece of coal?"—Ex.

"The shortest road to people's hearts, I find
 Lies through their throats, or I misjudge mankind," Ex.

“He came to see her stormy nights,
When he had nowhere else to go;
She liked to see him at such times,
And so called him her rain beau”—Ex.

“They tell how forth the arrow sped,
When William shot the apple;
But who can calculate the speed
Of him who's late for Chapel?”—Ex.



ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

B. H. HENDERSON, - - Editor.

Legal Alumni--Continued.

C. G. Dantzler, '75, is a lawyer at Orangeburg, and is also a trustee of Wofford College.

G. W. Brown, '76, is a member of the bar at Darlington.

W. L. Glaze, '76, for several years after graduation, taught in the Sheridan Classical School. He now practices law, and is president of two social organizations, at Orangeburg, S. C.

G. E. Prince, '76, is a member of the Anderson bar and a trustee of Wofford College.

F. A. Sondley, '76, is doing a thriving practice in Asheville, N. C.

L. E. Caston, of the class of '78, has been practicing law for several years.

D. O. Herbert, '78, is a leading lawyer at Orangeburg.

W. M. Jones, '78, was for some time editor and proprietor of the Spartanburg Herald, but is now partner in law to Geo. W. Nicholls at Spartanburg, S. C. Some one said that he admires the ladies too much to get married.

T. M. Raysor, '78, has been Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the graded school since its organization, and has taken especial interest in education at Orangeburg. He does one of the leading practices in that place.

I. W. Bowman, '79, has served two terms in the State legislature, and is now a member. He does a good practice, and is the News and Courier correspondent at Orangeburg, S. C.

J. L. Glenn, '79, is one of the strongest lawyers at the Chester bar.

A. B. Calvert, '80, is a member of the Spartanburg bar. He is also United States Commissioner at this place. In 1893 he was elected Mayor of this city.

T. B. Thackston, '80, is practicing at Spartanburg. He was recently a chief factor in the development of Spartanburg. He is also a dealer in real estate.

W. A. Parrott, '83, is now Clerk of Court of Darlington county.

E. O. Woods, '83, is a member of the Darlington bar. He is now Assistant District Attorney for South Carolina. He is a brother to C. A. Woods of the class of '72.

J. J. Burnett, '84, for several years taught school and then studied law under the firm of Carlisle & Hydrick, entered the bar and has been practicing at Spartanburg since '89.

A. E. Moore, '84, took a law course and now practices at Spartanburg.

M. H. Moore, '84, is a member of the firm of Robertson, Moore & Thompson at Columbia, S. C.

H. B. Carlisle, '85, graduated from the Law Department of Vanderbilt University in '89. He served one term as Master of Spartanburg county and is now a member of the firm of Carlisle & Hydrick at Spartanburg.

W. H. Hardin, Jr., '86, is a member of the bar of Chester.

J. J. Gentry, '88, spent two years in Arkansas, and on returning ran for the office of Probate Judge, which office he now holds in this city.

J. W. Nash, '90, soon after entering the bar returned to Spartanburg, where in the past few years, through his energy, he has built up a large practice. He is now Trial Justice at this place, and his books received especial commendation at the last court.

H. F. Jennings, '91, graduated in law at the South Carolina College in '93. He now practices in Columbia.

E. L. Asbill and W. J. Cocke, of the class of '92, have recently been law students at Yale and Harvard Colleges.

For several years past the work of this Department has been traveling beaten paths. This is unavoidable if we would avoid becoming too local. The two extremes stand prominent and we must avoid the one or the other. The magazines in the college world, generally, are now on a high plane, and are yearly undergoing improvement. It remains for succeeding Editors to observe the mistakes of their predecessors and give greater momentum to this yearly improvement. Each succeeding Editor is wiser by one year, and is to that extent more able to introduce and carry out any new method by which his Department may be improved. For an improvement in the work of this Department we would suggest that the Editor be allowed to publish at least one article monthly from some Alumnus of the College. We thank those of the Alumni who have kindly given us their co-work this year, and of the many who have passed us by unnoticed we would only ask that they give better support to the incoming than they have given to the outgoing Editor of this Department.



WOFFORD DIRECTORY.

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Pi Kappa Alpha; Sigma Alpha Epsilon; Chi Phi;
Chi Psi

S. H. McGhee, Manager of Alumni Hall.

J. Porter Ho'lis, Caterer of Wightman Hall.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

S. H. MCGHEE, - - - Editor.

The course of the class for '95 is done. For the last time have many of us seen the sun of our school days set, and now after four years of profitable pleasure and association and mutual benefit and all these kind of things, we go to our respective homes and scenes from which we have been so long estranged. It is easy to dwell in such pætitudes and say appropriate things which seldom touch us with a great degree of intensity, because they are so commonplace. We have never thought leaving collegé such a serious thing until the time has come for our own departure. This revelation will doubtless be of no special interest to any except the few to whom it is profoundly interesting. Our parting is not simply leaving college, it is separating from one another, from those who have made our course what it has been and given it its pleasure. Within a few years were we to come back we should be a stranger in our own land. The skies would be as blue, the air as fragrant and the hills as everlasting; the college would be in its old place, the professors who have been true friends to us all would possibly be in their places and as devoted to duty as when we left, but what has given pleasure its vitality and life its fitness would be missing. This is the condition which confronts us and makes vacation full of pathos.

In many respects the class of '95 has been an unusually interesting one. It had the unbounded privilege of being in college one year with the largest class Wofford has ever yet turned out, and from that class we derived many impulses, of which a notable one is an urgent desire to outnumber them. Our efforts have not altogether been in vain in this respect. Another characteristic

of the class is its good looks. Modesty forbids going into detail, but on the whole, the thirty-four are about as handsome a set as can be found in the State. But that which peculiarly characterizes the class is the fine material of which it is composed. The future of such men is so bright that it glares. Below is a short notice of each man:

John J. Cantey comes from Marion county. He is the Pilosopher of the class and has been a great reader of Emerson and Carlisle. He will soon startle the world as the second "transcendentalist."

Augustus M. Chreitzberg is always sanguine. By birth, inclination and affection, a South Carolinian he now lives in Asheville N. C. Gus has been an all round sport. At tennis, foot-ball, base-ball, jump, hop, kick, he is an expert and is the most perfectly formed man in the class. He is going into the banking business, but Canada need build no hopes of his future citizenship. In Chreitzberg the Rothchilds will find a formidable rival.

Wm. Coleman from Union is yet undecided what occupation he will follow. But in whatever field his work may fall his zeal or his "readiness" will give him success. He has for the past year most meritoriously managed the base-ball team. Every one may expect fair dealings at Bill Coleman's hands.

Thomas Cook Covington, called "Nanny" for short, is a native of Marlboro County. He is especially fond of flowers, music and the ladies. Nanny has also a remarkable memory and has always been fond of the languages.

Wm. J. Crosland is also from Marlboro. He expects to study medicine, making diseases of the brain a specialty. Bill belongs to the college quartette and is one of the greatest singers of the age. But beware of him at tea time.

John C. Daniel, otherwise known as "Charlie," comes from the red hills of Laurens. He expects to spend his life in instructing the youths of the land. John is the poet of the class and possesses all the geniality and disposition to make a truly great one.

A. H. Dagnall is at present from Darlington. He will be a lawyer and make his mark at the bar. We shall soon hear of Dagnall taking a prominent part in the politics of the day, by which he will rise to the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States.

F. Eldon Dibble is from Orangeburg. His inclination is law, though he is as yet undecided with what pursuit in life to occupy his spare time.

W. G. Duncan from Union never expects to get married. He is very long and good-looking, reaching so near the moon that he recently paid a visit to that brilliant luminary. Law is his chosen profession and he will doubtless save many poor fellow's neck.

A. Mason DuPre is the first of seven on the class roll from Abbeville. He is the mathematician of the class, spending most of his spare time in viewing the heavens. He will go into the pedagogic business at first, thence to the chair of astronomy at the National University.

Geo. F. Fooshe is from Abbeville. Teaching is the profession in which he will become famous. We expect to hear much of him before long. No man has more strictly adhered to duty than "Foosh."

m. J. Gaines comes from the mountains of Oconee. He will go into the teaching business. The world will hear of Gaines some day.

Bryant H. Henderson will make law his profession. His home is in Berkeley county, which he will soon represent in the State Senate. Afterwards he will fill the most important offices in the gift of the people and retire full of years and riches.

Sam'l. C. Hodges is the joker of the class. Abbeville is his native county. He will make pill rolling his profession, studying other branches of pharmacy incidentally. Sam has a very fine bass voice which he will use in connection with his drug business.

J. Porter Hollis, from Chester, has not yet decided what he will do. Immediately after leaving college he will speculate in money. If unsuccessful in this he will try matrimony. Every man in the class will receive an invitation.

John B. Humbert lives in Laurens county. To him more than any one else athletics owes its resuscitation at Wofford. John expects to go into the manufacturing business. In bad crop years he will run a pie wagon.

Geo. C. Leonard is from Spartanburg. He is one of the two preachers of '95. The clerical robes will become him and we shall soon hear of Bishop Leonard.

J. Fraser Lyon is the lady's-man of the class. Abbeville is his home, and he is a Carolinian after the old school. He is inclined towards law, but farming suits his presidential aspirations.

Sam'l J. McCoy hails from Berkeley. He will teach school, fall in love with one of his pupils and settle down on the farm. However it is probable that to economize he will make his graduation suit answer the purpose of his bridal garments. In this case the above will not be the order of progress.

Sam'l H. McGhee, from Abbeville, is undecided whether to pursue a profession of a Pedagogue, Pettifog, Paper Proprietor, Poet or Pugilist.

H. H. Newton Jr. comes from Marlboro. Law is the profession he has chosen for his life work. The "general" will commit Blackstone to memory and marshal his forces accordingly.

W. W. Nickels' home is in Abbeville county. "Nick" is a great foot-ball player, but unfortunately he always "knows" it. He will therefore teach school.

J. O. Norton from Horry will spend his life in the journalistic line. Norton is recognized as the best writer in college and his profession is well chosen.

J. R. Rogers lives in the Peedee region of Marion. He will teach school and will rapidly rise on the ladder of immortality.

B. B. Sellers from Marion is the politician of the class. He will be a farmer and after years between the plow handles will be called to the aid of his country like the Cincinnatus of old.

F. H. Shuler, or "Big Shuler," is the largest man in the class. His native county is Berkeley. He will join the S. C. Conference and preach the gospel. He will possibly go to the West and spend a life of much usefulness among the cow boys.

H. J. Shoemaker "the knucks player," lives in Orangeburg county. He has always been especially fond of the ancient languages and will take a university course in preparation for professorship of that branch of study. He will some day come back to Spartanburg and get his degree of Master of Hearts.

Robt. E. Lee Smith known as "The General," lives in Spartanburg county. There are two generals in the class but Gen. Smith is commander-in-chief. Farming will be his occupation. However, if he is troubled much in this, he will study medicine

W. F. Stackhouse is another Marion man. He will at an early date be admitted to the bar and make his mark as a jurist.

B. Wofford Wait enjoys the distinction of being the youngest man in the class. His home is now in Abbeville county. Wait is another man whom the world will hear from. His profession will be a professorship of science.

Wm. H. Wannamaker of Orangeburg county is one of the most brilliant men of the class. He has not yet fully decided what to do, but will dwell in the amenities of pedagogy for a while. Billy is also a sporting character and is susceptible to scientific love.

J. Erric Warnock lives on the coast of Beaufort and is very fond of the sea and its associations. He does not know what occupation to follow, but being the only son will doubtless take charge of the large business of his father.

J. Arthur Wiggins from Berkeley will be a teacher. Jim is the speaker of the class, and rather inclined towards politics any way, we expect to hear of him in Congressional halls some of these days.

Malcolm C. Woods will possibly study Blackstone at Harvard and practice law at his home in Marion. However at present he thinks of tramping, that occupation being better suited to his physical disposition.

SUMMARY.

NAMES	Weight	Hat	Coat	Shoe	Height ft. in.	Age	No. of Times engaged	Good Looks	Occupation	County
J. J. Carter	130	6 3/4	34	6 8/8	5-9	20	3 1/8	4 8/8	Doctor	Waynesburg,
Thos M. Orreltzberg	180	7 1/4	38	8 1/8	5-8 3/4	21	1 1/2	5 1/4	Banker	Waynesburg,
W. G. Yeman	140	7 1/4	35	7 7/8	5-8 1/2	20	+	4 1/4	Undecided	Waynesburg,
T. C. Covington	150	7 7/8	35	5 5/8	5-6 1/2	21	2 0	4 1/4	Teacher	Waynesburg,
W. J. Crossland	150	7 7/8	35	5 5/8	5-8 1/2	22	2 0	4 1/4	None	Waynesburg,
Ino. C. Daniel	156	7 7/8	36	6 0/8	5-9 1/2	24	1 1/4	4 1/4	Teacher	Waynesburg,
A. H. Dagnall	145	7 7/8	36	8 8/8	6-1	20	1 1/4	4 1/4	Lawyer	Waynesburg,
F. Elden Dibble	140	7 1/4	88	8 8/8	6-1 1/2	19	1 1/4	4 1/4	Teacher	Waynesburg,
W. G. Dunham	138	7 1/4	33	9 9/8	6-3 1/2	20	+	4 1/4	Don't know	Waynesburg,
A. Mason Dure	162	7 7/8	33	8 8/8	6-3 1/2	25	1 1/4	4 1/4	Teacher	Waynesburg,
Geo. W. Foose	136	7 7/8	36	9 9/8	5-11 1/2	21	1 1/4	4 1/4	Teacher	Waynesburg,
W. G. Galtner	160	7 7/8	36	8 8/8	5-11	23	3 3/8	4 1/4	Teacher	Waynesburg,
B. H. Handerson	166	7 1/4	36	7 7/8	5-11	21	5 1/8	4 1/4	Teacher	Waynesburg,
Sam O. Hodges	156	7 1/4	35	7 7/8	6-1	21	1 1/4	4 1/4	Lawyer	Waynesburg,
J. Porter Hollis	173	7 1/4	37	7 7/8	6-1	22	0 1	4 1/4	Druggist	Waynesburg,
John B. Humbert	181	7 7/8	37	11 1/8	6-4	23	1 1/2	4 1/4	Undecided	Waynesburg,
Geo. G. Leonard	145	7 7/8	36	8 8/8	6-1 1/2	21	2 2	4 1/4	Undecided	Waynesburg,
1. Fraser Lyon	172	7 1/4	37	7 7/8	5-11 1/2	21	9 0 2	4 1/4	Manufacturer	Waynesburg,
F. J. M. O'w	170	7 1/4	36	7 7/8	5-11 1/2	23	2 2	4 1/4	Teacher	Waynesburg,
Sam'l H. McGhee	110	6 3/4	33	4 1/2	5-5 1/2	20	?	0 2	Farmer	Waynesburg,
W. W. Nickels	175	7 1/4	35	6 8/8	5-10 1/2	21	2 2	4 1/4	Teacher	Waynesburg,
1. H. Newson, Jr.	146	7 1/4	41	8 8/8	5-10 1/2	21	2 2	4 1/4	None	Waynesburg,
1. O. Norton	146	7 1/4	34	4 1/2	5-10	23	2 2	4 1/4	Teacher	Waynesburg,
J. R. Rogers	140	7 1/4	34	6 6	5-9	21	2 2	4 1/4	Journalist	Waynesburg,
R. R. Sellers	150	7 1/4	35	7 7/8	5-9	21	2 2	4 1/4	Teacher	Waynesburg,
R. H. Shuler	180	7 1/4	40	7 7/8	5-9	21	2 2	4 1/4	Farmer	Waynesburg,
1. J. Shoemaker	130	6 3/4	35	6 6	5-8 7/8	29	1 4	4 1/4	Teacher	Waynesburg,
R. E. Smith	135	6 3/4	31	5 5	5-8 7/8	21	1 4	4 1/4	Teacher	Waynesburg,
Valter F. Stackhouse	155	7 1/4	31	8 8	5-11 1/2	21	1 4	4 1/4	Lawyer	Waynesburg,
B. W. Ford Walf.	137	6 3/4	35	6 6	5-7 1/2	21	1 4	4 1/4	Teacher	Waynesburg,
V. H. W. Annamaker	130	7 1/4	33	5 5	5-6 3/4	21	1 4	4 1/4	Undecided	Waynesburg,
1. Arthur Warnick	157	6 7/8	35	7 7/8	6-1	23	5 5	4 1/4	None	Waynesburg,
1. Arthur Wiggins	130	7 1/4	35	6 6	5-6	23	8 2	4 1/4	Teacher	Waynesburg,
Ma com 's, W. G. G.	158	7 1/4	36	7 7	5-11	20	2 2	4 1/4	Teacher	Waynesburg,

* The editor is indebted to two ladies and a gentleman for aid in grading the looks of members.
 + Fried. + Don't know how. § Trying now.

Among the things that will be of interesting surprise to the visitors who come to the commencement will be the marvellous change which the two society halls and the reading room have recently undergone. The three libraries have at last been united. The object of three years desire has been achieved and still the world turns. Who now doubts the expediency of the change or the benefits of the result? Instead of three separate small libraries we have now a reasonably large one with prospects of much more rapid relative growth. The spacious room fitted for the purpose is one that would adorn any college building and the good that will accrue from the scheme seems perceptible to the most obstinate. The trustees have now a private adjoining room, in which they can transact their business free from the ears of old-masters and old moths that absorb everything said in the meetings. The walls of the library are beautifully kalsomined and with books and busts present a spectacle as inspiring as it is pleasing. Our only regret is that the class of '95 did not get the benefit of the consolidation, our consolation that it was a legacy bequeathed largely by that class, our hope and belief that more reading will be done and better better satisfaction given to all parties concerned.

It was with much pleasure that the students welcomed back to the campus Dr. A. Coke Smith, Pastor of the Methodist church of Norfolk. A number of students on Friday night May 31st called at the house of Prof. Smith and had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Smith make a few appropriate remarks. He also met the student body in the chapel Monday morning and made a very pleasant address. The Doctor is well known among the students and his visit was looked to with great anticipation.

Already the visitors are beginning to arrive in the city to attend the commencement and by the end of the week Spartanburg will be full of Wofford men. Such occa-

sions should be of untold profit to the students and a source of much inspiration to all in attendance. Present indications point to complete success and unalloyed pleasure.

The Local Editor officially thanks the Kilgo and Sheridan Literary Societies of the Carlisle Fitting School at Bamberg for invitations to their celebration this week.

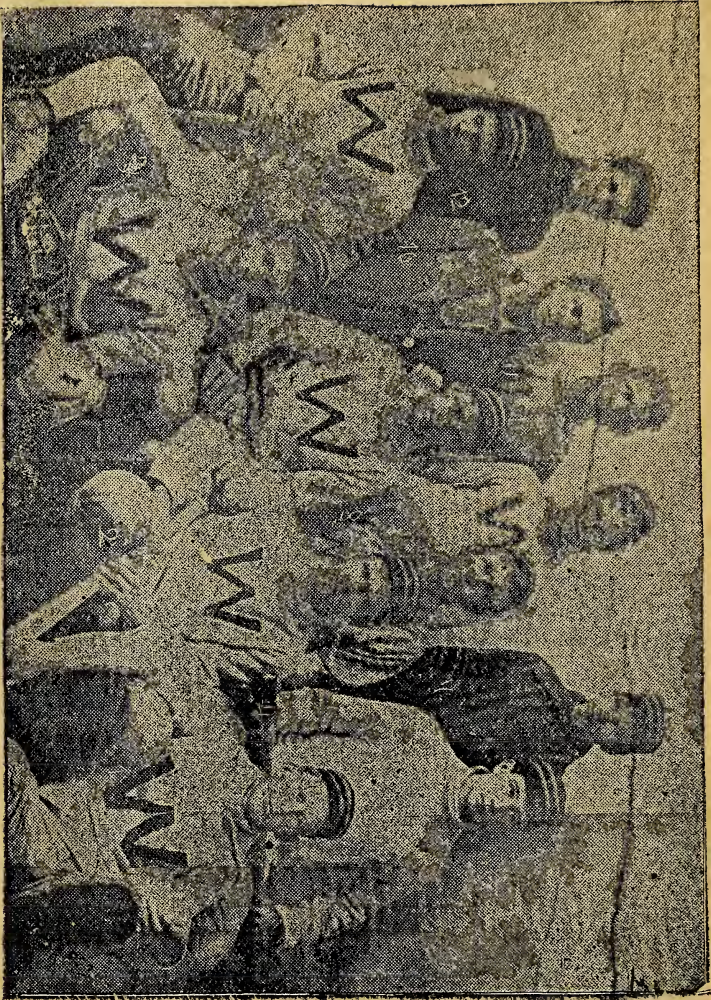
About twenty of the Seniors will speak on commencement day. Three minutes will be the limit. The speeches will be good.

Prof. Snyder left last Saturday for Columbia where he delivered an address before the Alumnae Association of the Columbia Female College on Tuesday. The Professor will also deliver the literary address before the Graded Schools at Union Friday June 7th.

The campus is still undergoing improvement. The flowers, somewhat stunted by the cold wave, have taken on renewed life and are growing beautifully during this hot weather. Prof. DuPré has had the gas jets on the rostrum arranged with the monazite attachment. The contrast in brilliancy is glaring.

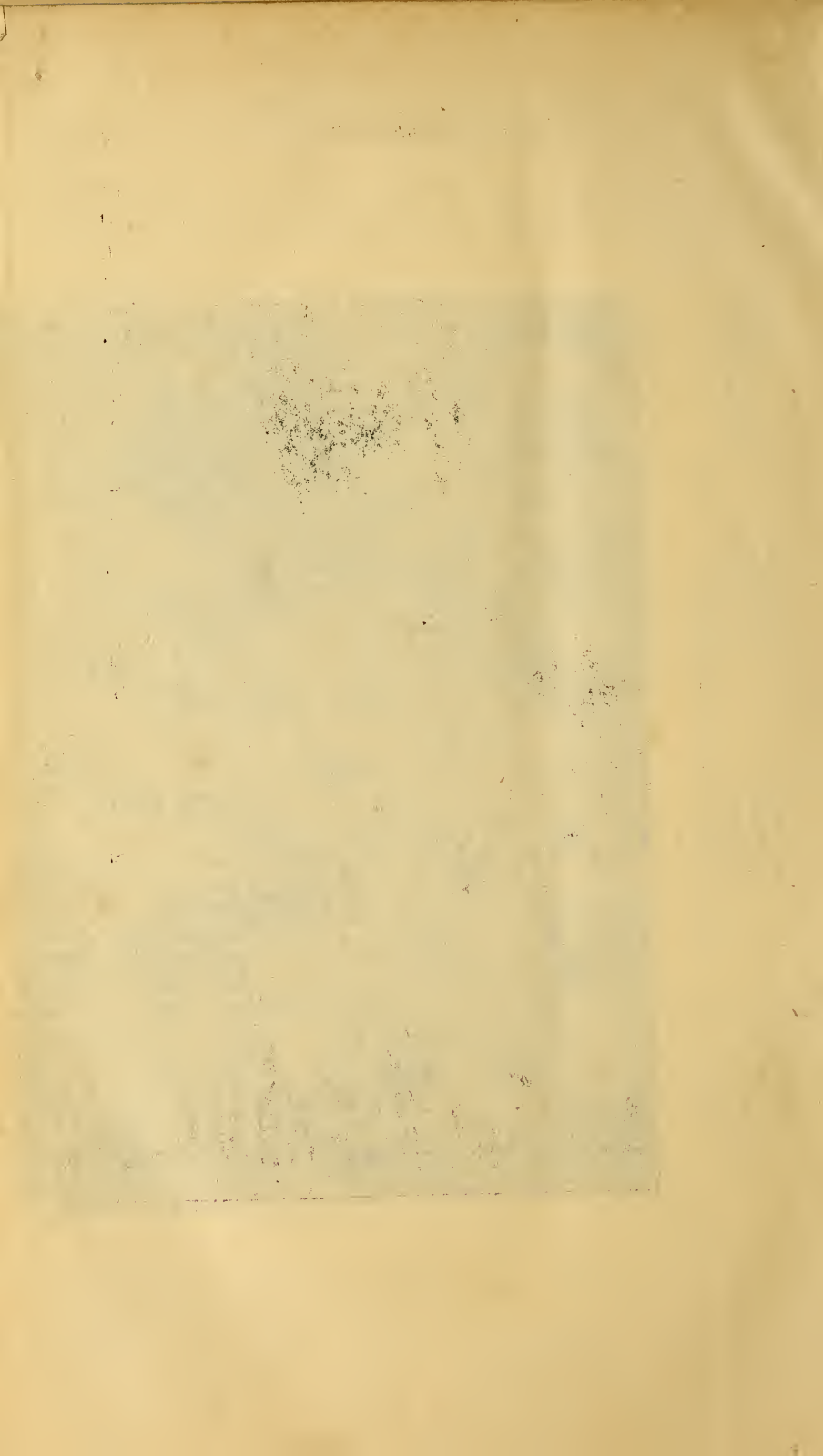
At the last society election the following gentlemen were chosen: From the Preston society, A. M. Law, Pres.; F. W. Sessions, Vice Pres.; C. C. Leitner, 1st Critic; N. G. Gee, 2d Critic; J. C. Shannon, Rec. Sec.; G. T. Pugh, Cor. Sec.; T. O. Epps, Treas.; J. R. Walker, 1st Censor; Owens, 2d Censor; Rushton, Librarian.

From the Calhoun Society the following gentlemen will serve: L. P. McGee, Pres.; O. D. Wannamaker, Vice Pres. G. M. Moore, 1st Critic; J. J. Wolfe 2d Critic; E. L. Culler, 3d. Critic; N. M. Salley, Rec. Sec.; J. P. Inabnit, Cor. Sec.; Hoyle, Treas.; Bennett, Censor Morum; Dantzler, Recorder.



WOFFORD COLLEGE BASEBALL TEAM

- | | | | | | |
|---|-------------------|---|-------------|----|-----------------|
| 1 | Chreitzberg, P | 7 | Walker, 3b | 10 | Coleman, Mgr |
| 2 | Humbert, 1b Capt. | 8 | Nichols, cf | 11 | Epps, sub |
| 3 | Dendy, c | 9 | Blake, sub | 12 | Chapman, ss sub |
| 4 | Hodges, lf | | | | |
| 5 | Smith, 2b | | | | |
| 6 | Shannon, rf | | | | |



On last Wednesday morning Dr. Carlisle, in behalf of the ladies of the campus presented to the Calhoun and Preston societies a beautiful sash for the chief marshal. It was made of the finest material and hereafter instead of the meaningless blue and white, the college colors, old gold and black, will be appropriately displayed on the marshals. In behalf of the students we can but extend to the ladies an acknowledgement of our appreciation for their kindness again manifested, as so often before in manifold ways. The beauty that now adorns the society halls is due to the taste and courtesy of the lady friends of the college, and in every possible way they have shown that interest and love for Wofford are not confined to those who can claim her as their *alma mater*. The sash fits Mr. Holler beautifully.

Some people are so inquisitive that they would stand on their heads rather than miss reading this paragraph. Good bye.

We publish in this issue the picture of the Wofford Base Ball Team. This was the best team the college has ever had, and it was unfortunate that more games could not have been arranged.



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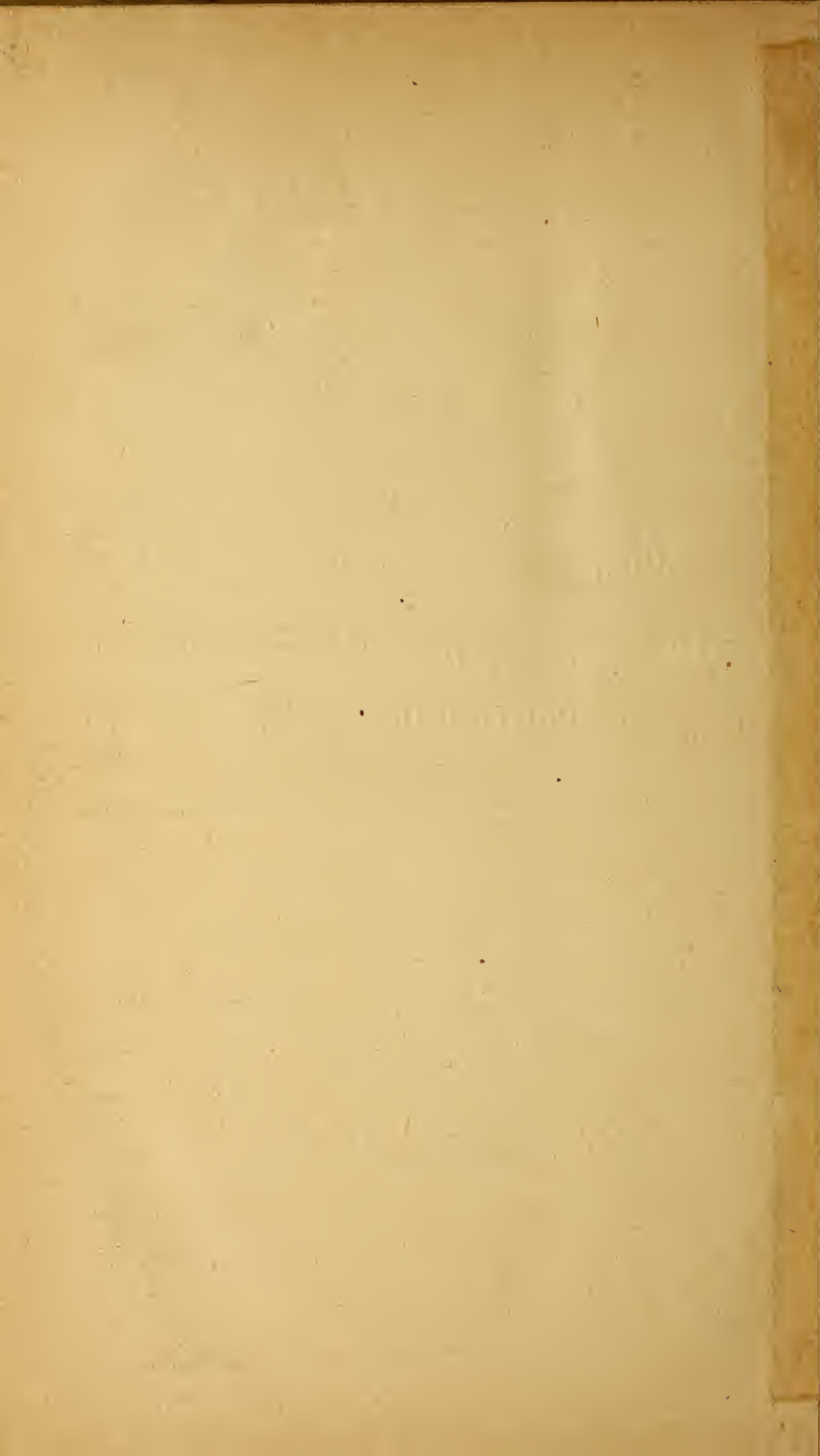
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